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AS THE FOREIGNER SAW US

1

By the same Author:
A WAYFARER ON THE RHINE
A WAYFARER IN CENTRAL GERMANY



LONDON FROM BANKSIDE, 1647
Part of the Engraving by W. Hollar

AS THE FOREIGNER SAW US

by

MALCOLM LETTS, F.S.A.

WITH 17 ILLUSTRATIONS



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TO
MY FRIEND AND GOSSIP
CARL DUIGNAN

1

PREFACE

THIS book attempts a survey of a number of foreign impressions of England and Scotland from about 1500 to the introduction of steam transport, *c.* 1830. The picture is not complete, for there was much that our visitors did not see or understand. But it is always interesting to have a different point of view, and much is recorded in the relations of foreigners which English writers failed to observe, or passed over without thought as unimportant.

I gladly acknowledge my debt to my two predecessors in this field, W. B. Rye and Edward Smith. Some of Smith's travellers reappear in these pages for more detailed treatment, but, so far as Rye is concerned, I have tried to rely on visitors whose records have come to light since he wrote. I have added notes and a bibliography, which I hope may be useful to future students. My travellers are all genuine foreign visitors with two exceptions, John Macky and Espriella. Macky had lived much abroad and was able to write—and to write most entertainingly—from a stranger's point of view. Espriella's letters are by Southey, but they are so shrewd and amusing, and are now so little known, that my readers would have lost some delightful glimpses of English character and foibles if I had omitted them. The three little volumes have been

my constant companions for some months. I hope they will one day be reprinted.

I have many acknowledgements to make to helpers and friends. To Mrs. Clare Williams, the editor and translator of *Sophie in London*, a special debt is due. She had herself been working on the subject of foreign visitors in the eighteenth century, but, on hearing that my book was partly written, she not only withdrew temporarily from the field, but introduced me to several travellers who were unknown to me. My extracts from Mrs. Williams' book are taken by permission of herself and her publishers, Messrs. Jonathan Cape. Mr. W. H. Quarrel and Miss Margaret Mare have allowed me to use their excellent translation of von Uffenbach's description of London, *London in 1710*, published by Messrs Faber & Faber. *Oxford in 1710*, by Mr. W. H. Quarrel and Mr. W. J. C. Quarrel, from the same traveller, published by Mr. Basil Blackwood, and Mr. P. E. Matheson's Taylorian Lecture, *German Visitors to England, 1770-1795*, Oxford 1930, have also been most useful. The editors of the *Times Literary Supplement*, the *Cornhill Magazine* and the *Contemporary Review* have kindly permitted me to reprint or incorporate material which has already appeared in their pages. My thanks are due to them, to the officials at the London Library, who have been most courteous and obliging, to Miss Dorothy Marshall for work at the British Museum, and to my wife, who has rendered invaluable assistance in the difficult work of selection and translation.

MALCOLM LETTS

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CHAPTER I

TUDOR ENGLAND AND SOME EARLIER TRAVELLERS

THERE are not many interesting or valuable records of foreign visits to England before the age of the Tudors. Some of these early visitors were famous men in their day, others have left us nothing but their names. The difficulty is that for the most part we have to rely on our own chroniclers for the details of their visits, so that, although we know what the English thought of the strangers, we learn little or nothing of what they thought of us. Luckily there are one or two exceptions. The Bohemian baron, Leo of Rozmital, who was here in 1465-9, has much to say about England and the English, although he was obviously far more interested in jousting and tourneys and other court-like pleasure than in people and places. Rozmital was a person of considerable importance in his native land, a brother-in-law of George, King of Bohemia, and he was treated throughout his travels with the respect due to ambassadors and envoys. He proceeded through Europe from court to court, and a mention only of the great people he encountered will give some idea of his importance as a traveller. Philip the Good of Burgundy, then at the height of his power, Francis II,

the last Duke of Brittany, René of Anjou, Louis XI, Henry IV of Castile, Alfonso V of Portugal, Galeazzo Maria Sforza, the Emperor Frederick III, and Edward IV of England, all pass before us in the pages of this extraordinary record.

The travellers landed at Sandwich in 1466, half-dead with seasickness, and made their way to Canterbury, where they saw and marvelled at Becket's shrine. London is described as a large and splendid city, guarded at each extremity by the citadels of the Tower and Westminster, and London Bridge with its rows of houses was duly inspected and admired. A reference to the extraordinary number of kites in and about the city must be a confused recollection of the swans on the river. The ceremony of the reception by the King, who is described as a fine upright man, made a great impression on Rozmital and his suite. A mighty feast presided over by the King's *mächtigister Graf* (who must have been Warwick, the King-maker) was arranged in Rozmital's honour, after which there was music, and Margaret of York and other ladies danced in the hall. Elizabeth Woodville had just given birth to the Princess Elizabeth, and the travellers saw her churched in great state. After this they were shown the sights of London, and then journeyed by way of Windsor to Reading and Salisbury, where they found George, Duke of Clarence, who was to meet his death later in the famous butt of Malmsey wine, and at Poole they took ship for France. The record is a bright and pleasant one, and the two chroniclers, Schaschek and Tetzel, kept their eyes open. They noted the custom of the kiss, the beauty and long

trains of the ladies, the great number of craftsmen, principally goldsmiths and cloth-workers, the lovely London gardens and the beauty of the landscape. But the English as a nation did not please them. We are described as crafty, treacherous, inimical to strangers, and so faithless that we were not to be trusted even on our bended knees, which is a little unkind since the travellers were freely feasted by the men and kissed by the ladies.

Apart from London, our visitors' impressions of England were naturally rather limited. Dover Castle was clearly the work of devils, and so strongly fortified and furnished that Christendom could not show the like. Sandwich was still a thriving port, and at night it was the custom for persons to go about the streets crying out which way the wind was blowing so that the merchants might seek their ships and depart. The description of Becket's shrine has often been printed and need not detain us. For the rest, Salisbury Cathedral and spire excited the liveliest enthusiasm. At Windsor the travellers admired the deer in the park, and dined with the Knights of the Garter. At Reading they were lodged in the abbey, and at Andover they admired a figure of Our Lady wonderfully made of alabaster. England as a whole they found to be very little, narrow and long, well populated and abounding in castles, villages and towns, and rich in metals. There was a profusion of hills, heaths, open commons and thickets. Each field was enclosed with a ditch or hedge so that there was no possibility of travelling, whether on foot or horseback, except on the high roads. Carriages were rare, horses being the sole means of transport. Sheep

were to be seen everywhere, but England bred no wolves which died as soon as they were introduced. It is to be regretted that the chroniclers did not tell us more about the London churches, which aroused their whole-hearted admiration, or of the priceless relics, images and holy paintings which were preserved in them. But there is a brief mention of Westminster Abbey and the Confessor's shrine, and of the Mercers' chapel where were the tombs of Becket's mother and sister. Everything of importance and interest in the two narratives has been most readably summarized by Mrs. Henry Cust in her *Gentlemen Errant*,¹ and one can only regret that our visitors did not stay longer so that they might have liked us better.

The custom of the kiss was noted also by Erasmus in or about 1500. Writing to his friend Andrelinus he says:

If you knew the wealth of Britain you would put wings on your feet and fly hither; or, if your gout prevented you, you would certainly wish to be a Daedalus. For, to mention but one thing out of a number, there are here ladies divinely beautiful, the kindest and most fascinating creatures in the world, far before the Muses whom you worship. There is besides a custom which it would be impossible to praise too much. Wherever you go every one welcomes you with a kiss, and the same on bidding farewell. You call again, when there is more kissing. If your friends call on you, they kiss you, and when they take their leave kisses again go round. You meet an acquaintance anywhere and you are kissed till you are tired. In short, turn where you will, there are kisses, kisses everywhere. And if you were once to taste them, and find how delicate and fragrant they are, you would certainly desire, not for ten years only, like Solon, but till death to be a sojourner in England.

But, delighted as he was with the English ladies, Erasmus thought badly of the English houses.

In the first place they (the English) never think whether their doors and windows face north, south, east, or west; and in the second place the rooms are generally so constructed that, contrary to Galen's rule, no thorough draft can be sent through them. Then they have a large part of the wall fitted with sheets of glass which admit the light but keep out the air, and yet there are chinks through which they admit that filtered air which is all the more pestilential because it has been lying there a long time. Then the floors are generally strewed with clay, and that covered with rushes which are now and then renewed, but so as not to disturb the foundation which sometimes remains for twenty years nursing a collection of spittle, vomits, excrements of dogs and human beings, spilt beer and fishes' bones, and other filth that I need not mention. From this, on any elevation of temperature, there is exhaled a vapour which, in my judgement, is by no means beneficial to the human constitution.²

Erasmus was a very sensitive person and had his own ideas about comfort and health, but if his picture is true of England as a whole at this time—and there seems no reason to doubt it—the constant visitations of pestilence are easily explained.

At the close of the fifteenth century Andrea Trevisan, the first of the regular series of Venetian Ambassadors to the English Court, has a number of interesting observations on England. He thought us, both men and women, well proportioned, although not so handsome as he had been led to believe, but the Scotch, he was told, were much handsomer. The English were great lovers of themselves and thought that there was no people

to equal them, and no other world but England. Whenever an Englishman saw a handsome foreigner he remarked, 'It is a pity he is not an Englishman', or 'he looks like an Englishman'. The English took great pleasure in their victuals and remained long at table. Even when war was raging furiously the soldiers sought about for good eating and other comforts, and never thought what danger might befall them. On the other hand, we were sparing of wine when drunk at our own expense, although beer and ale were freely consumed. Our dress was very fine, and we affected the 'incredible courtesy' of remaining with our heads uncovered while speaking to each other. Trevisan thought the English language pleasing enough as we pronounced it, for, although derived from the German, it had lost its natural harshness. The want of affection among the English was manifested in their attitude to children, for they put them out at the age of seven or nine years, boys and girls alike, to hard service, and even the richest parents sent their children to be educated away from their homes in order to learn better manners.

Trevisan does not seem to have travelled much in England, but he visited Canterbury and gives a detailed description of Becket's shrine which has often been quoted, but is worth quoting again.

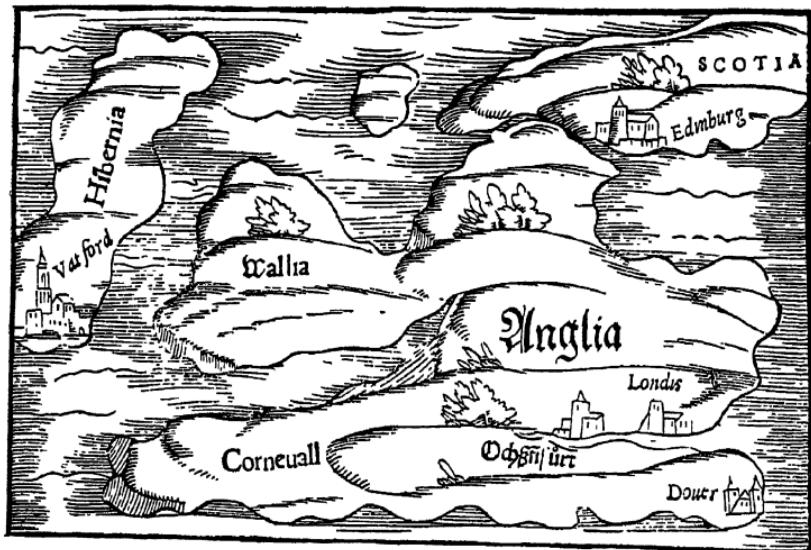
The magnificence of the tomb of St. Thomas the Martyr, Archbishop of Canterbury, is that which surpasses all belief. This notwithstanding its great size is entirely covered over with plates of pure gold, but the gold is scarcely visible from the variety of precious stones with which it is studded, such as sapphires, diamonds, rubies,

balas-rubies and emeralds; and on every side that the eye turns something more beautiful than the other appears. And these beauties of nature are enhanced by human skill, for the gold is carved and engraved in beautiful designs, both large and small, and agates, jaspers and cornelians set in relieveo, some of the cameos being of such a size that I do not dare to mention it; but everything is left far behind by a ruby, not larger than a man's thumb-nail, which is set to the right of the altar. The church is rather dark and particularly so where the shrine is placed, and when we went to see it the sun was nearly gone down and the weather was cloudy; yet I saw that ruby as well as if I had it in my hand; they say it was the gift of a King of France.

London had no buildings in the Italian style, but all the houses were of timber or brick, like the French, in which the Londoners lived comfortably enough, and the goldsmiths' shops, in what must have been Cheapside, were the most magnificent Trevisan had ever seen. He has some interesting remarks on the administration of criminal justice, but in spite of the severity of our punishments there was no country in the world with so many thieves and robbers, 'insomuch that few venture to go alone in the country excepting in the middle of the day, and fewer still in the towns at night and least of all in London'. He charges us with torturing prisoners to exact confessions—possibly a confused recollection of what he had heard about the process of *peine forte et dure*, or pressing to death, in cases where prisoners stood mute of malice. He is well informed on the law of sanctuary, the behaviour of criminals abjuring the realm, trial by jury and benefit of clergy, 'But notwithstanding all these evasions people are taken up every day by dozens,

like birds in a covey, and especially in London; yet for all this they never cease to rob and murder in the streets'. Our legal system and particularly trial by jury greatly interested the Venetians. The latter is more than once described at length, not always with adequate knowledge, but Trevisan has something illuminating to say about mixed juries in trials between Englishmen and foreigners. After remarking that juries were shut up without food until they delivered their verdict, he adds that in a suit between an Englishman and an Italian, the Italian generally wins, because Italians, being accustomed to fasting and privation, can hold out longer without food than Englishmen.³

The later Venetian Ambassadors have much that is interesting to tell us about Tudor England, and something about the famous personages they met.⁴ Henry VII, for instance, is described as most prudent, most just and most astute, but marred by avarice. Anne Boleyn was not very handsome, but made fine play with her eyes. Of the famous Talbot, it was reported that his name was used as a bogey to hush crying babies in France. Essex was fair-skinned, tall but wiry . . . a right modest, courteous and humane gentleman. Henry VIII, Catherine of Aragon, Wolsey, Edward VI, Mary, Philip II, and of course Elizabeth are all sketched for us, at times very neatly, with here and there some rather biting criticisms, for the Venetians as a whole were shrewd judges of character. As for England itself, they saw little of it outside London, which was greatly admired. They wrote their dispatches also from Windsor, Hampton Court, Richmond, Eltham,



IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND, SIXTEENTH CENTURY
From Münster's 'Cosmographia,' 1550

Southampton and Oxford, but, for the rest, their descriptions are mostly from hearsay. Much that is interesting from their reports and dispatches has been collected recently in Miss E. Gurney Salter's interesting little book, and it is unnecessary to go over the same ground again.

I will conclude this chapter with the description of a visit to Salisbury in 1562 from the *Zurich Letters*, which is not, I think, well known.⁵ One of the most delightful episodes in the history of Zurich is its touching devotion to the cause and welfare of the English Protestant refugees both during some part of the reign of Henry VIII, and later, on the accession of Mary. After their return home the English refugees attempted to repay the kindness shown to them by entertaining friends and visitors from Zurich. One of these was Herman Folkerzheimer, who wrote a long account of his experiences as the guest of Bishop Jewel, himself one of the Zurich refugees and then Bishop of Salisbury. Herman was most courteously received. Two young men were assigned to him as companions and showed him the city, with its churches and little rivulets, which flowed delightfully through every street. But the bishop's palace pleased him even more. It was so spacious and magnificent that sovereigns could be housed there. The gardens were most extensive, kept with special care, so that in the levelling, laying out and variety nothing was overlooked, and through them ran a limpid stream with swans swimming on it and great abundance of fish. The bishop sent his guest hunting, and such was his entertainment that when wine was

called for, the servant brought it in a golden goblet, and at dinner and supper the show of silver plate was not to be described. Bishop Jewel took his guest, accompanied by a large retinue, to see the country round the city. 'There', says he, stretching out his arm, 'was formerly Old Sarum; there are the mounds which you can distinguish even now, and there the ramparts.' And then came the visit to Stonehenge.

At length we arrived at the place which Jewel had particularly wished me to visit, and respecting which I should hesitate to write what I have seen, unless I could confirm it by most approved witnesses; because it has generally been my custom, when I had ascertained anything to be true, which might at first sight appear incredible, rather to prefer not to mention it than to describe it, lest I should be regarded as unworthy of credit. I beheld, in a very extensive plain, at a great distance from the sea, in a soil which appeared to have nothing in common with the nature of stones or rocks, I beheld, I say, stones of immense size, almost every one of which, if you should weigh them, would be heavier than even your whole house. The stones are not heaped one upon another, nor even laid together, but are placed upright, in such a way that two of them support a third. Put forth now the powers of your understanding, and guess, if you are able, by what strength or rather (for what could strength do in such a case?) by what mechanical power these stones have been brought together, set up, and raised on high? And then, for what object has this immense mass been erected? The bishop says that he cannot see by what means even the united efforts of all the inhabitants could move a single stone out of its place. He is of opinion, however, that the Romans formerly erected them here as trophies, and that the very disposition of the stones bears some resemblance to a yoke.

CHAPTER II

LONDON, 1553-1619

AS an introduction to London during the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries it may be useful to take a group of foreigners, a Swiss, a Frenchman and two Italians—all, except one, unknown to Rye—and see how their descriptions fit in with each other. Of these travellers Platter and Busino are by far the most interesting and observant, but Perlin and Gondola, if they say little about London itself, have some shrewd remarks to make on character and habits, while Gondola touches a side of London life not often reflected in the relations of foreign visitors.

My first traveller, Thomas Platter, was a younger son of the worthy printer and pedagogue Thomas Platter, *Gymnasiarchus* of the town of Basle, whose autobiography is well known. The younger Thomas was born in 1574, and, on the death of his father in 1582, he became the special care of his elder brother by a first marriage, Felix Platter, the famous doctor of medicine, whose collection of simples and cabinet of rarities were the wonder and admiration of more than one visitor to Basle in the sixteenth

century, and whose writings on medical subjects long survived him. Thomas was sent to study medicine at Montpellier, and then travelled extensively in France and Spain, the Low Countries, and England. Returning to Basle, he wrote a detailed account of his travels which has only recently been printed.¹

His visit extended from September 18 to October 20, 1599. Thanks to the Mayor of Dover, whom he had cured of stomach-ache, he had special introductions and quite unusual opportunities for sightseeing in London. He had friends also among the foreign residents and others in the City, among whom was an apothecary, one Louis Lemyre at the sign of the 'Golden Eagle' in Lime Street, who appears to have given his young friend not only hospitality, but sound advice. Witness his entry in Platter's Album or *Stammbuch* preserved at Basle:²

Wyne, woman, dyce, and lecherye,
Doe bring a man to povertye.

Platter carried back with him the pleasantest recollections of his visit, and a generation later he sent his son to England to renew his memories. Of this visit of the younger Platter nothing, however, survives except his *Stammbuch*, containing the signatures of many notable men of the seventeenth century, which may still be seen at Basle.

Horatio Busino, the second traveller, takes us into another reign. He was chaplain and intendant-general of the household of Piero Contarini, the Venetian Ambassador to the Court of James I, 1616-18, and cannot strictly be described as a

traveller in the sense in which Platter was a traveller, but even if he had come here on pleasure he could not have left us a more delightful account of his visit. He was in England from October 1617 to December 1618, and while here he employed himself in compiling a journal and writing a number of letters for the amusement of his patron's relations, containing such familiar details as were beneath the Ambassador's notice. These letters and journals were discovered in the library of St. Mark at Venice by the late Rawdon Brown who translated and annotated them, and on his death, his work, still in manuscript, found its way to the Record Office where it now is. To his notes on England, Busino gives the quaint title of *Anglipotrida*.³

This collection has now been re-translated and published, but it does not seem to be well known. Busino's narrative is of the greatest value. The chaplain was a man of shrewdness and observation, and was endowed with high spirits and unbounded good temper. His account of London is largely occupied with Court ceremonies, and he gives us an interesting picture of the King and Queen, the latter clad in so expansive a farthingale 'that I do not exaggerate when I say it was four feet wide in the hips'. But he found ample time to look about him, and he records our characteristics and peculiarities in a candid, impartial, and altogether charming way. It is sad to have to record that when the time came for his departure from London he seems to have been unmistakably delighted to be gone.

The London which welcomed travellers in the sixteenth century was a flourishing city, still small

and fair, in which such districts as Houndsditch and Whitechapel had their amenities, and where fresh milk from the cow could still be purchased in the Minories. The traveller's first impressions would be obtained from the river. In the majority of cases he had landed at Dover and ridden post by way of Canterbury and Rochester to Gravesend. Here he took to the water and finished his journey by boat. For the earlier part of the way the river journey was a source of pleasure. The stream was clear-running and broad at first, but as the traveller approached the city the water began to take on something of the muddy brown hue which we associate with it to-day, while in the neighbourhood of the bridge it became so filthy that, according to Busino, its smell could be perceived in the linen which was washed in it.

London Bridge, with its magnificent houses and shops, was an unending source of wonder and interest. Above the central tower, fixed on spikes, were to be seen some thirty heads of persons of distinction who had been beheaded for creating riots or for other causes, a sight which seems invariably to have turned the travellers' thought with a kind of grim delight to the subject of executions, for nearly all have something to say on the matter. But the bridge, says an old proverb, was made for wise men to go over and fools to go under. So rapid was the ebb and flow that a mill could have been kept at work between any of the arches, and the perils of shooting the bridge were well known. The prudent traveller landed at one of the wharves below the bridge, probably at Billingsgate, and set out in quest of his inn. If a German, he would repair to the 'White

Bear', which was kept by a Dutchman, or, if addicted to the pleasures of the table, he would put up at the 'Fleur de Lys' in Mark Lane, which was noted for its excellent cook. If the visitor was an ambassador or a person of distinction, a house would be taken in an airy and fashionable quarter such as Bishopsgate Street Without, where, in Sir Paul Pindar's house,⁴ Busino resided with his master during his stay in London. This was, in some respects, a little too remote and countrified, but it was near the fashionable theatres, especially those that kept the best-trained dogs for bull- and bear-baiting. One disadvantage, however, was that the fields around the house were used for all sorts of sports and martial exercises: for bow meetings, sham fights and mock sieges, and various other manœuvres of the trainbands. These made so great and so continuous a commotion that the chaplain protests he cannot eat his dinner in peace. It was well for the foreigner to avoid any strangeness in his dress within the City. The clerks and apprentices were not well disposed to strangers, and were apt to ill-treat and rob them. Busino saw a Spaniard assaulted and belaboured with a cabbage stalk, and obliged to seek refuge in a shop, for no other cause than that he was arrayed in his national costume.

The process of sightseeing was invariably the same. Foreigners would first visit the Tower and the Royal Exchange, and would then proceed up Cheapside to St. Paul's. The churchyard was enclosed and the road passed up Newgate Street and down the Old Bailey to Ludgate Hill, and so along the Strand to Whitehall and Westminster. The

spire, one of the great glories of old St. Paul's, had been burnt down in 1561, and was never rebuilt, but the traveller was usually taken up two hundred steps to the top of the tower which was covered with lead, from which a magnificent view could be obtained over the whole city from the Tower to Whitehall. The palace at Whitehall would be visited next, where the gardens, the tilt-yard, and a collection of wild and tame beasts from India invariably excited wonder and comment. The interior was truly magnificent. The passages were bright with carpets, and the galleries and rooms well filled with pictures and tapestries. Here could be seen Elizabeth's wardrobe, her jewels, and her collection of books, many of which were inscribed with the Queen's own hand. The visitor would then proceed to Westminster Abbey, where, after 1600, Camden's *Reges* could be purchased to save 'tombstone' travellers the trouble of copying the inscriptions, but for which, 'eaten up with avarice', the vergers demanded a great price.

From Westminster the sightseer would make his way back to the river. Here was the real greatness of London. Few cities had such an expanse of water-frontage, and Londoners handsomely acknowledged their debt by using the river on every possible occasion. The traffic to the south side was almost entirely dependent upon the wherries; and as the chief attractions of the people, and the theatres, were mostly across the river beyond the somewhat puritanical jurisdiction of the City Fathers, the boatmen, as may be imagined, drove a brisk and profitable trade. Many of these boats were provided with

carpets and cushions, and some were covered in to protect passengers from rain or sun. They were very swift and skilfully handled, and some of the larger ones, propelled by six or eight oars, literally flew over the water. Most notable of all was the Royal Barge, which was kept close to one of the theatres on dry ground and sheltered from the weather. It was a magnificent vessel, with two splendid cabins beautifully ornamented with glass windows, painting and carving. The shipping on the river, the merchantmen, and smaller craft were a constant source of interest. Busino in 1617 was taken to see a fine new arsenal or dock begun by the India Company, where were two magnificent ships—the *Sun* and the *Moon*—like two well-appointed castles, ready with all hands on board for their voyage to the East. The visitor would also inspect Drake's ship, the *Golden Hind*, which was laid up at Deptford, where it remained for many years as an object of curiosity and wonder. By 1617, when Busino saw it, only the lower part remained, 'looking like the bleached ribs and bare skull of a dead horse', the upper part having been almost entirely carried away by trophy-hunters. A few years later there was nothing left.

The domestic architecture then prevalent did not excite our visitors' unqualified admiration. The houses were mostly built of wood, without foundations, and were damp and cold, and even in the grand houses dried rushes had to be spread on the floors to keep them dry. The apartments are described as sorry and ill-connected, but they appear to have been comparatively clean. Fleas were not known there

except by accident, and bugs were outlawed, according to Busino, but this is, perhaps, overstated. Busino may well have been thinking by comparison of the inns of his native land, where, as we learn from the bitter experiences of travellers of the period, the fleas, if unanimous, could at any time have dragged their victims out of bed. The staircases were twisted and inconvenient, and the windows, although glazed, had no shutters and are described as too narrow to look out of.

As far as the London streets are concerned, they do not appear to have been unduly narrow, but they were thick with a peculiar kind of black mud which furnished the mob with a handy missile whenever anything occurred to excite their disapproval. Possibly the streets might have been better if the water-way had not been so good. As it was no one bothered much about them. They were well supplied, it seems, with handsome stone fountains fed by conduits, and in the city itself the water was clean and fresh, but elsewhere it was foul and stinking. The water was carried into the houses by water-carriers in long wooden vessels hooped with iron, called 'cobs'. There was everywhere a great parade of justice, stocks and pillories being set up at frequent intervals for the punishment of offenders, and in the suburbs were oak cages in which nocturnal vagrants were confined, as well as pounds for stray beasts. The two pests of the thoroughfares were apprentices and carts, not only the ordinary town carts, but great lumbering wagons from the country drawn by seven or eight horses, with plumes, in single file, bringing passengers and goods to town. The apprentices were

full of mischief, and the carts obstructed the rest of the traffic, so that James I was forced to warn one of the Lord Mayors to see to two things in the City, namely, the great devils and the little devils, the great devils being the carts which declined to give way to the coaches of the nobility, and the little devils being the shop boys, who made things unpleasant for sober-minded people.

It is surprising to hear from Busino that he considered the streets safe at night, a statement which is not entirely in agreement with other accounts of the period. He tells us that they were well policed, and that, for the better preserving of order, every one was obliged to place a light over the door or in his shop window, and keep it burning for the greater part of the night. The javelins, bills and halberds carried by the watch were so old and rusty that they resembled the ancient weapons with which the executioners were wont to guard the Holy Sepulchre. Nevertheless, it was still possible to venture out at night unarmed. The shops, we learn, were numerous and well supplied with goods, each distinguished by its own sign like an inn. The shopkeepers tended, as was general at that time, to separate themselves by trades into particular districts. In Cheapside were the goldsmiths' shops with their display of gold and silver cups and modern and ancient coins of all kinds. In another quarter were the apothecaries, and elsewhere were the booksellers, not one of whom, to Busino's great disgust, could produce a single missal. The number of butchers' shops seems to have been extraordinary, and there were endless inns and eating-houses, beer-shops, and shops for the sale

of every imaginable kind of wine, Alicant, Canary, Muscatel, Claret, Spanish and Rhenish, all very good, but very dear. There were pastry-cooks, poulters, particularly those that sold rabbits, gunsmiths, and bird-fanciers for the sale of hawks and falcons and other birds of prey, which the dealers trained and sold ready for sport.

The theatres, as we have seen, were mostly on the Southwark side of the river. Plays were exceedingly popular, but some sober-minded citizens were against them, and the City authorities objected to the thronging of the streets by people riding and driving to the playhouse with the attendant concourse of rogues and vagabonds. In addition, the City claimed certain rights of licensing and censorship, which were very irksome, and it is not to be wondered at that an enterprising actor-manager should seek a more convenient place for the exercise of his craft beyond the jurisdiction of the Common Council. The play commenced at two or three o'clock in the afternoon, after the midday meal, and the prices varied according to position and comfort. Platter writes:

These places are built in such a fashion that the players perform on a raised stage so that every one can see what happens. Nevertheless there are different gangways and places where one sits more comfortably, but then you have to pay more. If you stand below you pay one English penny (pfenning), but if a seat is required you have to go in through another door and pay an extra penny. If you wish to sit on cushions in the most comfortable seat, so that you can not only see everything but can be seen yourself, you enter by yet another door and pay a further penny.⁵

These were the prices for ordinary performances, but on special occasions higher prices would be charged. At these times the crowd was so great that the players took large sums of money. Platter, unfortunately, knew no English and had only the vaguest notion of what was going forward, but he was much interested in looking on, especially when the Queen's players were performing. One item which is recorded by him, and which is of particular interest, is the fact that on September 21, 1599, apparently at the Globe Theatre, he witnessed a performance of *Julius Caesar*, in which fifteen actors took part, and which was most excellently rendered. Now *Julius Caesar* was at one time believed to have been first acted in 1601, but this reference makes it clear that it was performed at least two years earlier. Unfortunately Platter tells us nothing about the play itself, except that it was well done, and ended with a dance, and he makes no reference to the author. It is scarcely possible to realize to-day that Shakespeare was not even a name to him. He was better pleased with a kind of mixture between a circus and a pantomime, which he saw at the Curtain in Bishops-gate.

In this comedy all kinds of different nations are presented, with whom an Englishman fights the whole time for a damsel. He overcomes them all except the German, who wins the damsel by fighting. The German then sits himself down beside her and drinks her health with his servant in a tremendous draught. When the two are fuddled the servant throws his boot at the head of his master and he and the girl make off together. At this point the Englishman reappears and robs the German of his booty, thus outwitting him.⁶

The costumes of the actors are described as surpassingly costly and beautiful, the custom in England being for fine gentlemen, when they died, to leave their wardrobe to their servants, who, since they could not wear such fine clothes, sold them to the players. Between the acts, food and drink were carried round, but what struck the foreigner more than anything else was the indiscriminate use of tobacco, all the men smoking pipes and filling the place with their smoke. The habit at this time had extended to few other countries, and Platter and Busino are both full of the subject. The actual process is perhaps best described by Platter:

Then one lights the powder in the pipe, draws the smoke into the mouth and lets out a great cloud. After that one drinks a good draught of Spanish wine. This they use as a special medicine against moist humours and for pleasure, and the habit is so common to them that they carry their instrument (pipe) everywhere with them and in all places; at comedies, in the taverns, or elsewhere, they light up and commence to inhale, passing round the pipe to each other as we do wine till they become merry and silly as if they were drunk.⁷

Busino tells us that even at night a pipe and steel were kept by the pillow, so that the longing might be gratified in bed, and that gentlewomen were also addicted to the habit, but only as a medicine, and in private. So much money was expended on 'this nastiness', says Busino, that the duty on it alone yielded the King 40,000 golden crowns yearly.

In addition to the theatres, there were masques and pageants, bull- and bear-baiting, and cock-fighting to amuse the visitor. The cock-fighting took place

chiefly at the Cock Pit in St. James's Fields near to what is now Birdcage Walk, where the wagering was often very heavy. The baiting could be seen, mostly on Sundays, at the Bear Garden at Southwark. This brutal pastime was very popular with all classes of people; even 'gentle-minded priests' were transported with delight at what they saw.

Busino has an interesting description of the Lord Mayor's Show. The first part of the pageant, which consisted of a procession of ships, galleys and brigantines, foists and barges, coming up the Thames from the Lord Mayor's house to the palace, was viewed from the mansion of a nobleman, which commanded a fine view of the river. The ships were beautifully painted, and carried countless banners and pennons, the oarsmen rowing rapidly with the flood-tide, while salutes were fired from the shore. The Lord Mayor landed at the water stairs, close to the Houses of Parliament, to take the oath, and then made his progress back by road. This part of the procession was viewed from the shop of a respectable goldsmith in Cheapside. The streets were filled with a surging, fighting mass of people, and, to add to the confusion, showers of squibs and crackers were flung from the windows of the houses into the street. The City Marshal on horseback, with a gold collar round his neck, followed by two footmen in livery, kept parading up and down, while youths and men, armed with long fencing swords, aided and abetted by others, masked like wild giants, who threw fireballs and wheels about them, endeavoured to clear a passage through the crowd. According to another traveller, Wedel, squirts had to be used on these occasions

before a pathway could be forced.⁸ When the procession itself appeared, it was indeed a goodly show. There were carts and stages drawn by griffins, and lions, and camels, and other strange animals laden with sundry confections, which were thrown among the populace. At this time, trade with the Indies was growing rapidly, Raleigh had not yet returned from his ill-fated expedition to Guiana, and popular interest in everything connected with overseas enterprise was amply reflected in the cars and tableaux with which the show was made up. There were cars representing Indian scenes. Men and women and children, dressed as Indians, danced and sang. One car was symbolical of Indian religions, while another represented a fine castle, and a third carried a beautiful ship supposed to be just returned from the Indies. Other stages were symbolical of commerce, and of the nations which traded with the East, and in one was a man dressed as a Spaniard, wonderfully true to life, who imitated the gestures of that nation perfectly, and caused much amusement by his extravagant antics when passing the Spanish Ambassador. After the cars came the Archbishop of Canterbury on horseback, preceded by forty gentlemen on foot, wearing gold chains, and followed by torch-bearers, footmen, and other officers in tabards of black velvet richly embroidered. Next came the representatives of the House of Lords, and finally 'Milormero' himself on horseback wearing a red robe, a gold collar, and his chain of office, and accompanied by the aldermen and sheriffs.

It is interesting to note that Platter was much pleased with the Temple, admiring above all the

gardens and the 'Saxon' gravestones in the church. He gives a lengthy catalogue of the collection of curiosities in the house of Sir Walter Cope, the builder of Cope Castle, afterwards Holland House. The catalogue was intended no doubt for his brother, and describes the usual objects of interest at that time: idols, precious stones, curiosities from China, and so on, together with a strange beast which Platter labels 'flying rhinoceros'. Armed with a letter of introduction he and his companions also visited Nonsuch House.⁹ Here they saw the Queen in the Audience Chamber, most marvellously attired and made up to look like a girl of twenty. A sermon was being preached which was apparently too long for Elizabeth, who put an end to the preacher's eloquence with characteristic firmness. Then came the stately ceremony of the banquet, and Platter spent a pleasant afternoon in the gardens, copying inscriptions in the summer-houses and temples, inspecting the tennis-court, and losing himself in the maze. The date of the visit is interesting. It took place on September 26, 1599. Two days later Essex, fresh from Ireland, burst into the Royal bed-chamber only to find himself in disgrace and almost immediately under arrest. Platter also visited Oxford, where a dispute with a coachman was promptly settled by the Vice-Chancellor. He describes Woodstock, Hampton Court, Windsor, Richmond and Greenwich, and having visited Deptford and stolen a piece of the *Golden Hind* to enrich his brother's cabinet at Basle, he set out for Dover *en route* for Calais.

We get some interesting glimpses of fashion and

customs from Busino,¹⁰ who describes our foibles and weaknesses with his usual good humour and a pleasant vein of exaggeration. The ladies' dress he thought extraordinarily lascivious:

all ranks and conditions of persons being at liberty to invent new caprices. Thus some wear on their heads worked bands with fine lace which, falling over the forehead, form what our Venetian dames term 'the mushrooms' on the temples. Others wear a large piece of work above the ear, so that they look as if they bore the wings of Mercury's head-gear; others wear hats of various shapes; others a very small top-knot. Some wear a moderate-sized silk kerchief surmounted by a bit of crape planted in such a shape that it looks precisely like a woman's breast. Others have black velvet hoods turned over from the back of the neck to the forehead. Others wear embroidered caps, covering the whole head, whilst others, in conclusion, wear their auburn hair uncovered and curled all over, up to the very plait of the tresses, on which they place a chaplet of silk and gold, wearing, moreover, the plume on the head, sometimes upright, sometimes at the back of the head and sometimes even transverse.

Feather fans were fashionable, and everybody wore costly gloves; even the porters in the streets with their sacks on their backs went about their tasks with their hands ostentatiously gloved.

Busino made several expeditions into the country, protesting vigorously against the mischievous habit of ringing church bells for wagers, taking note of our methods of agriculture, and showing much interest in our orchards and fruit gardens. The apples he found excellent, but the pears were scarcely eatable and our other fruits were abominable, tasting like insipid, masticated grass. We were extremely greedy of cherries, especially our women-folk, who

went down in the season with their squires to the fruit gardens and orchards to strive who could eat the most. He reports that, not long before, a leading lady consumed twenty pounds of cherries in competition with a cavalier who was scarcely nineteen, whereby she risked her life and was grievously ill for days afterwards. Fruit, it seems, was not served at table, but between meals one could see men, women and children munching fruit in the street like so many goats, and even more in the places of amusement.

There is much more of interest in Busino's narrative, but it is easily accessible in excellent English, and we must turn to other travellers. It is unusual at this period to meet with a visitor to England who was at once so good-humoured and observant, and with such a delightful style.

Maître Etienne Perlin, a French physician from the University of Paris, was here at the end of the reign of Edward VI and was an eye-witness of some of the remarkable events which marked the accession of Mary.¹¹ His view of English manners is, as his translator suggests, somewhat overcharged, but not wholly destitute of likeness. He was, in fact, quite a good hater, and his method of writing English was phonetic rather than traditional. London he thought a beautiful and excellent city, after Paris, one of the finest to be found anywhere—rich in all kinds of commodities and possessing the finest bridge in the world. He liked the shops, but was surprised to see the apprentices in their gowns standing outside the doors—fifty or sixty of them stuck up like idols with their caps in their hands. Although he

does not say so, he regarded them plainly as an idle, good-for-nothing lot. As a race we were neither valiant in war nor faithful in peace. He quotes Caesar in support of his opinion that England, being an island, served as a retreat for thieves and robbers, and that the English language was a mere jumble of all tongues. What indeed could be expected, seeing that we were descended not from the aborigines, but from a rabble of strangers, barbarians and runaways? The people had a mortal hatred of the French as their ancient enemies, delighting to shout after a Frenchman 'France chenesve (knave), France Dogue', or even 'or son', i.e. 'vile sons of whores'. He then continues:

That the common people are proud and seditious, of an evil conscience, and unfaithful to their promises is apparent by experience. These villains hate all sorts of strangers, and although they are placed in a good soil and a good country, as I have before alleged, they are wicked and extremely fickle, for at one moment they will adore a prince and the next moment they would kill or crucify him. They may boast that they have conquered the French, but in answer I say they were driven out like mad dogs. . . . It displeases me that these villains in their own country spit in our faces, although when they are in France we treat them like little divinities, in which the French demonstrate themselves to be of a noble and generous spirit.

Some of our characteristics seem to have pleased him, although he still keeps his nose in the air. We made good cheer and loved junketing and music, for there was no church, however small, but had a musical service performed in it. We were, however, great drunkards, always crying challenges to drink,

such as 'vis dring a quarta rim gasguim oim hes-paignol oim malvoysi', which being interpreted meant—rather surprisingly—'Will you drink a quart of Gascoyne wine, another of Spanish and another of Malmsey?' In drinking and eating, the toast, repeated a hundred times, was 'drind iou', that is 'I am going to drink to you', the reply being 'iplaigiu'—'I pledge you', or 'god tanque artelay'—'I thank you with all my heart'. When thoroughly drunk the English would swear blood and death that their guests should be as drunk as they were. 'Bigod sol drind iou agoud oin' does not sound very emphatic, but Perlin seemed to think that a world of bad temper lay behind the declaration, for he leaves it untranslated. Our table manners left much to be desired also in other respects. We belched over our food without reserve or shame, even in the presence of persons of the greatest dignity, and, what seems to have distressed our visitor even more, we drank our beer out of pots instead of glasses. We were in short a reprobate people, not so bad, be it noted, as the naturalized Frenchmen residing in England, a cursed and wicked sort of Frenchman, but thorough enemies of good order and letters, not knowing whether we belonged to God or the devil. It is pleasant to be able to add to these strictures a tribute to the English women. They were beautiful, as fair as alabaster (without offence to those of Italy, Flanders and Germany) and cheerful, courteous and of good address.

As I have already intimated, Perlin was in London at an exciting and memorable time. 'Good Lord,' he writes, 'what a sedition was I

witness to! ' Edward VI was just dead, and Perlin adds to his account of the young king's death a detailed description—somewhat confused as to the names of the chief actors—of the conspiracy to set Lady Jane Grey on the throne. He witnessed the execution of Northumberland on Tower Hill on August 22, 1553, but does not mention Sir John Gates or Sir Thomas Palmer who were executed at the same time.

The hangman was lame of a leg [he writes] for I was present at the execution, and he wore a white apron like a butcher. This great lord made great lamentations and complaints at his death, and said this prayer in English, throwing himself on his knees, looking up to heaven and exclaiming tenderly, *Lorde God mi fatre prie fort ous poore siners nond vand in the hoore of our teath*, which is to say in French, Lord God my father, pray for us men and poor sinners, and principally in the hour of our death. After the execution you might see little children gathering up the blood which had fallen through the slits in the scaffold on which he had been beheaded.

Then comes the state entry of Queen Mary into London which is described in detail. There was a fine procession attended by the Lord Mayor, the City companies and numerous milors and ladies. Madame Mary, Queen of England, was mounted on a small white ambling nag, the housings of which were fringed with gold thread; and after her came her sister, Madame Elizabeth, in truth a beautiful princess, who was well accompanied by ladies, both married and single. Salutes were discharged from numerous cannons and bombards, and there was much rejoicing in the city, both on the occasion of

the entry and later when the Queen went to Mass at St. Paul's.

But the troubled times made a great impression on the traveller. Perlin tells us that you could scarcely find any noblemen, some of whose relations had not been beheaded, and that justice, as administered in England, was the pest and ruin of the country, for no kingdom should be governed by shedding of human blood in such abundance as to make it run in rivulets, thereby disturbing the good people. 'For my part,' he adds, 'with reverence to my reader, I had rather be a hog driver and keep my head, for this disorder falls furiously on the heads of great lords. For a while you may see these great lords in vast pomp and magnificence, and the next instant you behold them under the hands of the executioner.'

The last traveller, Gondola, a young merchant from Ragusa, recorded his experiences in London in 1590-1 in a series of letters written to a friend, Gualtieri Panciatichi, at Florence.¹² These were discovered some years ago among the Panciatichi archives at Florence by Signor G. S. Gargano, who included portions of them in an article which has now been reprinted. The letters throw some interesting sidelights on the life of the period, especially on the position of Italians in this country at that time. Indeed, Gondola's picture of London is as different from the grave discourses of other travellers as anything could well be. He raises, if only by contrast, the interesting question whether other visitors to these shores in the sixteenth century were quite as lawful in their pleasures and as in-

sensible to the temptations of a great city as might perhaps be inferred. On the whole Italians do not seem to have been in very good odour here. The travelled Englishman who returned with even the faintest suggestion of Italian mannerisms in his dress or bearing was liable to be denounced as a devil incarnate, a member of the great academy of man-slaughter and so utterly given over to vicious habits that his friends might consider themselves lucky if they were not poisoned out of hand. The prejudice is generally attributed to the mischievous influence of travel, the 'two-pennyworth of Tuscanism' which Gabriel Harvey, with singular restraint when compared with other writers on the subject, accused Nash of having fetched back with him from Italy. The perusal of Gondola's letters, however, makes one consider whether the popular dislike of everything Italian was not fostered to some extent by the habits of certain members of the Italian community in England, for if many of them behaved like Gondola they must have caused considerable scandal to sober-minded citizens.

Gondola's letters are a curious combination of business and pleasure. Commission matters and sales and purchases are mixed up with accounts of amorous adventures, affairs of violence, the difficulties and dangers of hearing Mass, visits to taverns and worse—not very edifying perhaps, but very merry and irresponsible. He lodged at the 'Dolphin', and the host and hostess, 'la nostra Giovanna' as he calls the latter, seem to have been weak enough to encourage him in his numerous affairs of gallantry. He was a bold lover but a

little careless of his honour; and his escapade with *una gentildona di molto bona casa* and the trick by which the girl was decoyed away from her parents reflect little credit upon the parties concerned. We next find him quarrelling with a compatriot over a barrel of beer. The quarrel soon developed into a feud in which the host and hostess and serving maids took part, and in a very short time the whole tavern was in an uproar. How it ended we know not; but it was not long before he was in trouble again. Shortly afterwards he was summoned before the Judge of Admiralty with his friend or patron, one Messer Nicolò, in connexion with some dispute concerning a shipload of grain. The complainant was a Scotchman who felt his injuries so deeply that he was impelled to assault his opponent and to seize him by the beard in open court. Swords were drawn, but the Scotchman fled and the matter ended in Messer Nicolò's spending three and a half days in prison.

If Gondola and his compatriots set a bad example to the Londoners of their time, there was at least one disturbance during their stay here which can be traced to nothing but inbred devilry of a thoroughly national character. This was a disturbance between the apprentices and the scholars—presumably the Westminster scholars. The trouble arose from the ill-treatment by the scholars of a worthy merchant whom they subjected to numerous indignities, and whose good lady, one regrets to say, they put under the pump, and assaulted in a manner which cannot possibly be described here. By way of retaliation the apprentices attacked the scholars' building, and so

damaged it that, according to common report, it would cost a hundred pounds sterling to repair the windows alone. One or two of the apprentices were killed, and when the Lord Mayor came to quell the disturbance the scholars shut themselves up in the upper story and pelted him with arrows and other missiles. It must have been an affair after Gondola's own heart.

Our visitor found the food in London extremely good and plentiful. His correspondent seeks to make him homesick by describing the sumptuous Florentine dinners which he could not enjoy, but Gondola has no regrets. Panciatichi's *beccafichi* were nothing compared with the beef and capons which the London cook-shops produced. Grapes and melons were to be had in abundance, and the venison pasties were excellent, hot and fat as lard, and messages are sent by Vani and Tomaso to Florence that they had nothing there to equal London's powder-beef. Unfortunately, Gondola does not tell us the names of the taverns he frequented; but a friend of his was lodging at the 'Elephant', which seems to establish the fact that Shakespeare was, after all, thinking of an existing tavern when he made Antonio direct Sebastian to the 'Elephant' in that unnamed city of Illyria. One's mind naturally jumps to the 'Elephant and Castle', but no trace of this tavern is to be found before 1610. It looks as if Signor Gargàno has found the only contemporary reference so far to Shakespeare's 'Elephant', and it would be interesting if its site could be fixed in the 'south suburbs'.

Gondola's English must have been sufficient to

enable him to converse with 'Nan' and 'Gene', but, like Perlin, he writes it exactly as he heard it. His efforts on the whole are not difficult to follow. 'So God chipe you' is simple enough, and a little experience of Perlin's orthography enables us to make something of 'vid al mei hart', and 'god bindyu'. Some of the other travellers are much less successful.¹³ Gipsay (Cheapside), Kinstrid (King Street), Misinglan (Mincing Lane), Hamstrid (Hart Street), Ludgues and Nudgues for Ludgate and Newgate are startling enough, but what can the average reader make of 'gur vtei ussom mi honour'? It comes from a pamphlet of 1606 which purports to describe the trial and execution of the Earl of Essex, and was intended to signify the formal condemnation by the peers—'guilty upon my honour'.

CHAPTER III

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

HERE seems, not unnaturally, to have been a falling off in visitors to England as the seventeenth century advanced. France had its own troubles, Germany the Thirty Years War, and, during some part of the century at least, England cannot have been a pleasant place for travellers. There were diplomatic visitors, ambassadors extraordinary and reports on political affairs, but the era of travelling for its own sake did not reopen until the Restoration. Before then England was comparatively little known and much disliked abroad. We were regarded for the most part as a barbarous people, who killed our rulers in cold blood and gloried in brutality and superstition. After the Restoration matters improved a little. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685 released a host of French refugees who helped to make us better known, but the English language was still a closed book. The century was one of transition, divided, so far as London was concerned, by the Great Fire into two well-defined epochs. Travellers in the earlier part of the century, while lacking the freshness and enthusiasm of their predecessors, still seemed to move in a world which was largely Elizabethan; the later travellers were un-

certain whether to praise or blame us, and the England which they sought to describe is portrayed far more vividly and with greater knowledge and judgement by travellers of the following century. The reader must not therefore expect surprises. Busino, who comes into a previous chapter, is not as well known as he deserves, but my other travellers, Jorevin, Gemelli, Sorbière, Miege, Misson (who was singularly fortunate in his translator), and Muralt are familiar names even if their books are not much read, and the rest are not of great importance.

As far as London was concerned the seventeenth-century travellers who described it before the Great Fire were not enthusiastic. The streets running parallel with the river were sufficiently wide, but the others were mean, narrow and dark, and so crowded with buildings that the overhanging eaves almost touched each other. Indeed, as one traveller remarks, the English were always enemies to, or at least liked to play hide-and-seek with, light and air.¹ The houses were of wood, small and ill-built; 'the scurvyest Things in the World,' says Misson, 'as appears very plainly from whole Streets still remaining, nothing but Wood and Plaister and nasty little Windows, with but one little Casement to open. The Stories were low and widen'd one over another, all awry and in Appearance ready to fall.'² No foreigner, it seems, has recorded his impressions of London in flames—for that we have to go to Pepys—but Jorevin, who was here shortly afterwards, seems to have heard a good deal about it. 'It is an astonishing thing', he writes, 'to hear how this general conflagration happened, which, at the dis-

tance of more than ten leagues, seemed like a deluge of fire coming to burn the whole earth. Nevertheless, by an order from the King, all the proprietors of houses which had been burned were obliged to cause them to be rebuilt within the space of three years, in default of which their sites were to be confiscated.³

The traveller, Chappuzeau,⁴ saw the ruins of the city in 1667, but the new building operations were sufficiently advanced to show that London was to be entirely replanned with wide streets and stately buildings; d'Auvers, a traveller of 1685, writes that he could scarcely recognize the city he had seen in 1660.⁵ Wood had been replaced by brick. The irregularity of the earlier centuries had given place to uniformity. The house-fronts were in line. The windows were spacious, and many of them were adorned with balconies. The houses themselves were three stories high, not counting the basements (in which were the kitchens and, at times, even the beds), and so stately in appearance that Jorevin speaks of them as castles, although Misson contents himself with calling them 'polite enough'. The rooms were well arranged without any waste of space, for land was dear in London. Every corner served its purpose. It was true that the greater part of the public buildings had the disadvantage of being built backwards and out of the way to make room for tradesmen's shops, while churches were so crowded in with shops and dwellings that trade threatened to smother religion,⁶ but the general appearance of the houses was astonishing. Miege describes them as 'contrived with so much Art and Neatness that I

have often wondered to see so many Conveniences upon a so small Spot of Ground. So uniform and compact is the modern Way of Building, with the Inside of the Rooms fairly wainscotted and painted, that the English Builders have of late outdone all Foreigners'.⁷ The windows, which were sashed and weighted, had large panes of glass, and were remarkable for the ease with which they could be opened and shut. The rebuilding had been carried out with amazing speed. Jorevin relates the story of a man who laid a wager that he would cause his house to be built from the foundations to the roof in two days—and won.⁸ Other travellers note the system of fire insurance which had grown up as a result of the conflagration. The premium was six shillings for brick buildings and double for wooden houses, and fire-engines, with stout and lusty servants in livery, with badges, were provided by the insurers to minimize the risk. Gemelli describes one of the engines, a portable machine which threw the water so high that it would quench the fire even when it had caught the roofs of the houses.⁹

During the greater part of this period St. Paul's was rebuilding. In 1671 nothing was visible but the blackened ruins, but the work was commenced shortly afterwards. In 1685 d'Auvers¹⁰ inspected the foundations, but the building by that time was sufficiently advanced to give promise of great magnificence—'God knows when to be perfected', writes Gemelli in 1686.¹¹ In 1697 it was half finished, and by 1712 all work had ceased and the new cathedral was complete. Protestant travellers agreed with the English that, so far as exterior appearance was con-

cerned, the church was finer than St. Peter's at Rome. Catholic travellers disagreed, but no one seems to have been much impressed by the interior. Muralt, who saw St. Paul's half finished in 1694, thought that when complete the church would be so enormous that, if the sermons were to be as efficacious as the place was vast, it would swallow up even the corruption of London.¹² The Royal Exchange also attracted a great deal of notice. So splendid was the building, and so remarkable was the assembly of merchants there, that Muralt cannot bring himself to attempt a description of it.¹³

As for the London streets, travellers, even after the Fire, complained that they were dirty and evil-smelling. 'The Dampness of the Air, the perpetual Hurry of Carts and Coaches, with the Want of a common Sewer in many places, and the Difficulty of removing that Inconveniency by making Sewers through other Mens Ground (to pass by the Neglect of Scavengers) are a great Obstruction to the Cleanliness of this Place', writes Miege;¹⁴ but towards the end of the century there was almost all over London a way better paved than the rest for foot-passengers. Englishmen had said some very hard things about seventeenth-century Paris, and Frenchmen were not slow to retaliate. Miege and Muralt are both eloquent on the subject. To the mud of winter succeeded the dust of summer which penetrated everywhere, rendered even the finest houses uninhabitable, and drove the inmates into the country.¹⁵ One Frenchman went so far as to embark on a detailed project for the systematic cleansing of the London streets, but his proposals still remain for-

gotten and neglected among the manuscripts at the Bodleian.¹⁶ The lighting arrangements improved as the century grew older. Lamps with thick, convex glass were put up before every tenth door on moonless nights during the winter. They gave, we are told, 'a glorious Light, but something too strong for weak Eyes'. The reflection was dazzling and the lamps, besides, cast a great shadow.¹⁷ Travellers were still well advised to take their servants with them after dark to carry lanterns, or else employ link-boys. The shops were large and well stocked with goods; the signs—the Blue Boars, Black Swans, Red Lions, Flying Pigs and Hogs in Armour of the Spectator—being at times so enormous that they reached across the street and met those on the other side.

The booksellers' shops seem to have had a special attraction for foreigners. They could buy French books in the Strand, law books in the neighbourhood of Temple Bar, and classics and theology at St. Paul's and Little Britain. The goldsmiths were still situated in Cheapside, the linen-drapers and mercers in Cornhill, and the Royal Exchange, while the pastry-cooks were crowded in with the booksellers in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's. The squares and parks were a constant source of pleasure, although Misson is a little scornful about Hyde Park. 'Here the People of Fashion take the Diversion of the Ring: In a pretty high Place, which lies very open, they have surrounded a Circumference of two or three hundred Paces Diameter with a sorry Kind of Ballustrade, or rather with Poles plac'd upon Stakes but three Foot from the Ground, and the Coaches drive

round and round this. When they have turn'd for some Time round one Way, they face about and turn t'other: So rowls the World.¹⁸ As for the Thames, travellers were amazed to find that they could scarcely see it. There were no quays on which to walk to watch the ships, but only narrow lanes leading to the water and some small stairs and platforms for loading and unloading. The broadsword encounters noted by later travellers were apparently in full swing at the Bear Garden, and Jorevin saw two combatants, greatly refreshed with wine, hack and hew at each other until one had lost an ear and a slice of his head, and the other had his wrist almost severed.¹⁹ Cock-fighting was universal and great wagers were laid. According to Misson a man might be 'damnably bubbled' if he was not very sharp. Other pastimes included fisticuffs, playing football in the streets and breaking the windows of houses and coaches. Muralt greatly admired the incredible tenacity of the dogs used in bull-baiting, and thought that Englishmen had something in common with them.²⁰ There were diversions also of a different kind to hinder progress in the streets. The pillory attracted large crowds. Both men and women were publicly whipped, and Misson saw a woman parading in public carrying a figure of a man crowned with horns, preceded by a drum and followed by a mob performing on tongs, grid-irons, frying-pans and saucepans. On inquiring what all the uproar was about, the traveller was informed that some unfortunate husband had been cuckolded by his wife and that the neighbours were celebrating the event in the customary manner.²¹ There seems,

however, to have been little serious disorder in the streets. Indeed, Miege reports that there was no other city of its size where murders and outrages were so seldom heard of.²²

Sunday observance, as we shall see later, was a great affliction for foreigners. Nothing could be bought or sold on Sundays, and even the carrying of water to the houses was prohibited. 'Nor can any-one play at bowls or any other game, or even touch a musical instrument or sing aloud in his own house without incurring the penalty of a fine.'²³ If Misson is to be believed, sabbath-breaking was the first downward step in the lives of most criminals. After they had killed father and mother 'they would not mention that Article till after having profess'd how often they had broke the Sabbath'.²⁴

As a whole both Jorevin and Muralt found us tolerably polite, although no nation was more satirical or quicker at repartee, especially the common people.²⁵ Our insolence was due to our horror of servility rather than to any intention to offend, and was in fact one of the safeguards of our national liberty. Muralt is careful to state that he met with no rudeness in the ordinary affairs of life.²⁶ We were changeable, but when we turned our coats we did so in public, and were the last people in the world to support a government or party in which we had ceased to believe. In appearance we were in general large and fair, and pretty well made, and had pleasant faces. We had a great respect for our women, who were handsome and naturally modest and serious, with the disconcerting habit of blushing and dropping the eyes at unexpected moments.

Muralt deplores the lack of care of the teeth, more than ever necessary in a country where the people ate so much meat and so little bread.²⁷ 'They (the women)', writes Jorevin, 'always sit at the upper end of the table and dispose of what is placed on it by helping every one, entertaining the company with some pleasant conceit or agreeable story. In fine, they are respected as mistresses whom every one is desirous of obeying, and, to speak the truth, England is a paradise for women as Spain and Italy is their purgatory.'²⁸ But Misson deplored the increasing use of patches. 'The Use of Patches', he writes, 'is not unknown to the French Ladies; but she that wears them must be young and handsome. In England young, old, handsome, ugly, all are be-patch'd 'till they are Bed-rid. I have often counted fifteen Patches or more upon the swarthy, wrinkled Phiz of an old Hag, threescore and ten and upwards. Thus the English women refine upon our Fashions.'²⁹ Gemelli, like Jorevin, was impressed with the appearance of the English. Both men and women were extraordinarily handsome, fair of complexion, and many black-eyed. He has also some observations on eating and drinking, which pleased him less. The commonest and most acceptable meat was beef, and although we prided ourselves on our abstemious habits, eating then only one meal a day instead of four, as previously, and consuming very little fish, which was in proportion 'dearer than any other Belly-timber at London',³⁰ we took far too much meat. 'They kill at least seven hundred oxen or cows and ten thousand sheep every week, besides the daily consumption of tame and wild fowl. Then

they fill themselves extravagantly with several sorts of liquors, as beer and ale, aquavita, perry, mead, cyder, mum and usequebaugh, a violent burning drink, and it would be worse did not the use of coffee, tea and tobacco somewhat correct it.³¹ Indeed, so quick was the operation of our liquors that the strongest drinkers could be run out of their senses without any proper interval for mirth. In short, we ate more than the Italians, drank like the Germans, and lived like the Muscovites. Misson is even more outspoken. ‘The English eat a great deal at Dinner: they rest awhile and to it again till they have quite stuff’d their Paunch.’³² This, however, is qualified by Miege, who thinks that the English were unjustly taxed of gluttony and ‘to be a People most given to their Bellies’; even though our venison pasties were the best in the world, we had become, in the course of time, one of the most sober nations of Europe so far as food was concerned. In any event our eating and drinking³³ in no way impaired our brains. From our habits foreigners might infer that the English were stupid and dull, but it was quite otherwise. To continue from Gemelli: ‘for besides their being extraordinary sharp traders, they improve wonderfully in all science whatsoever, as also in all liberal arts as well as mechanicks, as plainly appears by their books, reckoned extraordinary learned all over Europe, so that nature seems to have allow’d them this to balance all their vices. They affect a Laconick stile, mortally hating all figurative and rhetorical discourses, tho’ their own language is very copious and enrich’d with the most significant words of all European or other languages.’³⁴

Muralt was much impressed by the prosperity and magnificence among the rich and the plenty among the poor—indeed, by the well-being of all classes.³⁵ Workpeople were skilful and diligent, and the merchants so attentive to their affairs that they were able not only to live in style, but to amass fortunes and retire and live as country gentlemen. We were, he thought, a little too fond of the pleasures of the table, and the joints of beef, which graced the board of royalty and artisan alike, were enormous—the larger the joint the greater the family's prosperity.³⁶ We were ardent theatre-goers, but indifferent to music. Muralt was much diverted at the behaviour of the men at concerts, who were astonished to find themselves in a place where they could neither play nor drink, and in the company of honest women, to whom they could find little to say. The women had nothing to do except to gaze about them, with the result that music-lovers could listen to the music in peace.³⁷ Londoners, we are told, had few pleasures except wine, women, dice and debauchery. The men were too lazy to seek their pleasures, which was one reason why the streets were always crowded with courtesans in search of custom. A more innocent pleasure was the promenade, but even in the parks we walked at top-speed looking neither to the right nor left, and generally without speaking. Muralt tells us that he never knew an English woman to stoop and pick a flower, or sit on the grass, or divert herself with a song. We lived and moved, in fact, in a perpetual hurry.³⁸

Muralt would not exert himself to see Oxford and Cambridge, but he paid a visit to Moor Park to

see Sir William Temple, whose works he greatly admired. The traveller was most hospitably received: the house was a model of a small country retreat, not near enough to town to attract too many visitors, yet situated in a good air and soil, with restricted but beautiful views. The house itself was small but well furnished, the garden adequately cultivated, with a small stream running through it, the rippling of the water being the only sound which could be heard. The *chevalier* Temple was advanced in years, but still sufficiently active to walk his visitor off his feet. The talk was of learned foreigners and the French translation of Temple's works, and when Muralt departed, his host, who wished him to see a really fine English house, provided him with horses and servants and a letter of introduction to the Duchess of Somerset at Petworth. The Duke welcomed the traveller most courteously, but Muralt was a good deal awed by the magnificence of his reception, and found life in an English nobleman's mansion rather extravagant and uncomfortable. He sighed for the ease and tranquillity of Temple's retreat, and returned in haste to London.³⁹

One of the most interesting visitors of the seventeenth century was Samuel Sorbière, a French philosopher, historian and man of letters who was here in 1663.⁴⁰ Unfortunately his *Voyage to England* is usually dismissed as a malicious libel on the English people, which is grossly unfair, but the book appeared at an awkward moment in the relations between England and France, and aroused a storm of hostile criticism which surprised no one more than the

author. Some remarks of his about Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, which seem harmless enough to-day, were regarded as unpardonable, and, to add to the uproar, Sorbière had introduced a story about the Danish King and Count Ulefeld which gave great offence there, so that the author was hated in two countries. He was denounced and exiled, and diplomatic dispatches were even exchanged over the book, which was suppressed in France and banned in England. Thomas Sprat, afterwards Dean of Westminster and Bishop of Rochester, attacked it in a wild and rambling pamphlet, almost as long as the book itself, which is remarkable chiefly as an exhibition of bad temper and hard hitting. Sorbière is stigmatized as an empty politician, an insolent pedant, an idle pretender to learning, a do-little, an idle, lazy and useless person. In fact he was none of these things. If we knew nothing else about him, a perusal of his book would suffice to show that he was a scholar and an intelligent and observant traveller, who liked us moderately but not very much, and who was not afraid to say what he thought. Compared with Perlin and some of our other critics, his strictures err rather on the side of moderation and restraint.

Sorbière was only in England for a few months, but he contrived to do and see a great deal. He conversed with Hobbes, the Earl of Devonshire took him over Hatfield House, he was received by Charles II, went to the theatre, paid a visit to Oxford, attended the courts at Westminster Hall, and was admitted a member of the Royal Society. A foreigner's first impressions of England were at that

time too often unfortunate. The children at Dover, it seems, on spying a Frenchman would run after him crying, 'A monsieur, a monsieur', while the expression 'French dogs' was met with everywhere, but Sorbière is careful to remark that French travellers often brought their troubles on their own heads by their noise, indiscretion and forwardness. He himself received nothing but civility at Dover, where even the customs officers were obliging and courteous. The traveller elected to make his journey to London in a stage-wagon, a tedious and clumsy method of travel. Perhaps he disliked the travelling habits of the English who, so he said, could not ride leisurely, but galloped everywhere at full speed as if they were looking for a benefice.

Kent struck him, as it did other travellers, as a beautiful county, but Canterbury is described as small and not very notable. The houses were mean and the rooms so low that a man of moderate height could touch the ceilings with his hand, but the projecting windows were convenient and pleasant, and the absence of shutters in the lower stories was a sign that the citizens feared neither insults nor robbery. At Rochester there was a striking view of Chatham and the river from the bridge, which was provided with a high parapet so that the citizens' hats should not be blown away in the wind, an innocent observation which, whether well founded or not, seems to have cut the good Dr. Sprat to the quick. Then came Gravesend and the dockyards, and finally London itself.

Sorbière took lodgings in Covent Garden and perambulated London street by street. He liked the

shops with the pretty girls at the counters. There was a strange absence of fountains, and Whitehall, although beautifully situated, with a magnificent banqueting hall, was a sorry medley of all styles, but the parks were large and fine, and in St. James's Park the King had caused telescopes to be set up, and Sorbière, with the help of Sir Robert Murray, was permitted to peer through them and contemplate Saturn and the satellites of Jupiter. He enjoyed his visits to the playhouse, but unfortunately a chance remark, that the English did not appreciate the unities, aroused such a storm of fury that his very kindly observations on the English theatre have been more or less forgotten. Westminster Hall was disfigured by the heads of the late rebels, but in the Abbey the traveller admired Henry VII's chapel, and was mightily glad to behold the tombs of Casaubon and Camden.

Sorbière met a number of interesting people. One of his objects in visiting England was to renew his acquaintance with Hobbes and M. de Montconis, the well-known traveller and savant. He found Hobbes to be little altered in fourteen years, 'even in the same Posture in his Chamber, as he was wont to be every Afternoon wherein he betook himself to his Studies after he had been walking about all the Morning'. He was then seventy-eight, but could still play tennis once a week until he was tired. There was no change in his face, and none in the vigour of his mind, memory or cheerfulness of spirit. As for M. de Montconis, he was in his element, talking about nothing but physicians and machines and new experiments. Sorbière's chief delight was in

natural philosophy and experimental machinery. He attended several of the Royal Society's sessions, although his ignorance of English—he could write 'Eyparc' for Hyde Park and 'Biscop gestriidt' for Bishopsgate Street—prevented him from understanding much that went on. He was received by the King, who showed him his closet of rarities, and he describes a number of ingenious machines for generating heat, raising water, blowing ships out of the sea, and, above all, a marvellous contrivance invented by Dr. Wallis of Oxford by which a deaf and dumb person had been taught to read and speak. That he enjoyed himself and was flattered by the attention of learned men cannot be doubted. His misfortune was that he was inclined to say the right thing in the wrong way.

It is clear that Sorbière realized his limitations and had no desire to be offensive. He thought us lazy, glorying in our sloth, and believing that true living consisted in knowing how to be at ease, but he affirms this without offence and failed to see how his observations could be resented, since we took pleasure in hearing the truth and had heard it more than once from our own countrymen. Moreover, gloomy, extravagant and fanatical people were to be met with everywhere. Our laziness, presumption, extravagance in thought, and our contempt for foreigners could not be blamed, since we lived in an island and had sufficient natural resources to make us independent of the world at large. Moreover, much was due to the English climate. Sorbière is careful to add that we were endowed with many excellent qualities, among them a deep-rooted love

of our country and great courage in face of dangers. He does, indeed, give an instance of cowardice, but adds that this, as well as the report that English eloquence was mere pedantry, came to him at second hand. As far as his own observations went, he admired our learning, but thought us too much addicted to violent and brutal sports and tobacco, and found us melancholy by nature and capricious. Our table manners left much to be desired, for we used no forks and washed our hands after food in a basin. To a foreigner the English food was quite uneatable, but provided you filled an Englishman's belly and let him have freedom of speech, and were not too hard on his lazy habits, you could do what you liked with him. As for our religion, Sorbière's remarks are no more than might be expected from a protestant turned papist.

Our method of government was a medley of all sorts, and Sorbière takes leave to doubt whether Charles II was, after all, very securely seated on his throne, although he agrees that Cromwell's government could not have lasted. He indulges in some shrewd remarks on politics and on the attitude of the people in general, but says nothing that could possibly cause offence. The so-called attack on the Lord Chancellor resolves itself, on examination, into a description of the man as a sound lawyer, but ignorant of literature, and without distinction of mind. For this calumny the book was proscribed and its author driven into exile. Such, in the seventeenth century, might be the reward of good literature.

I conclude this chapter with a eulogy from Misson,

all the more valuable as coming from a traveller who could be very trenchant in his criticisms.

I am willing to believe that the English are subject to certain Faults, as no doubt all Nations are; but every Thing consider'd I'm satisfy'd, by several Years Experience, that the more Strangers are acquainted with the English, the more they will esteem and love them. What brave Men do I know in England! What Moderation! What Generosity! What Uprightness of Heart! What Piety and Charity! Yes, there are in England Persons that may truly be call'd Accomplish'd; Men who are Wisdom and Goodness itself, if we may say so much of any Thing besides God. Peace and Prosperity be eternally upon England.⁴¹

CHAPTER IV

THE CROSSING—THE APPROACH TO LONDON— COACHES AND INNS

AT the close of the seventeenth century, when visitors to England began to be more numerous and observant, it becomes increasingly difficult to keep in touch with individual travellers. All one can do is to select certain narratives of particular interest or value for detailed treatment, and use the others to fill in the gaps as occasion arises. So many observers described the same places, experienced the same pleasures, or suffered the same misfortunes that any other course would involve an intolerable amount of repetition. Descriptions of the Channel-crossing and the reception at Dover or Harwich alone could be collected from dozens of narratives, all or most of them concerned with the miseries of seasickness and the unfriendliness of the English to foreigners.

But by the eighteenth century we had for the most part ceased to throw stones at Frenchmen and call them *dogs*, at least at the ports, and complaints of rudeness, except at the hands of the customs officials, are rare. The activity of the port at Dover and the beauty of the landscape could impress even

a genuine anglophobe such as Andreas Reim, but, like other travellers of his day, his mood changed after his encounter with the customs officers or searchers. It was even suggested that they were filchers as well. The strictness of the customs regulations varied, of course, with changing political and economic conditions, but travellers complained that the searchers ransacked everything and peered everywhere. De Saussure tells us that when he arrived, not at Dover but in the Thames in 1725, the officials searched every nook and cranny of the ship, broke down wooden partitions, explored the seats of the gentlemen's breeches, and even groped—not unsuccessfully—beneath the ladies' petticoats.¹ Sophie von la Roche, whose diary is one of the delights of eighteenth-century travel literature, has an amusing description of customs methods at Harwich.

The expression of these people's faces during the examination is quite remarkable. When they first arrive on deck they try to inspire fear and reverence; then during the investigation of foreign trunks, packets and bags, a certain penetrating astuteness and a sensation of their own power, at once comic and obstinate, comes over them; which struck me as quite absurd, particularly in the case of a wig-box. A foreigner was carrying it in his hand quite openly, not even tied up, and wanted to join the rest of us in the boat which was meant to bring us right into Harwich, when he was held up by one of these Hogarthian eccentrics with the queer cast of countenance already referred to, and asked what the box contained. 'Nothing, sir, but my periwig.' 'I must see it,' came the domineering retort. 'Open the box.' Now it opened with difficulty, and the stranger declared once more that it contained nothing but his wig. The customs man raised his voice,

flashed his eyes with greater fire and insisted on opening the box: then, looking important meanwhile, lifted out the wig, lying there in blissful content, and dropped it again scornfully. The foreigner said: 'It is only my wig after all, isn't it?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'but a wig often covers a multitude of sins.'²

Pückler-Muskau had an unfortunate experience in the Thames. The ship arrived after the office was closed, and as nothing could be removed until the next day, he was obliged to spend the night in a miserable sailors' tavern by the water-side. In the morning, however, he had no difficulty. As with other travellers, he found that there was a golden key to the customs locks, and even a dozen French gloves seemed to be rendered invisible. No one took the slightest notice of them.³

There was a service of stage-coaches between Dover and London certainly during the latter half of the seventeenth century. Sorbière, as we have seen,⁴ for reasons which it is not easy to appreciate, preferred to make the journey in the cumbersome conveyance known as a stage-wagon, which was drawn by six horses in single file with the wagoner trudging beside them. As the channel service developed the coach service improved. The journey became gradually faster, but otherwise it changed little during the centuries, and the travellers' anxiety to get to London has deprived us of a good many descriptions of the journey, which is a pity since, in a number of cases, the country between Dover and London was all the travellers saw of rural England.

Kent was a fine and fruitful county abounding

in apples and cherries. The hills and valleys were green with an eternal verdure. The grass, indeed, was a continual delight, so smooth and fine that you could play bowls upon it as easily as on a billiard table. On every hand were country seats surrounded by spacious parks abounding with trees. The roads were excellent, with little banks raised above them for foot-passengers, protected by a row of posts, the tops of which were whitened so that they could be seen by the drivers.⁵ Here and there, at least during the seventeenth century, posts were set up at night, on which were placed kettles containing fires, to give notice when highwaymen were about.⁶ After Canterbury the London road was all bustle and movement. The perpetual succession of travellers in carriages and on horseback gave the impression of a populous city rather than a high road, and, according to Lichtenberg, the beauty of the women increased with every mile. Then came the view from Shooter's Hill, and the coach was soon clattering over the London stones.

Grosley describes the journey at some length and laughs at us as usual. He saw nothing remarkable at Dover, except the enormous signs outside the public-houses. He could get nothing to eat without going himself to the inn kitchen and taking beef-steaks from the hot coals on which they were broiling, and the servants tried to turn him out of his bed at 3 a.m. as the room was wanted by newcomers. His subsequent journey to London with seven other passengers, in a flying machine drawn by six horses, was performed in a day and cost him a guinea. It was on the whole uneventful. The

travellers were a good deal delayed by the business of dropping kegs of smuggled brandy at the various inns on the road, and if Grosley really saw the corpses of highwaymen hanging by the road-side upon gibbets, fully dressed with wigs on their heads, he witnessed a sight which was denied to other travellers. At Canterbury he had his first taste of the English predisposition to melancholy, for at the inn window a fat gentleman, clad in night-gown and cap, watched the changing of horses with his arms folded, and without once stirring or knitting his brow, with an expression of gloom on his features which, in France, could only be seen in the countenances of those who had just buried their dearest friend.⁷ It is characteristic of Grosley and his age that half a page is not sufficient to describe this encounter with a gloomy Englishman, whereas Canterbury cathedral is dismissed in two and a half lines. Some travellers do not even mention the cathedral.

By the end of the eighteenth century, with improved roads, the elimination of stops, and a better supply of horses, the coaching service had become very fast indeed—much too fast for comfort. Campe, the Brunswick pedagogue, who travelled post from Yarmouth to London in 1801, found that everything was sacrificed to speed. The journey was at first pleasant, then tedious, and finally almost unbearable. Campe had experienced a thoroughly bad crossing. The ship was blown about in the North Sea for four days, and had finally to make Yarmouth instead of Harwich. It is possible, therefore, that his outlook on life in general may have

been a little warped. But this is his account of the journey.

It seems to be the unalterable will of Heaven that everything here below should be capable of reaching only to a certain degree of perfection. If this limit is overstepped perfection is lost in imperfection, the good in the bad . . . so with the English posting system, the reason being that the pursuit of efficiency is driven to such lengths, that any traveller with a considerable journey before him, who is not rich enough to provide his own equipage and stop when he pleases, is subjected to a veritable torture. Picture to yourself that we were obliged to cover 124 English miles from Yarmouth to London in fifteen hours without a single stop, except about half-way, at Ipswich, where we were suffered to refresh ourselves for half an hour. Even the most urgent demands of nature had to be suppressed or postponed in order that there might not be a minute's delay in changing horses, which happened about every ten miles. If a traveller wished to get down and disappear for a moment, he was faced with the danger that his luggage might be carried on to London without him. The postilion seemed to recognize no other duty than to arrive punctually. Whether his travellers, whose money had very wisely been collected beforehand, arrived with him was their concern, not his. The fresh horses were harnessed in a flash, and away we dashed without any inquiry as to who was on board. It was useless to call after the postilion. Either the noise of the carriage drowned the voice, or if he heard he paid no attention, nor would he stop even for a moment. The guard who sat behind, armed with two pistols as a protection against highwaymen, has no responsibility for the passengers. They are left entirely to their own devices, and must see to it themselves that they are not left behind.

This indifference extends also to the passengers' luggage. In order that not a second should be lost, everything—trunks, boxes, packages—were thrown into the well like balls. Whether they fell on their sides or corners, or damaged each other, or were smashed, was not even a matter for thought. A request that a little care might be

taken to avoid injury was simply ignored. No one pays the least attention or even deigns to reply. Every one is concerned with his own affairs, and has no thought except to see that the coach departs at the exact moment and arrives according to schedule. The result, so far as I was concerned, was that on arrival in London my trunk was in holes, while a sturdy box, made of oak and strengthened with iron, was stove in completely on one side down to its contents.⁸

Campe agreed that the English coaches and horses, which would have graced a prince's train, were far in advance of the German post-wagons, in which passengers and luggage were all jumbled together, and which jogged along over indifferent roads at fifteen miles an hour, but after an hour or so of noise and speed, he began to miss the pleasant German custom of stopping here and there for rest and refreshment. Perhaps, after all, German travellers were better off. Campe wanted food and drink, to stretch his legs and pass the time of day with his companions, but no! 'On, on, stop and away'—this was the one essential requirement of the English posting service. Indifference to the needs of passengers, once they had paid their fares, is noted by Simond, who was locked in his coach at Piccadilly and carried, in spite of his cries and protests, far beyond his destination, which was Kew Bridge. It seems that the post-boys resented any interference by passengers. If it was pointed out that a horse was lame or tired, they immediately applied the whip in order to prove that the horse could go.⁹

Another interesting description of a journey by coach comes from the German traveller Moritz, who

was here in 1782. Moritz arrived with a warm heart, an ill-furnished purse, and a stock of simplicity as large as that possessed by Parson Adams himself. After a stay of some three weeks in London, he set off for Derbyshire with a road-book, a map, a copy of *Paradise Lost*, no more linen than he could carry in his pocket, and four guineas. As he travelled on foot, his reception at the various inns on the road was, to say the least, unsympathetic, but it is one of his charms that Moritz never knew the meaning of the word resentment, and left us with feelings of kindness and an admiration for England and Englishmen which nothing could daunt. Being pressed for time, on his return to London he determined to travel part of the way from Leicester to Northampton by coach. The coach arrived full inside, and Moritz, with a farmer, a young man, decently dressed, and a blackamoor was obliged to travel outside.

The getting up alone was at the risk of one's life; and when I was up, I was obliged to sit just at the corner of the coach, with nothing to hold by, but a sort of little handle, fastened on the side. I sat nearest the wheel; and the moment that we set off, I fancied that I saw certain death await me. All I could do was to take still faster hold of the handle, and to be more and more careful to preserve my balance. The machine now rolled along with prodigious rapidity, over the stones through the town, and every moment we seemed to fly into the air; so that it was almost a miracle that we still stuck to the coach, and did not fall. We seemed to be thus on the wing, and to fly, as often as we passed through a village, or went down a hill.

At last, in spite of the blackamoor's protests, Moritz left his seat and, for better security and com-

fort, crept into the basket among the luggage. For a few miles he was snug enough, but at the first hill the boxes and packages commenced to dance like live things, and so battered and bruised the traveller that he thought his last hour had come. It was impossible for him to get out until the coach stopped, and when finally he was released he was so sore and shaken that he could hardly climb back to his seat. 'I now write this', he adds, 'as a warning to all strangers to stage-coaches who may happen to take it into their heads, without being used to it, to take a place on the outside of an English post-coach; and still more, a place in the basket.'¹⁰

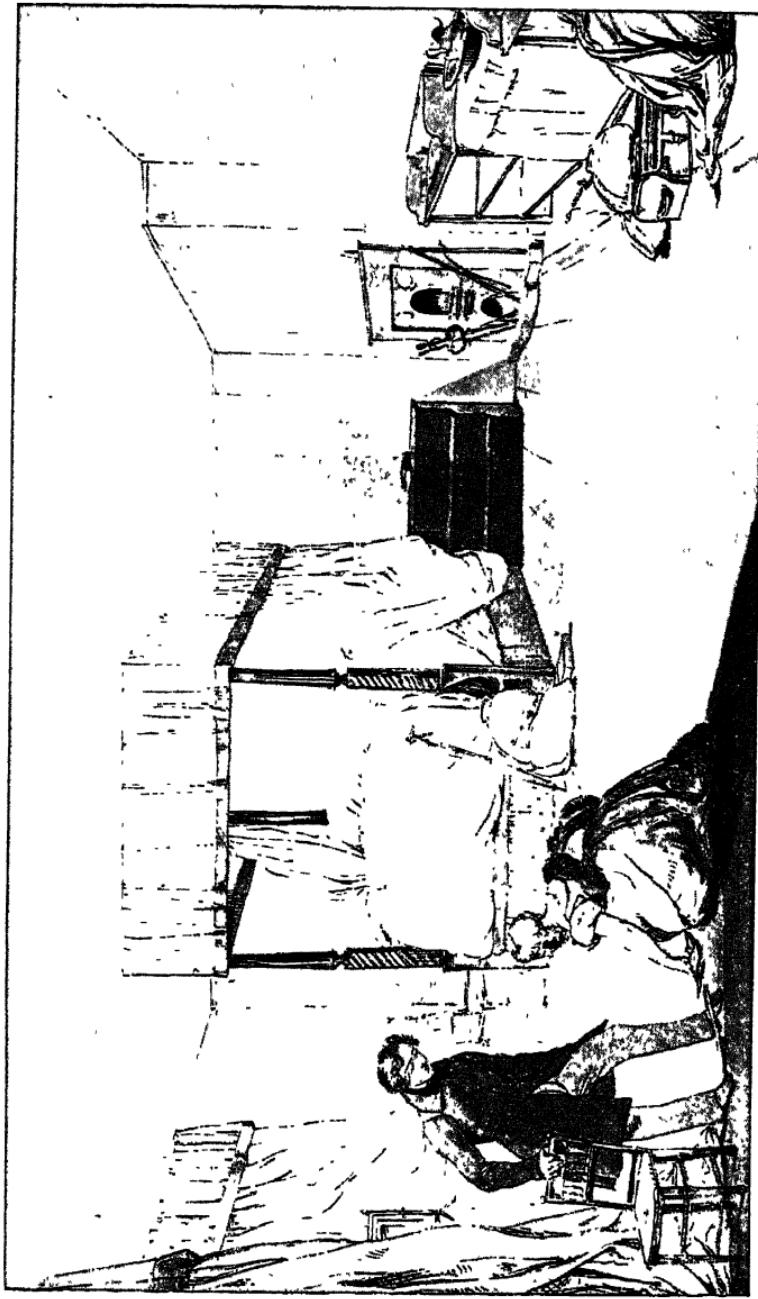
Lichtenberg, the German satirist and philosopher, can always be counted on to raise a smile at our expense, and he makes some amusing remarks about the English coaches. Our runaway matches, for instance, were largely due to the breakneck speed of our coaches. In Germany, owing to the state of the roads and the slowness of the coaches, an eloping couple could be overtaken easily on horseback at any time within three days, whereas a girl and her lover, leaving London in the evening, could be in France or Scotland before the father was awake on the following morning. Once at Hyde Park Corner or Charing Cross they were as safe from pursuit as if they were travelling on a magic carpet.¹¹ Lichtenberg thought also that our comfortable coaches and their easy progress, coupled with the fact that the passengers sat face to face, were a grave danger to virtue. In Germany, even if the passengers could see and speak to each other, there was far too much to do to give opportunity for flirtation. Men and

women were forced to hold on desperately when the coach bumped over holes in the road, and had even to be prepared to jump for their lives at a moment's notice. They had to look out for trees and branches and prepare themselves to duck their heads continuously. Hats had to be held in place, while skirts and petticoats were liable at any moment to be disordered by the wind. In England the young people had nothing to do but look about them. This gave rise to secret intimacies, much confusion over the disposal of legs and feet, and such-like preludes to conversation and flirtation—so much so that many a respectable young man travelling from London to Oxford must have found his way to the devil long before he reached his intended destination; all of which dangers might be avoided if only Parliament would enact that passengers on public coaches should ride back to back.¹²

There are not many descriptions of inns by foreigners before the eighteenth century. Harrison, in his *Description of England*, portrays the English innkeepers contending with each other for the service and entertainment of their guests, and Harrison's eulogy is confirmed by Fynes Moryson, who gives a delightful picture of the guest arriving and being welcomed with a fire in his room, while his boots are pulled off, and the host and hostess prepare his food and drink, and musicians play to him while he eats, and give him good day with music in the morning.¹³ There is some evidence to show that on the main roads and in the towns these praises were still well deserved in the seventeenth century. In the next century, although the coaching inns did not reach

their heights of excellence until the end of the reign of George III, they were making steady progress. Arthur Young, in his *Southern Tour*, made a list of the inns where he had stayed and condemned thirty-seven as either very bad, very dirty or very dear, but when in France he was pleased to remember that conditions in this respect were far better at home. 'Go in England', he writes, 'to towns that contain 1,500, 2,000, or 3,000 people, in situations absolutely cut off from all dependence or almost the expectation of what are properly called travellers, yet you will meet with neat inns, well-dressed and clean people keeping them, good furniture and refreshing civility.'¹⁴ The French traveller Faujas de Saint Fond tells us that he had travelled twice by different routes through England and Wales, and met with no extortion except at the 'Bull's Head' at Manchester and the Dun's Hotel at Edinburgh.¹⁵ One traveller complains of a filthy custom at an inn at Liverpool, for when he pulled off his boots the man brought him a pair of dirty old slippers which had obviously done duty for hundreds of other travellers and expected him to put them on. This unpleasant custom seems also to have been practised elsewhere.¹⁶

Pückler-Muskau, in 1826, pays an enthusiastic tribute to the London inns. Everything was much better than on the Continent. The beds were large, comfortable and clean. On the washing-table the traveller found—not one miserable water-bottle with a single earthen jug and basin, but positive tubs of handsome porcelain in which you could plunge half your body, taps which instantly supplied water, half



AN INN BEDROOM, NINETEENTH CENTURY
By E. Lami, from 'Voyage en Angleterre,' 1829

a dozen towels and a bath when required.¹⁷ Simond has the same story to tell at Bath in 1815. When his chaise drew up at the 'White Hart',

two well-dressed footmen were ready to help us alight, presenting an arm on either side. Then a loud bell on the stairs, and lights carried before us to an elegantly furnished sitting-room where the fire was already blazing. In a few minutes a neat-looking chambermaid, with an ample white apron pinned behind, came to offer her services to the ladies and show the bedrooms. In less than half an hour five powdered gentlemen burst into the room with three dishes, etc., and two remained to wait. Our bill was £2 11s. sterling, dinner for three, tea, beds and breakfast. The servants have no wages—but depending on the generosity of travellers they find it to their interest to please them. They (the servants) cost us about five shillings a day.¹⁸

Clean and efficient though the inns might be, foreigners were apt to remark that there might be more conviviality in the public rooms if the guests could only be persuaded to talk to each other. An Englishman's first request on entering an inn was 'Can I have a room to myself?' If obliged to use the public room he maintained a gloomy and suspicious silence. Southey's *EsPRIELLA* complains also of the noise and bustle at English inns—doors opening and shutting, bells ringing and calls for the waiter, the boots running in one direction, the barber with his powder bag in another, and his boy with hot water and razors in a third. Nothing was done in England, he says, without noise, yet noise was the only thing they forgot to put in the bill. It is only fair to add that this traveller's first experience of an English inn was at Falmouth, where people were always arriving or going off in the packets,

and everything was hurry and confusion. Elsewhere Espriella is much more enthusiastic about inns and travelling in general, and one country inn which he met with at West Kennet on his way to Bath provided him with a draft of English beer which he was never likely to forget. He promised himself that if ever he graduated in magic in the caves of Salamanca, he would direct the imp in attendance to fill his glass every day at dinner with ale from West Kennet.¹⁹

Campe, as we have seen, had a trying crossing to England, but his tribulations on that occasion were nothing compared with the return voyage. The packet-boat left the harbour with the sails not fully secured. A gust of wind caught the boat and almost capsized it, and half the deck was immediately submerged.

At this moment, had we not been able to seize a rope or some other object, at least those of us who were in the centre of the ship, where there were no rails, but only a board about a hand's breadth in size, would have been thrown into the sea. Among these was your old friend who was standing on the side of the deck which was submerged, so that his feet were in the sea, and he was left hanging to a small rail which led to the cabin steps. Scarcely had each passenger secured himself in this unhappy situation as best he might, when a great wave, one of the most terrible I have ever seen—like a mountain in size—struck the weather-side of the ship and swept mercilessly over us, as if it had been the prelude to the Great Flood. At this moment we did not know whether we were in or out of the sea, on this side of the stars, or already beyond them. The ladies, all Englishwomen, who until now had shown remarkable calm and self-control, did not know what was going to happen to them, and began to

scream. The steersman, hanging to the rudder which he could scarcely hold, cursed the sailors who, as pale as death, were at a loss how to lower the lee-board and fasten the sails which were half in the sea, and which had to be reefed, if we were not to run into further danger of being blown about by the wind or driven on to the neighbouring sandbanks.²⁰

Campe and one of the ladies were clinging to the same rail, but she was quite helpless and had to be rescued, and finally she and eight or nine other women, one with an infant at the breast, were laid out in the cabin more dead than alive, and left to recover as best they could. Everybody was seasick, and even when the ship had righted itself, the deck was swept by heavy seas and it was impossible to stand upright. Campe struggled to a small boat which was lashed to the side and climbed in. It was half full of water and continuously washed by the sea, but one wetting more or less was of little consequence, and he lay there helpless in a kind of sea bath for three hours until the French coast was sighted. He might have echoed de la Rochefoucauld's sentiments, who, in 1784, was sick all the way, for twelve hours, from Dover to Calais. 'One must indeed pay tribute to the sea—happy are they whom she spares.'²¹

CHAPTER V

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY LONDON

BY the eighteenth century the influx of foreign visitors to London had resulted in a remarkable increase in the output of travel literature. Frenchmen, at least during some part of the century, were less numerous and less popular than Germans, who, after 1714, were brought into direct political contact with England; but some of the most observant visitors were Frenchmen who were forced at times to face abuse and even violence in the streets in order to be able to record their impressions at first hand. Dr. Kelly has introduced us to a surprising number of Germans who came here after 1714 and returned home to record their impressions. Many of these productions are quite worthless to-day. It seems to have been the habit of travellers at that time to make themselves thoroughly familiar with the works of their predecessors before setting out for England, and to copy shamelessly on their return. Here and there we find a good hater to compensate for the glorification of England and everything English, which is a feature of eighteenth-century travel literature, at least in Germany. But too often we have nothing but a dreary round of sightseeing, descriptions of squares, gardens and coffee-houses, visits to St. Paul's,

Westminster Abbey and the Tower, freely interspersed with elaborate and quite unreliable statistics—that St. Paul's, for instance, when complete with its railing, cost £747,954 2s. 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ d.¹—all set down at great length without a single original observation.

Our visitors had little difficulty in obtaining accommodation. According to Misson² in the late seventeenth century there was not among all the taverns in London a single *auberge* where a man could lie and eat at set hours at so much a head, but quite early in the following century there was a German hotel in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, as well as guest-houses which provided for the needs of strangers. That matters had still further improved by 1800 is clear from the fact that Campe found an excellent inn in Leicester Square called 'La Sabloniere'³ which was run on French lines. Moritz, in 1785, took lodgings at sixteen shillings a week with a tailor's widow, whose ability to read Milton with a proper emphasis not only procured her a husband but also delighted her guests.⁴ Zetzner, a young Strasbourg merchant who was here in 1700-1, found quarters with a Scotch landlady, but does not tell us where.

Notable among earlier travellers of the eighteenth century is Z. C. von Uffenbach, whose description of London in 1710 is now accessible to English readers. The traveller's main object was the collection of books and manuscripts, and the hunting out of curiosities. We have, therefore, some interesting glimpses of bookshops and auction-rooms and descriptions of remarkable persons—the engraver, John Smith, Dr. Woodward, the eccentric physician and geologist, and Sir John Sloane, who amazed the

travellers by talking French, since most Englishmen preferred to appear dumb rather than converse with a foreigner in any language but their own.

Von Uffenbach, in spite of his more serious occupations, contrived to see most of the sights. He enjoyed being rowed on the Thames even if the wind deranged his wig, and found the 'Heckney Coaches' very uneasy. We are described as having no real interest in literature, and there must be some truth in the remark that we did not know how to preserve our treasures, since the traveller was permitted to tear off a fragment from a document 'of particular antiquity' in the Tower.⁵ Our libraries were deep in dirt and smoke; indeed, if von Uffenbach is to be believed, it was impossible to look at a book in England without getting one's cuffs as black as coal.

A keen theatre-goer, von Uffenbach visited also most of the places of amusement, some of which were not very respectable. Descriptions of cock-fighting, bull-baiting, fighting with swords and daggers, horse-racing, a parliamentary election, are interspersed with learned discussions on optics, magnetism, ventriloquism, and the administration of criminal justice. He paid a shilling for a seat at the Old Bailey and witnessed the punishment of branding, which by then, so far as minor thefts was concerned, had become a mere form, for the female victims were brought up screaming and then only touched with cold iron. He visited also the Middle Temple Hall, but did not wish to dine there, as the table-cloth looked as if a sow had just littered on it.⁶ We do not gather that our traveller thought very highly of us, but his spiteful little asides give the volume a

flavour of its own, and there is much in his book which is not to be found elsewhere.

Our visitors for the most part tried honestly to understand us, but were too often misled by what they saw and heard. It is on record that the mere cry of 'Oars! Oars!' was sufficient to scandalize at least one Frenchman, who imagined that he was being thus openly invited to enter not a boat, but a brothel.⁷ One and all shared the belief that Englishmen were melancholy by nature and terribly prone to suicide. Grosley, an observant and witty traveller who was here in 1765, tells us that he never saw an Englishman laugh except at a Frenchman, and that the approaches to the Thames were blocked up in order to remove the temptation to drown themselves which invariably attacked Londoners at the sight of water. The predisposing causes were fogs, Protestantism and beer, and the only way to restore England to its former gaiety was to remove the duties on French wines. We are also described as cold and distant, even to our friends. Two Englishmen on meeting would shake hands with a vigour which almost dislocated their shoulders, but there was not a sign of friendship or pleasure in their countenances.⁸ As to the complaints of violence which crop up now and again, it is clear that our visitors too often brought their misfortunes on themselves. The behaviour of strangers in a strange land is at times past comprehension. Spitting and the use of sword or cane were naturally resented, while the mere threat of a sword was calculated to rouse the crowd to fury. For the rest, the sight of an elderly Frenchman parading the streets of London armed with a huge ear-trumpet,

down which an interpreter bawled his information, might well be too much for our gravity,⁹ but on the whole we do not seem to have behaved too badly. The great thing was to avoid oddity in dress or manner. As one observer remarks, an English suit of clothes and a little dissimulation would carry a foreigner anywhere in London without danger or inconvenience. But there was far too much swearing. G. C. Lichtenberg, the philosopher and satirist, who was here in the seventeen-seventies, goes so far as to say that if towns were to be called after the first words which greeted a traveller on arrival, London would be known as 'Damn it'.¹⁰

Other characteristics which impressed foreigners were the craze for brutal sports of all kinds, and the betting and wagering which seemed to be inherent in our natures. Not content with bull-, bear-, tiger- and leopard-baiting, cock-fighting, the still more cruel sport of cock-throwing, cudgel-playing and the hacking and hewing which passed under the name of trials of skill, Londoners, as we shall see, had staged for them gladiatorial combats between women. Later in the century it is pleasant to be able to record some improvement in manners, although wagering and gaming continued to occupy the attention of all classes. Archenholz reports that the sailors in Chelsea Hospital and at Greenwich, having no horses or donkeys to watch, set their lice to run races, the stakes being mugs of beer.¹¹ Crowds would still assemble in public places to see a man hop 500 yards in fifty hops, or perambulate Moorfields 202 times in twenty-seven hours. Baron von Pöllnitz (1733) watched a man run naked round St. James's Park

for a wager, his hand serving him as a fig leaf, while the ladies hid their faces in their fans and the men cleared the way.¹²

These and similar matters were quite beyond the comprehension of any intelligent foreigner, although some of them were generous enough to excuse us on the score of lack of education, insensibility and the demoralizing effects of the English climate. Some observations on the administration of justice in England are given later. It is sufficient to say here that our visitors remarked with satisfaction that there was no torture in England, although a felon refusing to plead could be pressed to death, and that it was unlawful, if customary, to throw stones at occupants of the pillory. They failed to appreciate the methods of the press-gang, and here and there we have some very harsh comments on our criminal laws. Foreigners disapproved of public executions, but attended them with great regularity and described them monotonously and in detail. Zetzner was present at the Old Bailey and was amazed at the humane treatment of criminals, notwithstanding the fact that at the Sessions in question eleven men and three women were sentenced to death, and eighteen others of both sexes to whipping or transportation. He was present also at the hanging on January 7, 1701, of the notorious pirate, Captain Kidd. Kidd was arrayed in a gown of gold brocade and was dead drunk. It was an exciting morning, for the rope broke, the hangman, who had probably been bribed, took to his heels, and if Kidd had been sober, he could have been rescued. But the crowd saw no reason to interfere, and Kidd, being too helpless to

move, was soon strung up again. London was still in a state of some unrest, although William III had been on the throne eleven years. We learn that a statue of the new King had been set up opposite the Royal Exchange beside that of James, the latter having been deprived of his crown and much of his clothing by the populace, so that he stood coldly regarding his rival in a condition of some disorder. Zetzner also saw three men parading the streets, almost naked, they having vowed to wear neither shirt nor coat until King James was restored to his throne.¹³

When the Brunswick pedagogue, J. H. Campe, visited us just after the close of the eighteenth century, London had been transformed from a medieval into something approaching a modern city. A new London Bridge, a Thames tunnel, and a Thames embankment were all projected. The main streets were well paved, with excellent footways on either side on which four to six people could walk and pass. Oxford Street had a footway eight to ten feet wide, and a roadway in which seven or eight vehicles could pass with ease. Hackney coaches were everywhere. Campe counted fifty-two in Piccadilly at one time, and underlined the information lest his young correspondent should miss the amazing fact—fifty-two coaches in one street at the same time. He describes what must have been a very early omnibus drawn by four horses with the passengers sitting face to face. These vehicles were generally overcrowded, and Campe counted twelve passengers inside and sixteen on the roof, to say nothing of the babies on their mothers' laps, while

luggage of all kinds was packed by the driver.¹⁴ Our houses were certainly better built and more spacious than in the earlier years, although they were still liable to collapse without warning. Grosley, in 1765, notes the uniformity of the house fronts, the neat and orderly arrangement of the rooms and kitchens, and above all the hole in the pavement through which coal could be shot into the cellars. The flaps were at times ill-fitting or missing altogether, and foot-passengers had been known to disappear into the void, but the convenience as a whole aroused universal admiration.¹⁵

Long before Campe's time water had been laid on to most of the houses; it could be pumped to each floor, and beneath the pavements were vast sewers carrying away the waste water, which in other cities was so offensive above ground. The rooms and furniture were kept spotlessly clean. Campe thought our habit of washing out the rooms once a week dangerous and unnecessary, since it caused dampness and produced rheumatism and colds, and our open grates and wide chimneys were terribly draughty.¹⁶ Lichtenberg tells us that, as no two English persons of the same sex ever slept in one room for fear of jail-fever, there was some danger to virtue from the chimneys, since, once on the roof, an adoring swain could gain entrance to any room by descending a shaft which was as roomy and convenient as a flight of stairs.¹⁷ Almost every house had its lamp, which helped to light the streets and at the same time dropped oil on the passers-by.

Our food and the manner of serving meals met for the most part with flat disapproval. The big

joints of beef and mutton proclaimed the grossness of our tastes, while our habit of sitting after dinner drinking and toasting and making bows and grimaces at each other was just an excuse for tippling. Everything was too highly spiced. Turtle soup could be digested by no one who was unprovided with an English appetite and nerves. A liberal infusion of cayenne and mustard might be necessary to correct the evils of our moist and foggy climate, but the attitude of foreigners as a whole is summed up by Lichtenberg, who complains that the English cooked their soup in their stomachs.¹⁸ He has also some very hard things to say about 'rost-beef'. Our milk was adulterated and only to be had pure from the cows in St. James's Park, our coffee was so much coloured water, and everything was very dear. There were no table napkins at meals. Sophie von la Roche records that at a dinner with Cagliostro, at which Lord George Gordon was present, the guests all wiped their mouths on the table-cloth in the old English style.¹⁹ At the end of a meal bowls were set before the guests so that they could wash their hands, but it was not apparently until later that the habit grew up for ladies and gentlemen at table to use the water for swilling out their mouths. The rule with regard to knife and fork was very strict. The knife was on the right and the fork on the left, and it was considered most ill-mannered to change them. Faujas de Saint Fond found English forks very sharp. He called them sharp little tridents, and complained that they pricked his mouth and tongue. Luckily the English knives

were round at the point and served the same purpose for which forks were used in France, namely to carry food to the mouth. 'In England the fork, whether of steel or even of silver, is always held in the left hand and the knife in the right. The fork seizes, the knife cuts, and the pieces may be carried to the mouth with either. The motion is quick and precise. The manœuvres at an English dinner are founded upon the same principle as Prussian tactics—not a moment is lost.'²⁰

Towards the close of the century we get some excellent descriptions of the life and movement in the streets. Campe's first impression of London was of an endless succession of streets filled with such a constant stream of people as elsewhere could only have been accounted for by riot, fire, or some such calamity. Heine read into the Londoners' faces nothing but their evil passions of love, hunger and hate; and Lichtenberg asks himself what would happen in London if the Ten Commandments were suspended for as long as it took the clock to strike twelve;²¹ but Campe spent hours sitting at his window watching the people passing to and fro, studying their faces and listening to the murmur of their voices rising and falling like the roar of the sea. He liked, too, the musical clatter of the girls' pattens as they ran home in the rain.²² But the best description of a London street-scene comes from Lichtenberg, who, as a true student of Hogarth, dearly loved a mob:

You stop, and bump! a porter runs against you shouting 'By your leave' after he has knocked you down. In the road itself chaise after chaise, coach after coach, cart after

cart. Through all this din and clamour, and the noise of thousands of tongues and feet, you hear the bells from the church-steeple, postmen's bells, the street-organs, fiddles and tambourines of itinerant musicians, and the cries of the vendors of hot and cold food at the street corners. A rocket blazes up stories high amidst a yelling crowd of beggars, sailors and urchins. Some one shouts 'Stop, thief', his handkerchief is gone. Every one runs and presses forward, some less concerned to catch the thief than to steal a watch or purse for themselves. Before you are aware of it a young well-dressed girl has seized your hand. 'Come, my lord, come along, let us drink a glass together', or 'I'll go with you if you please.' An accident happens not forty paces away. 'God bless me,' calls one. 'Poor fellow,' cries another. A stoppage ensues and you look to your pockets. Every one seems intent on helping the victim. Then there is laughter again: some one has fallen into the gutter. 'Look there, damn me,' cries a third, and the crowd passes on. Next comes a yell from a hundred throats as if fire had broken out, or a house was falling, or a patriot had looked out of a window. In Göttingen you can go anywhere and get within forty paces to see what is happening. Here, that is at night and in the City, you are lucky to escape with a whole skin down a side alley until the tumult is over. Even in the wider streets all the world rushes headlong without looking, as if summoned to the bedside of the dying. That is Cheapside and Fleet Street on a December evening.²³

As far as the churches and public buildings are concerned, there is not much in the descriptions of travellers which is either interesting or new, but Lichtenberg was probably the only foreigner to carry a bottle of cherry brandy to the very top of St. Paul's in order to toast his friends there,²⁴ and Campe has something to say about Westminster Abbey which deserves more than passing notice. We are used to such enthusiastic tributes from our

visitors that it comes as something of a shock to be reminded that the Abbey and its monuments were dirty and neglected. Campe tells us that the sculptures in bas-relief were so filthy that it was quite impossible to discern the outlines of the figures. Names were scratched everywhere, and many of the tombs were so mutilated that they were monuments of barbarism rather than memorials of greatness and honour. Not even Newton, 'the greatest man that England has ever produced', had been spared. He had lost a finger, and in the accompanying representation of the instruments of astronomy, the telescope was in pieces.²⁵

Some part of the damage was due, it was said, to the Englishman's habit of carrying a cane and seeing everything by the sense of touch; but the monuments were also unsafe, and Horace Walpole reports that one of them fell down and killed a man at a funeral in 1761.²⁶ Campe adds that the custodians, without whose permission it was not possible to view this dusty sanctuary, and who were overpaid for the ridiculous information they imparted, might well undertake the work of dusting at least once a week. But his admonition, if it ever reached the authorities, fell on deaf ears. Earlier in the century von Uffenbach could have taken a scraping from the Coronation Stone without any objection from the custodians, and earlier still an Italian cardinal actually knocked off a piece and carried it off to Rome. Von Pöllnitz, in 1733, thought the stone much neglected and even despised. He suggests that on payment of a guinea or a little more, any traveller might have carried it away with him

entire.²⁷ The eighteenth century has been well described as the most melancholy in the history of the Abbey. As far as St. Paul's was concerned, Campe was distressed to find it crowded in with houses and surrounded by a graveyard. He thought the interior naked and forbidding. The monuments to Johnson and Howard had been completed, and five others were in course of construction which would help to fill the void, but the columns were too thick and the choir was too small. Most visitors climbed to the dome, and some at least had their names scratched on the wall of the tower by the guide or by a person stationed there for the purpose. For Bird's statue of Queen Anne Campe has one word, 'scheusslich'. It has been remarked that a statue in London must be very bad to attract any public notice, but Queen Anne had been shockingly ill-treated. She lacked nose and ears, her cheeks were damaged, and she looked in short like a female malefactor who had suffered sentence of mutilation prior to being transported. A pile of stones by her side provided conclusive evidence that she had been used as a target by street urchins and that their shots did not often miscarry.²⁸

The Tower was visited chiefly on account of its armour and the Crown jewels which, as late as 1786, were kept in an old smoky cupboard in a vault, and shown by an old woman by the light of two tallow candles. Among the exhibits were two cannons of immense size, which Henry VIII took with him to strike terror into the citizens of Boulogne, and an enormous hand-gun which one traveller described

as William the Conqueror's musket. The menagerie was small, dirty and ill-contrived, and the animals do not seem to have excited much admiration. Not many travellers bothered much about the records, but von Uffenbach, in 1710, was interested to find four men in a room in the White Tower busy copying documents for the tenth volume of Rymer's *Foedera*.²⁹

Visits to the British Museum are described in a later chapter. It is sufficient to say here that it was not very easy to get in. Indeed, the early regulations seem to have been framed with the object of excluding as many people as possible, although they were at times relaxed in favour of foreigners. In Moritz's time fourteen days' notice was necessary before a ticket could be obtained. Lichtenberg had to apply a week in advance, but no more than ten tickets could be issued for each hour of admittance, and no one could see anything unless attended by the under-librarian or an under-assistant. Bells were rung to notify visitors that they had lingered long enough in any one department, and children were on no account to be admitted.³⁰

As for Londoners in general, they seem, at least at the close of the century, to have been healthy and well dressed. Rags and dirt were rarely seen, but here it must be remembered that our visitors seldom left the wide main streets which they so much admired for the alleys and rookeries which lay behind. Even the watermen, when they came ashore, put on clean shirts and decent hats, although they lived from hand to mouth and when the Thames was frozen over they had to beg. The

ladies aroused universal admiration. Campe thought their arms skinny and attributes the defect to some constriction of clothing during childhood, although in every other particular they were singularly lovely.³¹ Lichtenberg must have been very susceptible. After ten days here he recommends the traveller who is not sure of himself to take the first packet-boat back to Holland, where at least he would be out of danger.³² The common folk were intelligent and judicious, and there were no better servants in the world. They were, however, a little unrestrained and boisterous in their pleasures, especially at the theatre. Campe, who had lived fifty-six years in a troubled world as schoolmaster and soldier on active service and had been nearly shipwrecked in a storm, tells us that he had never realized what noise could be until he attended a performance at Drury Lane which displeased the gallery.³³

Not many of our visitors—Sophie von la Roche and Lichtenberg are exceptions—moved freely in the real world of fashion. Sophie was received at Court and met some extraordinarily interesting people. Lichtenberg saw a great deal of the King and Queen. He was a guest of Lord Boston and Lord Marchmont was his friend. He sketched the Duchess of Devonshire's latest head-dress, met Sir Joseph Banks, William Herschel, and Paoli, and had breakfast with the 'gentle savage' Omai, who talked a little broken English, complained of the rigours of the English climate, and then fell asleep. He discussed 'Wilkes and liberty' with the King, stood close enough to the 'monster' to sketch his

likeness, and formed the opinion that Hogarth's portrait was a libel and that the squint was hardly noticeable. He stood for six hours without moving in the House of Lords listening to a debate on America, in which the Duke of Richmond, Lord Camden, and Lord Mansfield took part, having first proceeded to the village of Hammersmith to discuss the same topic with a company of sailors, hackney-coachmen and other rabble. He did not meet Boswell or Johnson, but Garrick complimented him on his English, which must have been excellent, and delighted him with his acting. Indeed, Lichtenberg's letters on the English stage are among the best he wrote. He saw Garrick in most of his famous parts. He particularly admired Thomas Weston, and wished he could ship all the German actresses across to London merely to show them how Mrs. Barry used her arms. He kept closely in touch with public affairs, read the *Public Advertiser*, the *Whisperer*, and secured, to his great satisfaction, a copy of the third issue of the *Crisis*, which was burnt in front of the Royal Exchange by the common hangman. There is, in fact, no side of London life which Lichtenberg did not touch. One of his letters contains a reference to the brick-kilns on the outskirts of London and to the life of infamy and squalor there, which shows that he saw far more than he describes. He was here in 1770 and again in 1774-5. We can only regret that his full-length travel diary has not yet been printed.

G. C. Lichtenberg still awaits his translator, but the diary of Sophie von la Roche is now available

in an excellent translation by Mrs. Clare Williams.³⁴ That Sophie enjoyed her visit to London cannot be doubted for a moment. She was here in 1786 with her son Carl. She had friends in London and at Court, and the two went everywhere and saw everything. Sophie was received by the Royal Family at Windsor, where she talked with Mrs. Delany and handled Fanny Burney's copy of Johnson's *Dictionary*. She dined with Warren Hastings and his wife, and with Lord George Gordon and Cagliostro. She visited Sir William Herschel, who wound her up in a mechanical contrivance of his own invention so that she could peer through his telescope. Nollekens, Bartolozzi, Benjamin West, Boydell and the sculptor Bacon exhibited their treasures to her. She saw Mrs. Siddons in *Venice Preserved*, visited Margaret Nicholson in Bedlam shortly after her mad attack on the King, witnessed the chemical experiments at Kirwan's Wednesday evening receptions in Newman Street, crossed in the packet-boat to Harwich in company with John Wesley, heard him preach, and lay in her bunk—very sick—with her feet jostling his head. She had her disappointments. She missed Reynolds, Gainsborough, Mrs. Montagu, Boswell and Captain Cook's goat; but on the whole she had good cause to be satisfied with her reception.

Sophie's round of sightseeing and excursions leaves the reader a little breathless. A typical day included visits to the Society of Arts, the Bank of England (Pluto's palace), the East India House, to witness a tea auction, Billingsgate, where oysters were eaten, Bedlam, a bookshop in the Strand,

Blackfriars, and a silversmith's establishment at Westminster, after which a quiet evening was spent examining the properties of Argand lamps. The travellers were here for five weeks. There was scarcely a day during the stay in London which did not include four or five separate expeditions. Sophie was careful to see the usual sights—St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, the Tower, Guildhall, the Royal Exchange, the Monument, and the various palaces, parks and pleasure-gardens; but there was much also to observe and record which did not come within the purview of the ordinary tourist. Our visitor ran about London inspecting labour-saving devices, glass factories, Mr. Vulliamy's clocks, furniture with concealed musical boxes, invalid chairs for gouty subjects, and tea urns which the hostess could work with her feet so as to leave the hands free for cups. At a saddler's and coach-maker's the whole process of manufacture is examined. At a cabinet-maker's even the close-stools must be investigated and described. The daily papers have to be ransacked for odds and ends of news, the catalogue of a library taken by a gentleman to the East Indies must be copied and commented upon, and time has to be found for musing and scribbling, for discussions on physiognomy, magnetism, religion, the fire-resisting qualities of Berlin clay, Lord Monboddo's eccentricities and Lord Lyttelton's famous dream, as well as for quotations from Shakespeare, Addison, Pope, Thomson, Glover and Dodsley. Sophie also attended a public debate on the subject of wife-beating, and seems honestly to have looked forward

to meeting a highwayman, a pleasure which was fortunately denied her. We do not know what Carl thought of it all, but his mother must have been a busy woman.

I close this chapter with a brief glimpse of Dr. Johnson. The traveller was the French lawyer, Élie de Beaumont, already famous for his defence of the Calas family, who seems to have made some stir in London in 1764. The date is October 13. I will not spoil the passage by translation. ‘Le 13 (Octobre) je dînai avec le célèbre Johnstone [sic], auteur du meilleur dictionnaire anglais, et dont la cour a fait cesser les pamphlets par une pension de 300 pièces. Je n’ai jamais vu de figure qui annonçât moins l’esprit et les profondes connaissances.’³⁵ It may be safely asserted that the matter of the pension was not discussed in Johnson’s hearing, at least not in the terms referred to by de Beaumont, but it would be interesting to know where the dinner took place and who was present. Unfortunately Boswell was away on his travels.

CHAPTER VI

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE

ALTHOUGH our visitors as a whole thought highly of the state of learning and the superior culture of the English people, they were not greatly impressed with English university life. What Oxford was like in the seventeenth century is known to us from Anthony Wood, who deplores again and again the decadence of his beloved university. It must be admitted that matters had improved but little during the next hundred years. Both at Oxford and Cambridge reforming spirits were busy, and conscientious teachers did something to make learning a reality, but we hear little about hard work so far as the undergraduates were concerned. As a whole they are described by foreigners and natives alike as rich, idle, debauched and drunken, and it is unfortunately clear that their elders and instructors set them no very good example. It was not until the beginning of the nineteenth century that the universities awoke from their somewhat lengthy slumbers. Even then Southey's *EsPRIELLA* could see little advantage in a college education in England. It was no doubt convenient that young men should have a place where they could shoot water-fowl, attend horse-

races, frequent brothels, encourage the wine trade, and incidentally pursue their studies out of sight of their parents, and a knowledge of the world remained long after Greek and geometry had been forgotten, but there was little else to be said for either university. Even at Edinburgh, where the professors' income depended on their exertions, and students were expected to work, the young men learnt little but shallow metaphysics, and came back worse than they went, since it was better to be empty than flatulent.¹

Moritz visited Oxford in 1782 and plunges us straight into Oxford life at its worst. He had proposed to spend the night on a stone bench, but a fellow traveller, who turned out to be Mr. Modd, a chorister of Magdalen and afterwards chaplain of Corpus, would not hear of it and carried him to the 'Mitre'. Here, seated round a table, each with his pot of beer and pipes, sat a company of divines in their gowns and bands. Moritz, a pious individual, was plainly staggered at what he saw, but he joined in the drinking and discoursed on life at the German universities, while the tankards circulated and talk became louder and more confused. Moritz fell into a controversy with another divine concerning certain Biblical expressions about wine-bibbers and drunkards. A Bible had to be fetched before peace could be restored, and Moritz threw oil on the troubled waters by reminding his hearers that many Biblical expressions were purely allegorical. The traveller's health was then drunk, but one of the company—a disputatious fellow—roused Mr. Modd to fury by affirming bluntly that, accord-

ing to Isaiah, the Almighty had practised as a barber. This dispute was settled in the same way by reference to Isaiah vii. 20, and Moritz once again intervened to point out that the description was metaphorical, and that metaphors could be both strong and beautiful, by which time he and most of the divines were moderately drunk. When morning arrived Mr. Modd suddenly exclaimed 'd—n me I must read prayers this morning at All Souls', and departed with the rest of the company, leaving Moritz to sleep off the effects of his debauch. It was not an edifying introduction to Oxford society, but Mr. Modd did his best later to make amends by showing his visitor the sights of Oxford, and introducing him to Warton, the poet laureate. Mr. Modd's chief interests, it may be noted, were poetry and the shooting of wild duck.²

Another much more spiteful description of Oxford comes from the traveller von Uffenbach in 1710. Von Uffenbach's chief interests were in books and manuscripts, and he was much irritated by the difficulties and obstructions which he met with almost everywhere. He liked some of the new buildings, and Christ Church Hall he thought exceedingly large and lofty, but the stench of bread and meat and the dirty table-cloths and wooden platters disgusted him. At the Bodleian a pass costing eight shillings had to be obtained before anything of importance could be seen. The traveller was conducted through the library by Master Crabb, 'a poor covetous man', better suited to a tavern than a library, who was glad of the customary gratuity of a crown, and still better

pleased with the guinea which von Uffenbach paid him for the privilege of looking at some of the Bodleian codices in peace.³ At All Souls and elsewhere the traveller found great difficulty in seeing anything that interested him. The Ashmolean Museum was equally disappointing, the 'custos' being too busy 'toping and guzzling' to show visitors round. Even the Physic Garden was overgrown and neglected.⁴ At Queen's the manuscripts were kept in chaos in a cupboard. At Magdalen the books were overgrown with mould. The librarian at New College could not be found at all. For the most part these worthies, when available, preferred to show visitors anything but their real treasures. Von Uffenbach must have wasted days inspecting such curiosities as Queen Elizabeth's shoe, a piece of worm-eaten bread from the siege of Oxford, a collection of Chinese bows and arrows, a list of the persons who came over with William the Conqueror, Joseph's coat, the sword or dagger with which King James knighted the sirloin of beef, a pair of boots which belonged to King Augustus of Poland, Guy Fawkes' lanthorn, a lock used by jealous Italian husbands when they left their wives (not to be described in polite society), or most famous perhaps of all—a book containing the devil's handwriting, which turned out on examination to be Chinese characters. Much of this rubbish was exhibited at the Bodleian. No wonder that von Uffenbach, who had come to Oxford to study books and manuscripts, was bad-tempered and glad to get away.

It would not be fair, of course, to judge Oxford

from von Uffenbach alone. Other travellers, such as Holberg, who knew it better and stayed longer, write with pleasure of the life there, of the hospitality to strangers, the constant round of social visits and talk, the peace of the college quadrangles and gardens, the rich grass of the lawns, the magnificent trees and flowers, the venerable chapels and the wonderful panorama of spires and towers—a beautiful city, writes one visitor in 1807, 'beautiful beyond my powers of language to describe'.⁵ Lichtenberg, in 1775, gives a brief but pleasant account of his stay at Oxford where he was the guest of Hornsby, the Professor of Astronomy, who gave him one of his books, promised to learn German, and would have let the visitor use his telescopes if the weather had been favourable. Lichtenberg did not apparently see much of Oxford, but he was delighted with the Observatory and proud to number Hornsby among his correspondents and friends.⁶

Cambridge was less visited by foreigners than Oxford. The town itself was quite small. Von Uffenbach thought it as mean as a village—the streets were narrow, and the first impression was much less attractive than at Oxford.⁷ The Cam, according to Espriella, was a lazy stream which wound behind the town and through the college walks, collecting filth by the way, and it was necessary to look twice before one could discern the Gogmagog Hills.⁸ As for the colleges, some were mean and poorly built, but Trinity and Clare with their courts and gardens were much admired, and King's College chapel, it was said, surpassed anything at Oxford and even in the world.

On the whole the libraries were better kept than at Oxford, although the manuscripts at Caius were lodged in a miserable garret under the roof, and were so thick with dust and in such disorder that, although von Uffenbach had a written catalogue, he could find nothing. However, he plucked up his courage, drew off his ruffles, and with much soiling of hands and clothes, began his quest. The steps to the room were covered with pigeon dung, and it was only with difficulty that the keys could be obtained. At Peterhouse the manuscripts were so buried in dust that the librarian had to send for a towel, which the traveller draped round him like a pinafore. But there is little doubt that von Uffenbach was happier at Cambridge than at Oxford. He liked the company at the Greek's Coffee House, where he could read the journals and meet the professors and doctors, who were delighted to see foreigners and chat with them over a cup of coffee and a pipe of tobacco.⁹ He met a number of interesting men, including Dr. Bentley, whom he thought arrogant and disdainful, although he tried to be polite to strangers and, for an Englishman, spoke good and tolerably intelligible Latin. He is described as about forty years of age, 'rather tall and spare and red in the face'.

Thomas Baker, the antiquary and historian of Cambridge, a very gentle, modest, well-bred man, received the travellers most kindly and showed them many things. Dr. Laughton of Clare Hall, Bentley's friend, was found to be an agreeable man who spoke French well, but most interesting of all was the Oriental scholar and traveller, Dr. Covel, Master of

Christ's College, a man of over eighty, but looking scarcely sixty, who understood all sorts of languages and was singularly courteous—a scholar after von Uffenbach's own heart. There was little difficulty in showing the traveller what he wanted to see, and in the Public Library he was even permitted by the beadle to carry away a leaf of a damaged codex of Josephus, thereby forgetting for a moment the design on his own bookplate—a mouse nibbling a book. But no one, not even the most learned, could give von Uffenbach any particulars concerning the visit to Cambridge of the Wandering Jew, who was reported to have conferred there with numerous professors, whom he delighted with his knowledge of languages and the wonderful stories of things he had seen and experienced.¹⁰

De la Rochefoucauld, who visited Cambridge in 1794, was surprised at the number of famous men produced there, that of two universities, both conducted on the same plan, and both recognized by the government, the smaller should have produced the greatest men, and that the larger should be able to claim one only—Locke. Nothing could be learnt as to the course of study pursued at the universities. One of the professors at Cambridge, who was quite unable to explain how the teaching was conducted, promised to look the matter up and write a report, but failed to do so.¹¹

Both universities were visited by the German Niemeyer in 1819. He thought that there was a remarkable disposition to laziness, luxury, dissipation and inebriety within those cloistered walls, but that such matters were arranged with more fore-

sight and secrecy than in Germany. Both towns, with their colleges and halls, struck him with wonder, providing in their monuments, inscriptions, collections and archives the choicest food for the intellect. Perhaps Dr. Niemeyer did not look very far below the surface, but at Cambridge he liked to rest at Christ's College under the shade of Milton's mulberry tree, to wander along the shadowy path which bore Addison's name, or by the old wall 'now transformed into a barn belonging to the so-called school of Pythagoras on the Cam, where Luther's contemporary, Erasmus, taught Greek'; and he describes the Reynolds window in New College, Oxford, as the finest he had seen in all his travels. Niemeyer was a very serious person, and after much deliberation, he came to the conclusion that the English university system had its defects, as well as some qualities which might, with advantage, be introduced into Germany—a non-committal attitude which is something of a relief after the criticism and abuse levelled at Oxford and Cambridge by others. He remarks also that there was in England no insignificant number of very genteel men of all ranks, who abounded in knowledge without having studied at any university.¹²

The one eighteenth-century traveller who must have known more about Oxford life than all the others put together was the Danish man-of-letters, Lewis Holberg, who was there for nearly two years during the first half of the century. He speaks of the students' disposition to drink and debauchery, but adds that most of the carousals and drinking bouts took place under the auspices of masters of

arts, and that students found alone in taverns and improper haunts were severely punished; also that after ten o'clock at night Oxford was as silent as a city of the dead. He thought that the students as a whole compared favourably with those at foreign universities; and that kindness and liberality to strangers could exist in no small degree is confirmed by the fact that, when Holberg came to leave Oxford, a fellow of Magdalen waited on him, inquired into the state of his finances, and assured him that, if necessary, the college would raise a fund to enable him to continue his studies, if his scruples in point of delicacy could be overcome.¹³ The offer was not accepted, but this episode throws a light on eighteenth-century Oxford which would have surprised a good many of Holberg's contemporaries.

Another Oxford lover was the French *émigré*, Gourbillon, who spent fifteen years in England, from 1800 to 1815. His book, published in collaboration with an Englishman named Dickinson, is largely a translation of the *Letters of Espriella*. But his description of Oxford is almost entirely his own. To him Oxford was learning's cradle, the retreat of industry and knowledge. Gourbillon was transported with enthusiasm at the sight of 'those cupolas, those belfries and towers, whose majestic outlines rise abruptly against a rich and sombre background of green foliage'. He delighted to watch the boats on the river. He visited the colleges, browsed in the libraries, dined in Hall, and informed himself as to the various methods of study and instruction. Like other Frenchmen,

Gourbillon loathed large towns and every kind of industrialism, but he differs from the majority of his fellow travellers in two things. He liked our coal fires, and appears to have realized that Oxford was preparing itself for a new and vigorous life.¹⁴ To his tribute may be added that of the Frenchman, the Vicomte Walsh, who described the Oxford students in 1829, in comparison with French students, as quiet, serious and respectful.¹⁵

CHAPTER VII

SPAS AND WATERING-PLACES—THE ENGLISH SCENE

UNTIL towards the end of the eighteenth century our foreign visitors, for the most part, saw little of rural England. They hurried to London, and after the round of sights there had been exhausted, it was the custom to visit Nonsuch, Theobalds, Greenwich, Oatlands, Hampton Court and Windsor. They might even go to Bath and some of the other spas, or undertake a business journey, but there was very little touring in the later sense of the word. If the reader will turn to the chapter on 'Trials and Tribulations' in Miss Joan Parkes' *Travel in England in the Seventeenth Century*, he will find at least two very good reasons for this lack of initiative. The roads, which were described as 'great quenchers of curiosity', were on the whole execrable, and transport facilities were few. In the eighteenth century, with the development of the turnpikes, the rise of the coaching system, and the demands of the industrial centres, there was considerable improvement in the roads, although complaints by travellers were still frequent and bitter. A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1754, if optimistic, shows to what extent improvement was in the air. 'Were the same persons

who made a full tour of England thirty years ago to make a fresh one now, and a third some years hence, they would find themselves in a land of enchantment. England is no more like to what England was than it resembles Borneo or Madagascar.¹ Be this as it may, it was not until the fashion for summer travel developed in the last quarter of the eighteenth century that there was any real desire to see the country. 'Within the last thirty years', writes Southey,

a taste for the picturesque has sprung up—and a course of summer travelling is now looked upon to be as essential as ever a course of spring physic was in old times. While one of the flocks of fashion migrates to the sea-coast, another flies off to the mountains of Wales, to the lakes in the northern provinces, or to Scotland; some to mineralogize, some to botanize, some to take views of the country—all to study the picturesque, a new science for which a new language has been formed, and for which the English have discovered a new sense in themselves, which assuredly was not possessed by their fathers.²

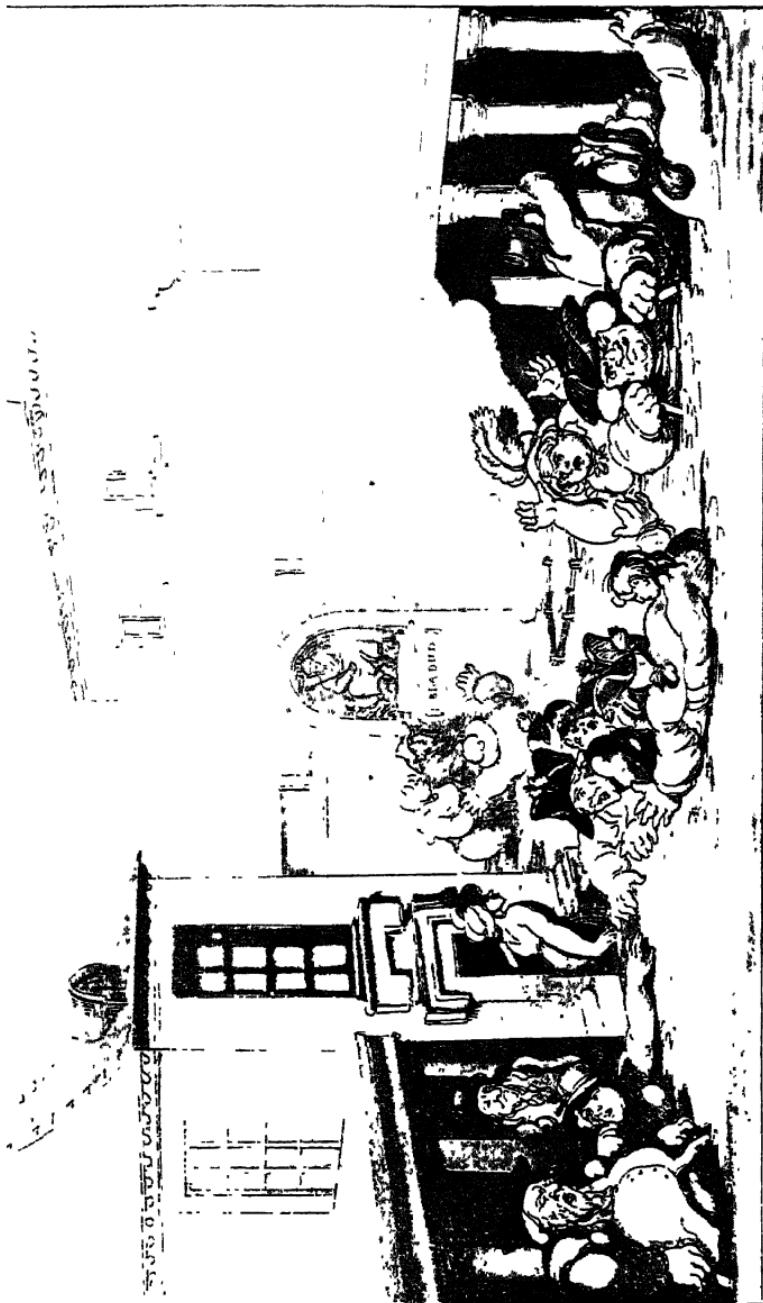
Foreigners found it convenient, and even necessary, to conform to this custom. As we shall see later, Ossian and the novels of Sir Walter Scott drew large numbers of romantic foreigners to Scotland. Coleridge, Wordsworth and Southey helped to popularize the Lakes, a tour which soon became so fashionable that not long after 1800 the banks of the Thames were said to be less thronged than those of Windermere, and Horace Walpole's adventurous expeditions in search of castles, abbeys and ruins set an example which was eagerly followed. There were road-books of course, but very few guide-books, so that these expeditions had

about them something of the charm of discovery and there is no doubt that foreigners were often quick to notice and describe much that English travellers passed by in silence.

As a typical example of a seventeenth-century description of England by a foreigner it is only necessary to refer again to the travels of M. Jorevin, an observant Frenchman who was here in or shortly after 1666. After seeing London he set off on an extensive tour which included some parts of Scotland and Ireland. He found the roads on the whole well defined, although he lost his way in the fields once or twice, and the innkeepers ministered to his needs pleasantly and without extortion. There was a fight with swords on the quay at Holyhead, and at Stowmarket the traveller nearly got into serious trouble, for being recognized as a Frenchman, he was at once under suspicion. After supper at the inn, the parson, the curate and the young man who first engaged him in conversation entered the room, and the parson, speaking in Latin, demanded to know what business had brought him among them. Jorevin replied that he had come to see the sights of England, and having satisfied the visitors, who seemed to think that as a Frenchman he might in part be responsible for the Fire of London, the incident closed with two or three pots of beer all round.³ The narrative is interesting and intelligent and in parts valuable, as is also Jorevin's description of London, but no one could call it entertaining. For that quality, so far as travel narratives are concerned, we have to jump a hundred years and do not always find it then.

Of the spas, Tunbridge Wells and Epsom were much visited in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and Bath was building up a reputation which was to last unchallenged and undimmed for a hundred years or more. There are numerous descriptions of eighteenth-century Bath by foreigners, but it is difficult to select one that is representative.⁴ Our visitors tell us much about Prince Bladud and the Romans, and enlarge on the beauty of the buildings, crescents and squares, the principal baths and assembly rooms, and on the magnificent country seats outside the city, but of the life there, the parade of fashion in search of health, marriage or amusement, we get very little that is of value. Visitors were welcomed by a peal of bells from the Abbey, and having paid the ringers, they repaired to their lodging or inn where they were received with music. The Master of the Ceremonies then paid his call, and on payment of their subscriptions the visitors were free of the city and its entertainments.

The fashionable baths were the King's Bath and the Cross Bath. They were inconvenient and small, and by no means very clean. A chair with a couple of chairmen came to your bedside, whatever story you were lodged in, and stripped and dressed you in your bathing garb, wrapped you in blankets, and carried you to the bath.⁵ Both sexes bathed together, the men in drawers and jackets, and—if Rowlandson is to be credited—with wigs and three-cornered hats on their heads, the women in brown linen costumes and chip hats. Each lady was provided with a little floating wooden dish like a basin to hold handkerchief, nosegay, snuff-box and



COMFORTS OF BATTLE
From a Drawing by Rowlandson

patches, which latter, owing to the heat, did not stick as kindly as they should. Thus the bathers walked about up to their necks in water, chatted and listened to the music, after which they drank the waters which were extremely unpleasant—Matthew Bramble suggested that the patients in the Pump Room were obliged to swallow the scourings of the bathers—chatted again, talked a little scandal, and then repaired to service in the Abbey. Riding and exercise occupied the time until dinner. Tea was taken in the Assembly Rooms, and the day closed with a visit to the theatre, a ball, or cards.

This went on until well into the nineteenth century, but by 1820 fashion had deserted Bath and had fled ‘with a sort of feverish rage to the unmeaning, treeless and prosaic Brighton’. The place was still resorted to by invalids, and the forty thousand opulent inhabitants sufficed to enliven it, but the fashionable world was no longer to be seen there.⁶

Tunbridge Wells, which modelled itself on Bath, has much the same story to tell. It was fashionable in the time of Charles II, and its popularity continued until the early years of the nineteenth century. Life there was easier and less formal than at Bath, but its atmosphere left a good deal to be desired. Macky, who wrote as a foreigner in 1714, tells us that a gentleman could address a lady without introduction either at play or in the walks—a thing unheard of at Bath—and that life was one continuous round of raffling, hazard, dancing, drinking, gaming and intrigues.⁷ Epsom had the additional attraction of horse exercise on the Downs, and racing. Von Uffenbach went to see the races

in 1710 and found vast crowds assembled, both male and female, many of the women wearing men's clothes and feathered hats, which, he tells us, was quite usual in England. Indeed, the women so attired could be seen in companies of ten and a dozen riding through the streets of the town. The course was marked out with stakes. Von Uffenbach saw the weighing in, and much admired the smart appearance of the jockeys. As for the racing itself

it is not easy to imagine [he says] the speed of these horses, for they do not run but fly as it were; their stride is so tremendous that from far off it looks as though their bellies were on the ground. Because the distance round the barrier is not long enough they have to ride twice round; each lap two miles—that is to say, four miles altogether. I gave our servant my watch and made him time carefully the exact number of minutes they take to go round once; we were amazed to see that they got round the first time in five, and the second in four, minutes, making in all nine minutes. If it were not for one's pity for the poor horses it must be confessed that this is an uncommonly fine sport. One is certainly astonished at the tumult and hubbub made by the English on these occasions. There is such a monstrous chasing about inside the posts that it makes one quite dizzy.

Immediately after the race the horses were well rubbed down and given a large glass of sack.⁸

The Spa itself, at least in the seventeenth century, had no very good reputation, and at week-ends it was the scene of noise, vulgarity and loose morals. There were all kinds of diversions: music, dancing, bowling greens, boys, rabbits and pigs running races, and much gaming in the Assembly Rooms. Macky thought it a charming place.

All the Houses have Gardens and Trees before the Doors; so that it seems a continued Grove, and the Plain in the middle of the Semi-Circle may be half a Mile over, opening to the Downs. This Place being nearer to London than Tunbridge, is more frequented by the Citizens for its purging Mineral Waters and good Air, and what is extremely convenient, you have a travelling Market of Flesh, Fish, Fowl and Fruit brought to your Doors every Morning. . . .

This Place swarms with that Vermin called Sharpers, as Tunbridge does; and one risks very much that plays further than Raffling with the Ladies, to make an Acquaintance, which is very easy. Besides, the Ladies receive Visits at their Lodgings here, which is not permitted at Tunbridge; and one may civilly take Lodgings in the same House with the Lady he has Designs upon, and have all the Opportunity imaginable to carry on the Intrigue. . . . In the morning Gentlemen saunter about in their Gowns at the Wells as at Tunbridge or play at Bowls. After Dinner we ride on the Downs, which are very fine indeed, or take a Coach to the Ring, where all the good Company of the Neighbourhood come in fair Weather, and at Night a Party at Cards, Raffling in the Long Rooms, or a Bottle at the Tavern finishes your Evening.⁹

At the opening of the nineteenth century the spas were already eclipsed by watering-places such as Scarborough, Margate, Eastbourne, and above all by Brighton. Pückler-Muskau spent some time at Brighton, which in 1819 was served by no less than fifty-two public coaches a day, the fare being six shillings. He admired the Marine Parade, the Chain Pier, the Oriental baths and the sunsets, but, like many visitors, he thought that if the Pavilion could be demolished it would be no great subject for lamentation. Then there was the usual round of promenades, dinners, theatres and balls,

where the visitors were packed together like negro slaves—and some mild attempts at flirtation; but life on the whole was rather boring and aimless.¹⁰ Blanqui, the French traveller, who was at Brighton in 1823, is much more enthusiastic. He found life there very gay and animated in spite of the cold winds and the constant noise of the sea. He liked the houses with their balconies shaded by coloured curtains or awnings, the constant parade of fashion on the sea-front, the pretty women driving up and down in the smartest equipages, or riding or walking. Blanqui thought the Downs naked and forbidding.¹¹ Even Pückler-Muskau, of whom we might expect better things, had his doubts about them. He enjoyed riding on the grass, but could not quite rid himself of his belief—only too common at that time—that there could be no beauty in nature without trees.

As we have seen, the Lakes were very popular at the opening of the nineteenth century. Espriella's tour there, since it was written by Southey, is particularly interesting. Espriella and a companion travelled on foot with knapsacks, and experienced the customary lakeland weather. Their guide-book had bid the travellers beware 'of tracts of horrible barrenness, of terrific precipices, rocks rioting upon rocks, and mountains toss together in chaotic confusion; of stone avalanches rendering the ways impassable, the fear of some travellers who had shrunk back from the dreadful entrance into Borrodale, and the heroism of others who had dared to penetrate into these impenetrable regions'. It soon appeared, however, that the roads were good



THE SPYNE, BRIGHTON, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY
From Wigstead and Rawlandson's 'Excursion to Brightonstone,' 1790

both for walking and coaches, while the accommodation, allowing for the summer crowds, left little to be desired. The travellers enjoyed spotted char for supper, fed well, slept well, and when, at Keswick, the inn was found to be full, they had no difficulty in obtaining accommodation with the local barber who shaved their chins in the English fashion while the wife prepared the meals and beds. There was some danger on Crummock Water from the crazy boat—the mere ribs and skeleton of a boat—in which the travellers were forced to explore the beauties of the lake. They were tormented with flies and frequently soaked to the skin. Borrowdale was disfigured by a pestilential fungus, known locally as 'stinker', which had the smell of putrid carrion, and at Coniston they encountered a mad Englishman who insisted on driving his carriage downhill with his back to the horses. Otherwise the tour, which could scarcely be bettered to-day by travellers who are not afraid to use their legs, was uneventful and completely successful.¹²

The Frenchman Simond visited the Lakes in 1810, on his way home from Scotland. Even in the latter half of September the district was crowded by Londoners, elegantly dressed, attended by servants and exchanging visits, while land, half rock, was being bought up at any price. One does not like to quarrel with M. Simond, to whom we owe a great deal, but when one realizes that he met Coleridge and Southey on this journey, and that Wordsworth showed him the sights at Grasmere, it is difficult to forgive him for not telling us a little more. Wordsworth and Coleridge are merely

mentioned. Southey discoursed upon the legend of the Cid and the mistaken conception entertained by the author of *An Essay on Population*. We are told also that he possessed tenderness and spirituality, and that is all. At York there was another unexpected encounter. Here Simond met Sidney Smith, who conducted him over a retreat for lunatics, and made apparently only one observation worth recording, that there was an undue proportion of tailors among mad people. Simond did not know whether to take the remark seriously, and having already told us that Smith's countenance reminded him of Louis XVI with, however, more vivacity in the eye, he dismisses Sidney Smith and the lunatics, and turns to scorbutic affections and the scrofula. A strange man! He could meet Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey, then Sidney Smith, and say not one word about them which is worth having.¹³

Although Moritz's *Travels* are well known, it is impossible to omit him from a survey such as this, for there cannot have been many foreigners who toured England—or at least some part of it—on foot, even in the eighteenth century. As Mr. Matheson, his most recent editor, says, Moritz's adventure was a bold one. Walking tours were then uncommon, and it required no ordinary courage to perambulate the roads of an unknown country with little or no luggage and without introductions. The innkeepers did not know what to make of the traveller, for they were used to carriage folk and riders, and it is regrettable to have to record that they were on some occasions excessively rude. Moritz found that if, like the Vicar of

Wakefield, he could get his host to drink with him he was likely to be better treated, but the method was expensive and did not always work. His inexhaustible stock of good humour, however, served him cheerfully as he travelled with his staff and knapsack, on foot from Richmond to Windsor, Eton and Oxford, by coach to Stratford and Birmingham, thence on foot to Derby, Matlock, the Peak and Nottingham, and back to London once more by coach. His unusual experiences on the coach between Leicester and Northampton are referred to in Chapter IV.

On the whole it must have been a pleasant tour. Moritz slept or sat beneath a tree, reading Milton, when he was tired, and bathed in a stream or river, when hot. He was agreeably surprised to find the English towns open to all—no gates nor walls, no sentries nor garrisons, no customs searchers as in Germany. He could walk in and out as freely as in his own house. At Eton he was offered a room which resembled a prison for malefactors, and having declined to sleep there, set off for Windsor, where he was only slightly better off. It was this experience which produced one of the traveller's few grumbles. 'A traveller on foot in this country seems to be considered as a sort of wild man, or an out-of-the-way being who is stared at, pitied, suspected and shunned by everybody that meets him.' Windsor itself he greatly admired, but at the inn the servants were offensive, although the host was courteous, and he had a drunken bedfellow. He was glad to get away, remarking that it was not fit for wanderers to be prowling near the

palaces of kings. There was some danger from steel traps and spring guns on the hills outside Windsor, and near Maidenhead there was an unpleasant encounter with a tramp. The traveller was refused a lodging at Henley, but found comfortable quarters at Nettlebed, where he was addressed as Sir or Master. He attended service at Nettlebed Church, which edified and refreshed him, but he was denied even a bench to sleep on at Nuneham, and the door of the inn was banged in his face. Shortly after, late at night, he picked up a companion and trudged, discoursing with him in Latin, to Oxford. Here at the 'Mitre' he was treated like a prince, but his Oxford experiences have already been described.¹⁴

At Stratford Moritz saw Shakespeare's house 'which of all the houses at Stratford I think is now the worst'. Two old people (the Harts, descendants of a sister) lived there to show it to visitors, but they did nothing to protect Shakespeare's chair, which had been so cut to pieces by curio-hunters that it hardly resembled a piece of furniture at all. Moritz, much ashamed, cut off a piece himself—a very small piece—but lost it before his return to Germany. Visitors helped themselves as well to the old flooring of the bedroom. Three years later the Hon. John Byng 'bought a slice of the chair equal to the size of a tobacco stopper', and later, after some chaffering with Mrs. Hart, departed with the cross-bar of the chair, curiously wrought, which he hung up in his dining-room in a mulberry frame.¹⁵

Moritz's remaining adventures do not call for

comment until he reaches Derbyshire, but his description of the Peak Castle and cavern is extremely vivid and interesting. Moritz penetrated with a guide into the mysterious outer cave, where the rope-makers lived underground like rabbits, and through the long succession of narrow, irregular fissures, into vast subterranean chambers, now carried on the guide's shoulders through rushing waters, now crawling on hands and knees, from one wonder to another, until he reached the heart of the mountain. This adventurous expedition, in the course of which Moritz caught a bad cold, and thoroughly ruined his boots, is one of the most detailed descriptions of an excursion into the Derbyshire caverns which has come down to us.¹⁶ Unfortunately he did not extend his tour to Dovedale. Simond was there in 1810, but night was coming on when the travellers left Ashbourne, and the description is disappointing.¹⁷

As far as the Home Counties are concerned, Kent, as we have seen, was traversed on the way from Dover to London, and not much visited again unless from Tunbridge Wells. Charles Nodier is one of the few travellers who was really moved by the beauties of Canterbury cathedral.¹⁸ Except for Richmond, Surrey attracted few visitors, although Simond made a sortie there to see what the spring was like out of the smoke and dust of London, and much enjoyed the view from Leith Hill. The same traveller also spent some days in Hertfordshire and found that London was spreading its tentacles in that direction and that the roads were lined with houses.¹⁹ Sussex in Regency times was little more

than the high road to Brighton, but we know from Horace Walpole what travelling could be like there, if one left the beaten track.²⁰ Pückler-Muskau visited Arundel and also Petworth, where Simond found a good inn in 1810-11. It was during his expedition that we have one of the few references to cricket by a foreigner. The game is not described, but Simond tells us that cricket and bowls were played by the peasants in Petworth Park.²¹ The Downs, as we have seen, made little appeal to travellers—they were too bare and treeless—but Macky, rather unexpectedly, describes the surface as the finest carpet in the world, and thought the situation of Lewes most romantic. The view from the windmill above the town, he tells us, was the finest he had ever seen, far exceeding that from 'Cleves, Nimeguen, the Castle of Nuremburg, and even St. Michel del Bosco in Italy'.²²

If the traveller was moving westwards the next stop would be Portsmouth, with possibly a visit to the Isle of Wight or Winchester. Simond tells us that Winchester was 'of course old and ugly', a description reserved by him for cathedral towns in general, but the cathedral itself was 'fine'. Macky was struck by the neat houses and gardens, as handsome as any one could see anywhere, all sashed and adorned after the newest manner.²³ Salisbury also was old and very ugly, the cathedral, according to Macky, a glaring building resembling 'a great lanthorn'. If travellers stopped there on the way to Exeter they were generally hurried and obliged to rush about in a fury, like Baretti, in order not to miss the coach. Those travellers who had time to ascend

to the spire found it a dangerous undertaking, but the old man of seventy whose business it was to oil the weathercock every week, went higher still. He swung himself out of a window, caught at a hook and climbed from hook to hook to the summit. He boasted that he had done it from childhood, and had even made the ascent at night.²⁴ Visits could be paid to Wilton and Stonehenge, where an attempt would be made to count the stones. Macky reports that a Salisbury baker undertook to count them by laying a loaf on each stone. He tried twice, but could never make his account come right. A later traveller found some one else engaged on the same task, but ascertaining that the number always differed, the man gave it up in despair, convinced that the whole business was a trick played by Satan, the author of the work, to beguile the curious.²⁵

The next stop in one direction would be Bath, in the other Exeter. Bristol was visited from Bath. Simond thought it neat and clean, but Goede, in 1802, found it much disfigured by the smoke from the sugar refineries and malt houses. Temple Street was an abominable street, so narrow and filthy that it reminded one of the Middle Ages. Others were equally filthy, and many were deprived of that common ornament, a pavement. There was a great air of business there—the people had cloudy looks and busy faces—and de la Rochefoucauld was prevented from settling in Bristol by the report that it was an ugly town, and that it rained there twice as much as anywhere else in England. The cathedral was the meanest Macky had seen in all England (Goede calls it a masterpiece), and terribly dirty

and neglected, the steps, according to Southey's Spanish traveller—and one must remember that Southey knew Bristol well—being used as a kind of public lavatory. The port, however, was most interesting, one of the finest sights a traveller could enjoy, and Clifton provided the necessary retreat to which the beau-monde escaped from the fogs and smoke of the city.²⁶

Exeter, an important place for serges and tapestries, is described as much finer than either Canterbury, Rochester, Winchester or Salisbury, with an even greater air of business. It is one of the few cathedral cities which Simond does not describe as old and ugly. He is not particularly enthusiastic over the cathedral, but Baretta, in 1760, notices the statues on the west front—all noseless—as well as the organ, said to be the finest in England.²⁷ Devonshire, as a whole, does not seem to have made much impression on travellers, although Baretta left it quite enamoured with its rural beauties. Espriella thought it 'certainly a fine country, but by no means deserving of the encomiums which are passed upon it; those travellers who praise it so highly must either have come from Cornwall or have slept through Somersetshire. Its rivers are indeed beautiful, clear, vocal, stony streams, with old bridges dangerously narrow and angles in them, like the corners of an English mince pie, for the foot passengers to take shelter in.'²⁸ Dartmoor likewise excited little admiration. Few travellers can have crossed it, although they touched the fringe of it on the Exeter-Plymouth road. From Plymouth, 'the famous Magazine for Marine Affairs', there was the possibility of going

over a man-of-war. American and Portuguese travellers joined their boats at Falmouth, a little old and ugly town (Simond's description again), although very prosperous.²⁹ But Cornwall as a whole was 'a crusty rocky slip of a Country', famous for its tin mines, but otherwise much overlooked by nature. Few travellers bothered much about it, although the American Silliman descended one of the mines, a laborious and hazardous undertaking which, one gathers, he was not anxious to repeat.³⁰

As far as the Midlands are concerned, visits in the eighteenth century were largely confined to the industrial centres. Moritz, as we have seen, saw Stratford. Pückler-Muskau undertook an extensive and leisurely tour in the Midlands, and saw much that was missed by other travellers, including a number of the great country houses.³¹

At Cassiobury Park he waited on the venerable Earl of Essex, who gave him introductions and cards of admittance for the rest of his journey. Ashridge struck him as tasteless and incongruous, built as a fortress in the modern Gothic style with turrets, loop-holes and battlements, not one of which had the slightest purpose or utility, but he admired the gardens—the American garden, the Monk's garden, the Rosary and the elegant French garden—the thousands of deer and the countless groups of giant trees in the park. This traveller had the prevailing love for lengthy descriptions of famous houses. The splendours of Woburn occupy seven pages, and before he had finished his description, he claims to have written off a quarter of an inch of his finger. Warwick necessitated a ground plan to help the

imagination of his correspondent. The park, the ruined bridge, the waterfall, the state-rooms, the portraits, the Warwick vase, had all to be described in detail. He climbed a tower and admired the view, and finally, tired but happy, he laid the recollection like a dream of the past to his heart, feeling in the moonlight like a child who had seen a fantastic giant of far-distant ages beckoning to it, with a friendly nod, over the summit of the woods.

Leamington, which, until a few years previously, was a little village, had developed by 1826 into 'a rich and elegant town, containing ten or twelve palace-like inns, four large bath-houses with colonnades and gardens, several libraries, with which are connected card, billiard, concert and ball-rooms (one for six hundred persons), and a host of private houses, which are almost entirely occupied by visitors, and spring out of the earth like mushrooms'. Although the waters were insignificant, everything was on a vast scale, and the baths were as spacious as the English beds.³² After an excursion to Guy's Cliff, the traveller returned to Warwick to see the church and the Beauchamp Chapel. He then visited Kenilworth Castle—'a gloomy but sublime memorial of destruction'—where not a solitary human being was to be seen! From Birmingham he visited Aston Hall, then made his way to Chester, an ancient 'baroque' town, saw Eaton Hall, which disappointed him—all the magnificence lay in the gorgeous materials and the profuse display of money—visited Hawkstone Park, long the home of the Hills of Hawkstone, which he thought finer than anything he had seen, and took Stratford on his homeward



CHEPSTOW CASTLE, MONMOUTHSHIRE
By Paul Sandby, from "The Virtuoso's Museum," 1778

journey. Shakespeare's chair, or what was left of it, had in the meantime been sold, but the traveller noticed the names scrawled on the walls, visited the church, and thought the bust without merit as a work of art. It was devoid of expression and therefore probably of resemblance.³³ The tour ended with visits to Oxford, Blenheim and Stowe.

Before proceeding northwards it is interesting to note that Shrewsbury attracted a considerable amount of notice as a town of fine shops and bright, pleasure-loving people, who delighted in balls, banquets and concerts, and that the Wye Valley was crowded with visitors in summer. Pückler-Muskau was there in the winter, and spent some delightful days exploring the river, grubbing into every hole and corner of Goodrich Castle, revelling in the beauties of Chepstow and Tintern Abbey, and finally crossing the Bristol Channel in a storm, with four horses, luggage and passengers all huddled together in a small boat, the horses shying at the sails and the waves dashing over the side. Nor was their peace of mind restored by the knowledge that six months previously the boat had gone down with the mail, and several persons had lost their lives.³⁴

The Northern tour was usually undertaken on the way to Scotland. York and Harrogate were much visited, and Scarborough was already famous as a watering-place in the seventeenth century. York is described by Simond as an old town, and, of course, very ugly.³⁵ York Minster aroused a good deal of enthusiasm and seems to have been in excellent repair. Blanqui, in 1823, was fortunate enough to be present at the first performance of an oratorio

there, with Catalani, Mrs. Salmon and Braham as performers, and all the élite of the musical world in the orchestra. Pückler-Muskau, who arrived at York from Doncaster races, where, at the St. Leger, an acquaintance had won £9,000, is one of the few travellers who really admired the windows in York Minster. He scrambled along the walls, climbed various towers, visited All Saints' to see the wonderful display of glass there, and was received at the palace by the Archbishop, who entertained him to dinner and showed him his kitchen gardens and hot-houses. This traveller also visited Whitby—a miserable place—descended the crypt in Ripon cathedral, and spent some days at Harrogate, which he describes as far more fashionable and pleasant than Brighton. The waters did not agree with him any more than they did with Matthew Bramble (who described them as smelling of rotten eggs and the scourings of a foul gun), but he enjoyed a visit to Harewood Park, where he was received and most courteously entertained by Lord Harewood himself.³⁶ Between York and the Border there was not much to see. Durham seems to have been little visited—Pichot dismisses it in a few lines as a 'monument of the architecture called Anglo-Norman', although Nodier is more appreciative³⁷—but, at Bowes, we have some ominous remarks about schools for boys, whose parents desired to be rid of them and thought money of more importance than learning.³⁸ Bowes, indeed, was the great English grazing country for children, but it was not until 1838 that Dickens went there to look for Dotheboys Hall. At the close of the eighteenth century visitors

to Newcastle could be strangely entertained, for on payment of a shilling they could see the patients, male and female, of the famous or infamous Dr. Graham buried up to their chins in the ground, with their heads beautifully dressed and powdered, looking like full-grown cauliflowers. For a shilling one could be introduced to half a score of them thus interred, and part of the exhibition was to watch the patients perform afterwards on shoulders of mutton, for the treatment was famous as an appetizer. The operation lasted for four hours. The patients, we learn, suffered for the first two hours, as could be seen from their countenances, intensely from cold; in the third they grew warmer, and in the last perspired profusely, so that, when they were taken out, 'the mould reeked like a new dunghill'.³⁹

An interesting description of the eastern counties is contained in the journal of François de la Rochefoucauld, a young Frenchman, who was here in 1784 with his younger brother in order to learn English. After spending a week in London it was the travellers' intention to go to Bristol to study the language, but on being assured that it rained there incessantly and that it was an ugly town, the travellers decided on Bury in Suffolk, where the rainfall was low and the language pure.⁴⁰ They rented half a house there in January 1784, and, although the people jeered at them at first in the streets, crying 'Frenchies, Frenchies' after them, they were well received, went everywhere and saw everything. They visited Arthur Young in his home, but did not enjoy themselves, much as they admired the man. His table was the worst and dirtiest possible, and Mrs.

Young, who, according to rumour, beat her husband, was hideously swarthy, looked like the devil, and was frequently ill-tempered towards visitors. The winter was severe and few excursions were possible at first, but there were visits to country houses, dinners, dancing—the travellers thought the English most indifferent and clumsy dancers—and receptions, at which, however, far too many old ladies were present. This estimate of English dancing is confirmed by other travellers, but the country dances were much admired. Certainly they had the most attractive names. Gourbillon and Espriella give four of them—Moll in the Wad, Drops of Brandy, The Devil among the Tailors, and Go to the Devil and Shake Yourself.⁴¹

In the spring the travellers set out on a tour in Suffolk and Norfolk, having Arthur Young as companion for part of the way. They were received at Holkham by Coke of Norfolk, and were so well entertained that there was no time for writing.⁴² The general impression is one of prosperity and peace, but the narrative is diversified by notes on agriculture, the passion for field sports, gaming and racing, the excitements of a mayoral dinner, an election, and the arrival of the assize judge, with neat little sketches of country gentlemen and farmers. A clerical fop at Massingham, who preached with his hair beautifully dressed and powdered, much amused the travellers. This gentleman, it was said, when asked by his examiners at Cambridge whether the sun went round the earth or the earth round the sun, replied, without hesitation, ‘Sometimes the one, sometimes the other’, and at once received his

degree. De la Rochefoucauld was struck by the fact that in England married couples went about together, and that husbands enjoyed spending their leisure in the society of their wives and children. He describes the English houses in detail. They were massively adorned and furnished, and wonderfully clean outside and inside, except for the kitchens, where dirt reigned supreme. He disliked some of our table manners and much of our food, thought our religion gloomy, both in theory and practice, but greatly admired the English character and our capacity for ease and happiness—we had no word to express the meaning of *je m'ennuie*⁴³—and he thought our form of government ideal. The narrative as a whole is intimate and interesting, and adds much to our knowledge of English country life in the eighteenth century.

Another glimpse of an English country house comes from the art-critic and writer, Etienne Delecluze, who in 1826 spent some time as the guest of the Nightingales at Lea Hurst, near Matlock. Mrs. Nightingale's sister taught him English, read poetry to him, and introduced him to the masterpieces of English literature, while Florence, 'la petite Flo', who was then six years old, and her sister Poppet, heard his lessons, and, with great seriousness, corrected his pronunciation. It is pleasant to be able to close this chapter with the records of two travellers who obviously liked us and enjoyed their visits.⁴⁴

CHAPTER VIII

INDUSTRIAL ENGLAND

OUR visitors' introduction to industrial England commenced usually with visits to Parker's Glass Factory or other workshops in or near London, an inspection of Whitbread's or Barclay & Perkin's breweries, and a trip down the Thames from London to Greenwich. The traffic on the river in the eighteenth century and earlier, when the Thames was full of ships but destitute of docks, and the vessels had to anchor in the stream, was a never-ending marvel. So great, in fact, was the traffic that the river was almost suffocated under merchandise which could neither be safely stored nor promptly moved. Later, in the early eighteen hundreds, when some kind of order was being evolved, and the great docks were either under construction or completed, visitors went specially to see them as one of the outstanding sights of London, and their admiration was unbounded.

Simond inspected the West India Dock in 1810 in which whole fleets could unload at the same time, repair and load again, while spacious warehouses had been built to prevent damage and pilfering.¹ Custine, who travelled by boat from Gravesend to London in

1822, imagined himself to have been transported into a world inhabited by beings greater than men. 'Never shall I forget', he writes, 'the islands of ships rising majestically from the water. Even the banks of the river disappear behind the crowds of vessels, whose masts, reaching as far as the eye can see, disappear half-hidden in the mist. The whole river resembles a deep valley hidden by trees and half-submerged by a lake. Any one who enters London by the river and returns on the following day by diligence might think that he had been reading a fairy-tale, and would carry away a much better impression of England than if he had stayed there for weeks.'² There was order and precision everywhere—in fact the establishment of a giant trade. Unfortunately, during the French wars the giant was importing and sending nothing away, and the export districts were deserted, but there was more than sufficient evidence of our commercial greatness, which was not (so far as the metropolis was concerned) very obvious elsewhere. The lanes around the docks were crooked and narrow, and the district as a whole was London's dirtiest quarter. Our wholesale trade was quite without pretensions. It hid itself in remote corners, and the great merchants were content to inscribe their names on the doors of insignificant houses, and leave customers to seek them out as best they could.³

The great centre of industry was, of course, Birmingham. But here, at least in the early years of the nineteenth century, and particularly after the introduction of the steam-engine, there were unexpected difficulties. Manufacturers were jealous people and had suffered much from prying travellers.

Sometimes visitors were welcomed everywhere; at others they were treated with rudeness and denied admission altogether. Arthur Young reports in 1770 that he could not gain any intelligence at Birmingham, even of the most common nature, through the excessive jealousy of the manufacturers. Towards the end of the eighteenth century very few foreigners were allowed to enter Boulton's works at Soho, although they were vastly interested in his manufactures, and above all in Watt's steam-engine. As Boulton told Boswell, he sold there what all the world desired to have—power; but he was not prepared to go into details. It was said that even the Duke of Norfolk, who made a special journey to Birmingham to see the works, was refused admission.⁴

Goede tells us that in 1802 several Birmingham manufacturers announced in the London newspapers that they found themselves obliged to refuse admittance to foreigners, and even to their own countrymen, since the privilege had been so much abused, and that this attitude was soon adopted by manufacturers in Manchester, Leeds, Glasgow, and other commercial centres.⁵ But the trouble had commenced much earlier when Frederick the Great attempted, after the peace of Hubertsburg (1763), to obtain steam power for his mines. Men were sent to England to discover the secret of Watt's patents, and an effort made in 1779 by a highly placed German official to bribe two of Boulton's men, was followed by Baron von Stein's attempt to take particulars of the machine at Barclay & Perkin's brewery, and to persuade one of Boulton's men to go abroad with him. There were stories also from

Leeds of a German caught in his lodging with a model of a spinning-machine neatly packed in a box.⁶ Boulton must have locked his factory gates against strangers somewhere about 1786.

Pückler-Muskau refers to the complaint that an Austrian prince had attempted to carry away some important secret, and tells us that, although he was welcomed at one factory in Birmingham, shown everything and even allowed to make a button, the foremost manufactory (by which he must mean Boulton's) was hermetically sealed to foreigners.⁷ Simond explored Birmingham most thoroughly, although he does not mention Boulton or Watt by name, and was impressed by the machines and the skill and activity of the workmen. But the heavy atmosphere, the deafening noise, the miserable condition of the workers, and the meanness of the buildings in which the machinery was housed, distressed and frightened French, German and English visitors alike.⁸ Custine remarks that everything was sad in Birmingham. 'The sky, the air, the colour of the houses, the unusual sounds produced by the perpetual movement of crowds of work-people, the noise of forges and machines, make a stay there exceedingly unpleasant. If the inhabitants should chance to visit hell they would have nothing to learn there.'⁹ Southe, who loathed industrialism in all its forms, allowed his Spanish traveller to say a number of hard things which greatly offended the good people of Birmingham.

I am still giddy, dizzied with the hammering of presses, the clatter of engines and the whirling of wheels. My head aches with the multiplicity of infernal noises, and my

eyes with the light of infernal fires—I may add my heart also at the sight of so many human beings employed in infernal occupations and looking as if they were never destined for anything better. Our earth was designed to be a seminary for young angels, but the devil has certainly fixed upon this spot for his nursery garden and hot-house. . . . I cannot pretend to say what is the consumption here of the two-legged beasts of labour; commerce sends in no returns of its killed and wounded. Neither can I say that the people look sickly, having seen no other complexion in the place than what is composed of oil and dust smoke-dried. Every man whom I meet stinks of train-oil and emery. Some I have seen with red eyes and green hair; the eyes affected by the fires to which they are exposed, and the hair turned green by the brass work.

The reference to green hair aroused intense resentment locally, as Simond learnt when he visited Birmingham a few years later, but there was more to come.

The noise of Birmingham is beyond description, the hammers seem never to be at rest. The filth is sickening . . . active and moving, a living principle of mischief, which fills the whole atmosphere and penetrates everywhere, spotting and staining everything and getting into the pores and nostrils. I feel as if my throat wanted sweeping like an English chimney. Think not, however, that I am insensible to the wonders of the place: in no other age or country was there ever so astonishing a display of human ingenuity; but watch-chains, necklaces and bracelets, buttons, buckles and snuff-boxes are dearly purchased at the expense of health and morality; and if it be considered how large a proportion of that ingenuity is employed in making what is hurtful, as well as what is useless, it must be confessed that human reason has more cause at present for humiliation than for triumph at Birmingham.¹⁰

The French and German travellers say much the same, although generally with more politeness and

restraint. Birmingham was one of the ugliest towns in England, if not in the world—all smoke and fumes, pumps and foundries. The machines were hideous, and no attempt was made to prevent accidents. Pückler-Muskau saw a man whose thumbs had been crushed so often in the button-machines that they were nothing but formless lumps of flesh.¹¹ No one spoke or thought of anything but labour, and, as for the workpeople, the slaves in the colonies were a hundred times better off than these free-born Englishmen. The one traveller of importance who really liked Birmingham was the French geologist, scientist and traveller, Faujas de Saint Fond, who was there in 1784. He was received by Watt and Priestley, but not, it seems, by Boulton, and was of opinion that those travellers who had disapproved of the industrial establishments at Birmingham were hasty and inconsiderate in their judgements and blind to England's greatness. He writes with enthusiasm of the vast works where the steam-pumps were made, the astounding machines 'the perfecting of which does so much honour to the talents and knowledge of Mr. Watt', the manufactures in constant activity making sheet-copper for sheathing ship's bottoms, which made France tributary to England, and the varied and extensive hardware factories, employing more than 30,000 hands, which supplied all Europe and a part of the New World with ironmongery. After some pages of eulogy of Watt and Priestley, the traveller concludes as follows: 'We passed several days at Birmingham in the midst of the arts and industries, and in the society of enlightened men and amiable

women. Nothing can equal so peaceful a charm; the mind is fed and inspirited; the head is filled with facts and the heart with gratitude. Such was our experience in this town, which we could not leave without regret.¹²

It is interesting to note that Lichtenberg made the journey to Birmingham in 1775 disguised, for some reason, as a journeyman weaver, and carrying a few shirts and a collar wrapped up in a handkerchief. His object was to see Baskerville, the printer, but arrived to find that he had died some months previously. Lichtenberg was received by the widow, an excellent woman, who had given up the printing business, but continued the type-founding. Baskerville's house—East Hill, just outside the town—is described as a fine property of which any prince might be proud. Here were the workshops and living-rooms, most tastefully furnished, while the gardens were spacious and beautiful, with stately walks flanked by trees and laurel bushes. Mrs. Baskerville plied her visitor with toast and Madeira, gave him six sheets with specimens of the various types, as well as a copy of one of the Prayer Books, which was un procurable in London. Although dressed in fine black silk, Mrs. Baskerville conducted her visitor into the dirtiest corners of the foundry, explaining everything except the secret of her husband's wonderful ink and paper, which was something of a disappointment, for Lichtenberg was obviously there to pick up what information he could. He was allowed, however, to watch a woman and a little girl at work glazing paper, and contrived, by means of discreet inquiries, to carry away some

particulars of the process. The plant and stock-in-trade, together with all trade secrets, were to be had for £4,000, delivered free in London, with five per cent. discount for cash or six months' credit. If he had had the money, Lichtenberg would have transported the whole printing and type-founding apparatus to Germany, with the result, as he says, that he would either have made a fortune or ruined himself. He was one of Baskerville's most ardent admirers, and the mere sight of matrices and punches was sufficient to turn his head.

Lichtenberg must have been one of the last foreigners to be admitted into Boulton's works. He tells us that 700 workmen were employed from morning to night turning out buttons, watch-chains, steel buckles, sword-hilts, boxes and cases, watches, snuff-boxes, and every description of silver and tombac ware. Each button, whether of wood or ivory, passed through at least ten hands, but every workman had his own pitch, quite small, so that it was unnecessary for him to change his position or material, thus saving both time and labour. Lichtenberg also investigated the working of the new steam engine, which raised 20,000 cubic feet of water to an incredible height, the secret of which was closely guarded. He visited also a lacquer-works, where snuff-boxes, tea-caddies, and even the bodies of coaches, were made out of papier mâché. Birmingham as a whole interested him greatly, although, like most other foreigners, he complains of the perpetual din from the hammering, beating, grinding and chiselling.¹³

During the economic disturbances which followed

the peace of 1815 Birmingham, like other places, suffered from the usual post-war consequences, trade depression and unemployment. An American traveller shortly before 1822 reports that everything was at a standstill, the manufacturers dispirited, the workpeople ragged, starving and disaffected, the whole town complaining.¹⁴ But a year or so later trade had revived again. The country in the neighbourhood of Wednesbury and Wolverhampton is described by the French traveller, Blanqui, in 1823, as a veritable plain of Cyclopes. There was no rest day or night. The earth was savage and sterile, and the sky dark and threatening. Chimneys were everywhere which belched forth smoke and flames continuously. Dust and grit lay thick on the roads, attacking the clothes of visitors and begrimed the faces of the inhabitants, who had no time to wash. On quiet days great columns of smoke hung motionless in the sky. If a breeze arose it swept the smoke across the countryside and left it caught and suspended by the chimneys, but could not blow it away. There was no escape from anvils, hammers, pumps and foundries. The Cyclopes of the English Black Country were no whit inferior to the Cyclopes of Mount Etna. For twenty years they had furnished all Europe with arms against the French—15,000 muskets a month, to say nothing of bombs, bullets and side-arms. Women and children laboured day and night to multiply these engines of destruction, slavery and ruin. There was not a little garden, a patch of green, or a clean-looking house to relieve the dismal prospect. The workers, labouring in smoke and dirt, or in the mines, had no use for the

surface of the earth, except to spoil and befoul it.¹⁵ Even the roads in this part of the country were flaming and smoking from subterranean fires, for some of the coal mines had been alight for years, and at night the whole countryside seemed to be on fire.¹⁶ The jealousies experienced at Birmingham were to be met with in a smaller degree at Manchester. Faujas, in 1784, could not inspect the cotton-mills because a French colonel some time previously had attempted to carry off drawings of the machines.¹⁷ Espriella contrived to gain admission, and the experience made him thank God he was not an Englishman. Children were set to work at the looms at seven or eight years old, and worked, with an hour for dinner, from five in the morning to six in the evening, when another shift came on for the night. The traveller watched the little creatures at work on the jennies, marvelling at their dexterity until he was giddy with the noise and perpetual motion. The houses of the workpeople were appalling, the streets narrow and blocked up so as to exclude both light and air. A large proportion of the workers lodged in cellars, where filth of every kind was suffered to accumulate until they became hot-beds of infection.¹⁸ Leeds impressed Pückler-Muskau at first much more favourably than Birmingham. He arrived at dusk. The town was smoky and the sky red with fires from the chimneys, but the huge manufactories, with every window illuminated, made a grand and striking picture. 'Here the toiling artisan labours far into the night. And that some romantic features might not be wanting in the whirl of business and the illumination of industry, two ancient Gothic

churches reared their heads above the mass of houses and the moon poured her silver light upon their towers, and seemed to damp the glare of the busy crowd below with her serene majesty.'

The next day, however, after a visit to the cloth hall, marvellous as it was, a very different impression was created. The whole process of making cloth from the sorting of the wool to the final process, was completed in the same building, and if you took a tailor with you in the morning, you could emerge at night in a new suit of clothes. One of the party did this, and wore the coat for a long time with great satisfaction. But the stench and dirt were unwholesome, and the workmen had dark blue faces instead of green hair, as at Birmingham. It was said however, that the cotton factories were much more unhealthy than the cloth works. There the men died at about fifty years of age. At Leeds there were instances of men living to be sixty. The Gothic churches, which at night had seemed so romantic, presented nothing remarkable by day, and the town, enveloped in an everlasting fog, was the most disagreeable place imaginable.¹⁹

From Leeds to Rotherham the road led through manufacturing centres which looked like burning towns and villages. At Sheffield the sun could scarcely be seen, but visitors could handle and purchase knives with 180 blades, and scissors so tiny that they were scarcely visible to the naked eye. Nottingham, on the other hand, produced a much more favourable impression. Moritz, in 1782, thought it the best town he had seen after London, and it was undoubtedly the cleanest.²⁰ Pückler-Muskau visited

a net factory where steam-engines did all the work, and only a man stood by to mind them. 'It is most strange to see the iron monsters begin to work as if moved by invisible hands, and the most beautiful lace, stretched in a frame, comes slowly forth at the top, neat and finished, while the spindles, with the raw thread wound round them, keep on their perpetual motion below; the whole unaided, as I have said, by a single human hand.'²¹

Mr. Wedgwood's showrooms in London were for long a fashionable lounge for the beau-monde, and not many travellers troubled to visit the works at Etruria. Simond is an exception. He describes the methods by which the clay was ground and washed, the 80 h.p. engine which set the whole in motion and overcame the inertia of so much clay and water, and the process of finishing, glazing and painting. He was surprised to see so few workmen employed in modelling. All processes requiring the mere execution of force, regularly and uniformly applied, were performed by various machines receiving their first impulse from the steam-engine. A private canal received the produce at the very door of the works and conveyed it to the Great Junction Canal, thus saving labour and the risk of breakages.²² The appearance of the potteries in general is described by the writer of *Letters from Albion by a Friend on the Continent Written in the Years 1811, 1812, and 1813*, which I suspect to be a compilation.

I cannot say that this district pleased me. Wherever manufacturing is the chief business of the inhabitants the country loses in its beauty, however beneficial it may be to the generality of mankind. The black unwieldy kilns

starting up to the skies; the lurid smoke which covers hill and dale; the paltry clusters of habitations and hovels erected in a hurry; the shelves of mugs and pots before their doors; the heaps of broken sherds by the wayside; the paltry thatched roofs on walls of brick; the smoking ovens and stubble sheds, under which the raw earthenware is drying; the ground torn up into holes; puddles and mounds—cannot but create disgust and spoil even the finest landscape.²³

Campe did not visit the industrial centres, but he had the highest opinion of the quality of our manufactures. They were, he tells us, characterized by a degree of excellence, both for workmanship and durability, which was unsurpassed. We were also better merchants than the foreigners. We had the secret of satisfying our customers by honest dealing, and we always gave good value for money. There was no misleading appearance of worth at the expense of quality. Our goods might not look so attractive as our rivals', and might cost more, but they lasted longer and were soon found to be cheaper in the long run. The mere description 'English goods' was sufficient to capture the market in any part of the world. But unfortunately English hats and cloth were not what they were.

Only in two matters—cloth and hats—as it seems to me, have the English departed from their traditional shrewdness. Both commodities were formerly in England better and more lasting than anywhere else in the world. A suit of English cloth and an English hat were not only the best and most elegant of their kind, but they were practically indestructible. A blue suit and a hat, which my father brought from London at the beginning of the last century, fell to me and my brothers in the years 1750 to 1760 for Sunday use, after having been worn by my



APPROACH TO LONDON
By E. Lami, from 'Voyage en Angleterre,' 1829

father for forty years. As one boy grew out of them they descended to the next. I was the third in succession. Both when they came to me were so little worn that for some years they still made me swell with pride, and attracted envious looks. The cloth appeared to be made of the softest leather without threads, and the hat, however badly treated, never showed any signs of wear. You could not injure it, and where the surface had rubbed, new hair always appeared, since the whole hat was made throughout of hair down to the last fibre. At present it is scarcely possible to find cloths and hats of such perfect quality anywhere in Great Britain. The high price of Spanish wool, the desire to use as far as possible only native stuffs, and the loss of the American colonies, whereby the English are prevented from getting beaver skins at first hand, may well be the cause. But it is also true that it is now possible to buy in France or Germany finer and more lasting cloth and hats at a cheaper price than the inferior articles at present sold in England.²⁴

As an appendix to this little story Lami has a delightful drawing in his *Voyage d'Angleterre* (1829), showing a small boy, who might have been Campe himself, attired in a suit of clothes a good deal too large for him, carrying a large umbrella, and wearing an enormous beaver hat, in excellent trim and ready to be handed on again, which must have come down to him from some remote ancestor.

Blanqui, the French traveller, descended a coal mine at Glasgow with his head enveloped like a Turk's, his body wrapped in Scotch cloth, and his legs ridiculously encased in waterproof stockings. The descent was made in square baskets suspended from a horizontal cylinder, controlled by wheels and blocks and worked by horses. The drop was amazingly quick. Half-way down was a stage where

all the miners were lined up in front of one of the galleries, complete with picks and safety lamps. They greeted the visitors with shouts, received a shower of shillings, and continued to vociferate until the baskets had reached the bottom of the pit. Here the miners could be seen at work. With them were numbers of children of ten or fifteen years of age, naked except for a girdle of skin or leather which reached to the knees. It was their work to pull the trucks to the baskets and empty them, which they did with astonishing rapidity, and then pass them back for fresh loads. The noise of hundreds of picks and hammers, and the deafening reports as the coal was detached from the walls of the galleries, the cramped and unhealthy conditions under which the men worked, the naked children, black with coal-dust, the damp and filth, the endless maze of galleries, through which it was necessary at times to crawl on all fours, made a deep impression on the susceptible Frenchman, who was greatly relieved to be shot up again like a projectile into the fresh air. The miners, he tells us, received four shillings a day.²⁵

The American traveller Silliman has an interesting description of Liverpool in 1805-6, where he was taken over a 'slaver', a large Guinea ship which was lying at anchor. He descended into the hold and examined the cells where the slaves were confined under conditions which outraged decency and shocked humanity. 'Our country,' he writes, 'so nobly jealous of its own liberties, stands disgraced in the eyes of mankind and condemned at the bar of Heaven for being at once active in carrying on this

monstrous traffic, and prompt to receive every cargo of imported Africans.' But Liverpool was deep—very deep—in the slave trade, which, in spite of the movement towards abolition, was pursued with more eagerness than ever. The press-gang was also very active, and Silliman saw a man carried off while walking with a woman of the town. Liverpool had a kind of central clearing-house to which the victims, including at times even American sailors, were brought. There was no secrecy about it. The place was rendered conspicuous by a large naval flag, and Silliman was amazed that the populace did not attack and destroy it, as a wanton display of the effrontery of power trampling upon personal liberty. He was not the only stranger to whom the methods of the press-gang appeared strangely at variance with the accepted notions of British freedom and fair play.²⁶

CHAPTER IX

AMUSEMENTS

MACKY gives an excellent description, about 1714, of a typical day in the life of the average foreigner in London.

I am lodged in the Street called Pall Mall, the ordinary Residence of all Strangers because of its Vicinity to the King's Palace, the Park, the Parliament House, the Theatres and the Chocolate and Coffee Houses, where the best Company frequent. If you would know our manner of Living 'tis thus: We rise by Nine, and those that frequent great Men's Levees find Entertainment at them 'till Eleven, or, as in Holland, go to Tea Tables. About Twelve the Beau Monde assembles in several Coffee or Chocolate Houses: The best of which are the Cocoa-Tree and White's Chocolate Houses, St. James's, the Smyrna, Mrs. Rochford's and the British Coffee Houses, all these so near one another that in less than an Hour you see the Company of them all. We are carry'd to these Places in Chairs (or Sedans) which are here very cheap, a Guinea a Week or a Shilling per hour, and your Chair-men serve you for Porters to run on Errands, as your Gondoliers do at Venice. . . . At Two we generally go to Dinner: Ordinaries are not so common here as Abroad, yet the French have set up two or three pretty good ones, for the Conveniency of Foreigners, in Suffolk Street, where one is tolerably well serv'd; but the general way here is to make a party at the Coffee House to go and dine at the Tavern, where we sit till six that we go to the Play, except you are invited to the Table of some great Man, which Strangers are always courted to and nobly entertain'd.¹

Our cook-shops were much admired. Here food and dinner were to be had cheap and good, or sent, if required, to your lodgings. Misson remarks that no Frenchman of distinction would be seen in such a place in his own country, but in England they laughed at such niceties, and any gentleman could enter a cook-shop and dine there to his heart's content for a shilling. Generally there were four spits, carrying each five or six pieces of meat—beef, mutton, veal or lamb. ' You have what Quantity you please cut off, fat, lean, much or little done; with this a little Salt and Mustard upon the Side of a Plate, a Bottle of Beer and a Roll and there is your whole Feast.' Beer was one of the pleasantest surprises in store for our visitors, although some, like Misson, still preferred wine. ' There are a hundred and a hundred Sorts of Beer made in England and some not bad. Art has supply'd Nature in this Particular. Be that as 'twill, Beer is Art and Wine is Nature; I'm for nature against the World.'²

But it was the coffee-house which remained throughout at least some part of the century the delight of foreigners and the social stand-by for Londoners. Here you had a dish of coffee, a good fire to sit by, met your friends, discussed business and politics, and above all, read the papers, all, according to Misson, for a penny if you did not care to spend more.³ The craving for news developed as the century grew older. ' Although excellent eaters,' says Campe in 1801, ' the English would, I think, go without breakfast or supper rather than neglect their morning or evening papers. There are here news sheets not only for every day, but for every

time of day, morning, midday and evening, and any one who wants to settle down in the evening cannot do so with a clear conscience until he has read at least one of each kind.⁴ Coffee-houses of all kinds were packed with newspaper readers who conducted their business so diligently and quietly that they might have been monks or nuns telling their beads. And indeed the silence must have been very profound. Moritz heard a clergyman preach, followed him to a coffee-house close by, watched him compose a fresh sermon there, and returned to church to hear him deliver it.⁵ But there was another type of coffee- or chocolate-house which was not frequented by sober persons such as Moritz. You could recognize these places by the sign of a woman's arm or a hand holding a coffee-pot. They were to be found mostly in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, and the patrons were waited on by beautiful, neat, well-dressed and amiable, but very dangerous, nymphs.⁶

Moritz was by nature too serious to take much thought for anything but sober pleasures, but Zetzner, although posing as a moral young man, lost no time in sampling the lighter side of London life and visiting the less reputable places of amusement. He got drunk on bottled beer; later he was knocked on the head in a brawl, and did not recover his wits for ten days. He visited the 'Folly', a kind of glorified house-boat, which was moored on the Surrey side of the Thames, and which was certainly no resort for youth and innocence. Indeed, it became so notorious that it was later suppressed and chopped up for firewood. Another disreputable resort was 'Cupers'—known popularly, and, for obvious reasons, as

‘Cupid’s Gardens’—which was situated close by. Here were spacious and exquisitely planted groves and alcoves where patrons of all classes could dine, walk and refresh themselves, get entangled with some strolling lady of the town, or have their pockets picked. Zetzner also visited Lambeth Wells, where the ladies were even more alluring, as well as the various debtors’ prisons, an experience which may have been useful later for purposes of comparison, since it was to be his lot to spend some years of his life in a similar establishment in his native town. At Bedlam he contrived to get behind the scenes and to see things which were mercifully withheld from ordinary visitors. He describes Bartholomew Fair and May Fair (both characterized at that time as ‘the chiefest nurseries of vice’), the Lord Mayor’s Show, where he was almost reduced to pulp, and the gun-powder celebrations, where the Pope was burnt in effigy.

Another traveller of about the same time, who contrived to combine the serious business of book-collecting and curio-hunting with pleasures of a lighter kind, was the German von Uffenbach who, as we have already seen, was here in 1710. Nothing odd or out of the way escaped him: clocks, perspective glasses, a new method of making silk stockings, glass-blowing, coins and medals, wax models, ventriloquism and gun-sticks, all are described as carefully as the books and manuscripts which were his chief delight. He would run half over London to see Cromwell’s head, a performing ape, a new kind of Indian cat, a Scotchman breaking glasses by shouting at them, or a girl dancing on a barrel to the

accompaniment of whirling swords. He was present at a cock-fight at which any one who did not pay his bet was hauled up to the ceiling in a basket, where he remained until the spectators had laughed their fill, and gives us a more detailed description of the 'Folly' than we have even from Zetzner. It was a large, deep boat, like a ferry-boat, fitted up as a tavern and bawdy house. Above was a balcony where patrons could sit and enjoy the prospect over London, and watch the shipping, and below were curtained cabins, perfectly secluded, into which, let us hope, von Uffenbach did not penetrate.⁸ He also visited 'Cupid's Gardens', and close by was another resort with a tavern not named, where men could drink and find ample occasion for the devil's work.

Von Uffenbach also gives a description of one of those blood-thirsty encounters, referred to in Chapter III, which went on at the Bear Garden under the name of trials of skill. The gladiators first marched through the streets preceded by a drummer to attract spectators, and then hacked and hewed at each other in a manner which suggested downright slaughter, until the surgeons intervened. When von Uffenbach was there, the combatants were an Englishman named Wood, and a Moor named Turner. In the centre of the room was a raised platform, and all round were galleries with raised seats, as at a theatre, for the better class spectators. The space round the ring was for the common people, but they were no respecters of persons, and on this occasion they clambered up into the galleries and threw stones, sticks and filth about when an attempt was made to stop them. The first bout was a contest with

sticks, which passed off without much damage except to heads and shins. Then came the real contest, which must have been a bloody business, for the swords were long and broad and uncommonly sharp. Each of the combatants had his second by him with a large stick in his hand to see that there was fair play. The Moor got the first wound above the breast, which bled freely, and in the second round the Englishman, Wood, took a blow above the loins of such force that not only was his shirt in tatters, but his sword was knocked out of his hand, and all the buttons on one side of his breeches were cut away. The combatants then continued with sword and dagger until the Moor received such a dreadful cut in the cheek that he could fight no longer. A barber-surgeon immediately sewed up the wound, while the Moor stood there without flinching. The two men then shook hands and the fight was over.⁹

A similar encounter is described by de Saussure a few years later. He also witnessed a combat between two women, as did Zetzner in 1700. It must have been a degrading business. The women fought almost naked with two-handed swords which, at the points, were as sharp as razors. Blood soon flowed freely; one of the combatants received a cut on the forehead, which had to be sewn up and plastered, but when she had been refreshed with spirits she began again. She was then wounded repeatedly, and repeatedly sewn up, until she was finally disabled and could fight no more.¹⁰ In the fight described by Zetzner, which was held, we are told, by licence of the Lord Mayor, one gladiator was a girl of twenty-one, the other a woman of sixty.

These disgusting exhibitions seem to have been fairly common in the early years of the eighteenth century. Malcolm, in his *Anecdotes of London*, records a number of them, and at the Bear Garden von Uffenbach sat next a woman who boasted that two years previously she had fought another woman there, without stays and in nothing but a shift. From what von Uffenbach tells us it would seem that she was quite ready to do so again.¹¹

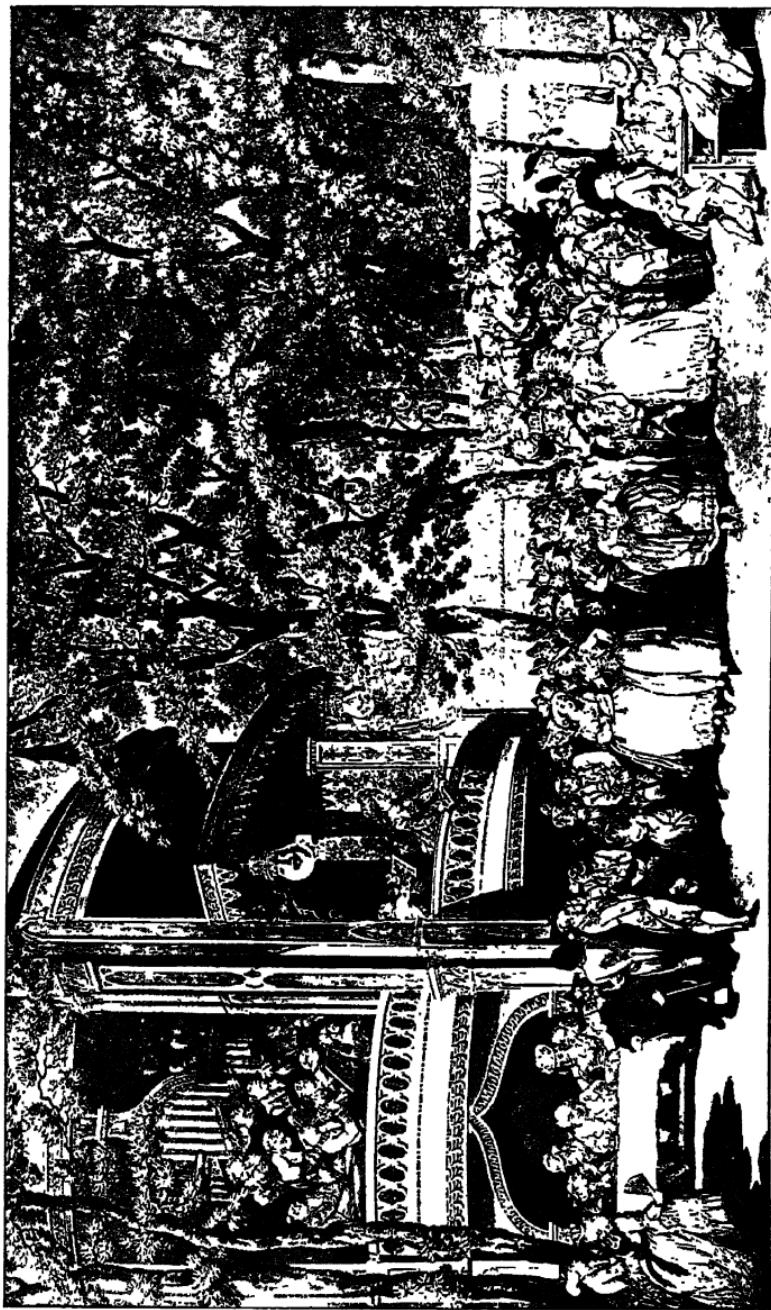
Evidence of our love for pugilism was apparent at every turn. All disputes, whether between small boys or porters, were settled by fisticuffs. Even at the quays, while waiting for their boats, foreigners were regaled by the sight of sailors fighting until the blood ran down their faces, while 'lords' and ordinary spectators threw down money to keep them at it when they showed signs of desisting.¹² Anything that looked like fighting was irresistible to an Englishman. Encounters in the street were numerous and much enjoyed by the crowd, which at once made a ring and encouraged the combatants with great delight of heart. Says Misson: 'If a Coachman has a Dispute about his Fare with a Gentleman that has hired him, and the Gentleman offers to fight him to decide the Quarrel, the coachman consents with all his Heart. The Gentleman pulls off his Sword, lays it in some Shop with his Cane, Gloves and Cravat, and boxes in the same Manner I have describ'd above. If the Coachman is soundly drubb'd, which happens almost always, that goes for Payment; but if he is the Beator, the Beatee must pay the Money about which they quarrell'd. I once saw the late Duke of Grafton at Fisticuffs in the open

Street with such a Fellow whom he lamb'd most horribly.¹³ Lichtenberg saw several street fights. In one a man was killed outright by a blow with a fist. At another the crowd was so dense and intent that a way had to be made for the Royal coach, which passed without the slightest notice being taken of the King and Queen who were inside.¹⁴ So much for street fighting. Later, with the rise of wealthy patrons, attempts were made to conduct prize-fights according to accepted rules. One in 1810 is described by Simond. It took place at Molesey Hurst, near Hampton Court, between a black called Molyneux and Rimmer, a Lancashire bruiser. After twenty rounds and a kind of minor riot, Rimmer went down to a smashing knock-out blow.¹⁵

The descriptions of Vauxhall and Ranelagh by foreigners add little to our knowledge. It was remarked of Vauxhall that the food was dear and the table-cloths were dirty, and that at Ranelagh it was sometimes as well that the singers could not be heard distinctly, but undoubtedly these two famous pleasure resorts were much admired. What struck foreigners above everything else was the entire absence of any disorder, and the apparent lack of enjoyment on the faces of the pleasure-seekers. Says Grosley in 1765: 'The joy which they seem in search of at these places does not beam through their countenances. They look as grave at Vauxhall and Ranelagh as at the Bank, at Church, or a private club.'¹⁶ Campe, in 1802, tells the same story. At Ranelagh four or five hundred well-dressed people walked round and round in complete silence, or at least without any evidence of lively conversation,

until the onlookers, overcome with giddiness, had to turn away. Even a small company of young people were constrained to laugh and chatter with voices perfectly subdued. All was so cold and still that the company might have been mutes at a funeral, further evidence, if evidence was required, that the English took their pleasures with complete absence of enjoyment, and were the most depressing merry-makers in the world. Custine, after visiting Vauxhall twenty years later, thought that the people he saw there must have been struck dumb by some attendant magician.¹⁷

Like Vauxhall and Ranelagh, the various pleasure gardens with which London was encircled were excellent places for the study of the English genius for mixed company and the promenade. So also were the parks which are much described by foreigners. Here again walking to see and be seen was the principal amusement, although the fine folk were apt to be incommoded by the lower classes who came there to jostle and stare. It was only at Kensington Gardens that the rabble was excluded. Misson's description of Hyde Park has already been quoted, but a hundred years or so later coaches had given way to elegant equipages and horses. The fashionable hours were from four to six, and thousands of well-dressed women were to be seen driving round and round or riding on the turf, displaying all the grace Heaven had bestowed on them and managing their horses as skilfully as the men.¹⁸ The crowds were enormous, and any person of note was sure of an attendant flock of busybodies and gazers. It is related that when Madame Récamier took



VAUXHALL GARDENS, 1750
From a Drawing by Rowlandson

a walk in the Park she was hedged in by such a host of admirers that her friends could not get near her.¹⁹

Unfortunately, apart from such places as the 'Folly', there was another side of London life which is reflected in the description of nearly every traveller. Ample opportunities existed for the exercise of vice. Prostitutes, shadowed by their bullies, haunted the streets in companies and pestered any likely stranger with their attentions. Lichtenberg reports that he was accosted at times by children of twelve, and that respectable-looking girls had addressed him in the streets in terms which would have brought a blush to the cheeks of a university student with a hide like leather. The taverns and bagnios were often so many registry offices for loose women. *Henry's List of Covent Garden Ladies*, which gave the names and described the appearance, talents, even the tricks of the ladies, was brought up to date at frequent intervals, and edition after edition would be quickly sold out.²⁰

To attempt to give any detailed account of our visitors' impressions of the theatre would be little more than a catalogue of famous names. The observations and reflections which could be added are not generally very interesting or enlightening. So far as the eighteenth century is concerned, the German view is stated a little too favourably by von Kielmansegge in 1761, who thought that there was no stage in the world which equalled us in the choice of actors,²¹ although our tragedies were very blood-thirsty, but adverse German opinion is on the whole not common. The French liked our comedies and farces, but thought our tragic acting indifferent and

at times actually bad, and deplored the absence of any playwright of outstanding merit. Lichtenberg's letters on the English stage make very interesting reading and have already been referred to. Simond saw Siddons at the age of fifty-five and thought that, with fewer natural advantages, she was as great as ever, although her voice was a little broken. He saw John Philip Kemble (whom he did not like) as Hamlet, with Munden as Polonius and Fawcett as the grave-digger, and admired them greatly. He also had a glimpse of Master Betty (no longer the young Roscius) at the annual exhibition of pictures at Somerset House. He was then a youth of twenty, 'a great calf ill-made, knock-kneed, a pretty face, fresh, round and rosy, without expression or any perceptible trace of sentiment or genius'.²² Grosley, who can always be relied on to say something amusing, thought our theatrical performances, like all our amusements, lacking in cheerfulness. Indeed, the theatre was in no small measure responsible for our national melancholy. The tragedies which the people most affected consisted of little more than a series of bloody scenes, shocking to humanity and very frightening. The effect upon the English imagination was at times quite dreadful. Grosley's landlord's son, a boy of nine or ten, leaped out of bed one night, beat his head against the wainscot and then flung himself on the floor, roaring like one possessed. His parents had taken him to see *Richard III*, and the boy, being English and therefore prone to melancholy, was haunted not only by the ghosts in the tragedy, but by all the dead bodies in the London churchyards.²³

Foreigners are never tired of commenting on our bad manners at the theatre, but what could be expected when there were no gendarmes to keep order? Moritz was pelted with rotten oranges and peel, and a young fop, after using his seat as a foot-stool, wiped his feet on his coat. Not content with shouting and throwing orange peel and apple cores about, the occupants of the gallery actually threw glasses of water as well, injuring the spectators and ruining their clothing.²⁴ At Drury Lane the authority of the gallery was unchallenged. There was to be no waiting, even for the King, and if, on arrival, his bow was not deep enough, he would be greeted with shouts of 'Lower! Lower!' On an occasion when one of the young princes did not bow with sufficient respect, the Queen seized his head and forced it down. Once, when the King arrived late, the gallery received him, not with the usual clapping, but with unmistakable signs of displeasure. But a London audience was easily appeased. The King took his watch out of his pocket, looked at it and shook his head, as if to signify that he did not know it was so late, whereupon he was rewarded with the accustomed applause, and every one was in the greatest good humour once more.²⁵

Pichot records his experiences at Drury Lane in 1825 when he fought his way into the pit to see Kean. He first inspected the play-bill which was suspended from a leg of mutton in a butcher's shop, and then purchased a sort of bulletin which was sold for two-pence by men stationed in the Strand, armed with long poles with placards affixed, announcing that they had dramatic journals to sell. This sheet con-

tained the names of the performers and the characters they were to represent, and the second part was occupied with a short criticism of the performance of the preceding evening. Later in the day Pichot and his friends took their places outside the pit door. They stood for an hour, jostled by the crowd and threatened by pickpockets, and were finally swept into the theatre in a rush of shrieking women and fighting men, and took their seats.

It takes Pichot four pages to describe the interior of the theatre and six more to analyse the play, which was *Richard III*. The actors as a whole he thought indifferent, but Kean was magnificent, managing his countenance, voice and actions with perfect ease and effect. The play was followed by Moncrieff's *Giovanni in London*, with Madame Vestris as Don Giovanni, a part which had taken London by storm, but to Pichot the play was an absurd and distressing production, which would have been hissed off the stage in Paris. Vestris, in one of her famous 'breeches' parts, left him quite unmoved.²⁶

Excursions from London included visits to the various spas and pleasure gardens in the vicinity. Hampstead Wells, for instance, offered, besides the waters, assembly rooms, coffee-rooms, a fine heath for horse exercise, and, rather unexpectedly, a chapel. The country dances were charming, but the company was mixed, and Macky records in 1710 that the place was overstocked with loose women and sharpers.²⁷ Strawberry Hill and Pope's Villa could be combined with a trip up the river. The Thames at Richmond was greatly admired, but up to the end of the eighteenth century the real attraction was not

the beauty of the river itself so much as the glimpses of the great houses, some 500 or more, which could be seen as you sat still in the boat. At that time no prospect was beautiful which did not include a stately house, with its garden rendered as artificial as possible by a fashionable landscape gardener. Even as late as 1810 Simond thought that the view from Richmond Hill would be just as beautiful if the river were dried up and its muddy bed filled and sodded over.²⁸

CHAPTER X

THE ENGLISH CHARACTER

IT is difficult enough to analyse the character of an individual. To embark upon an estimate of the characteristics of a whole nation requires a familiar acquaintance with the language, long residence, an easy circulation in all classes of society, and unusual power of discernment. These are qualities which very few foreigners possessed. They were generally in a hurry. A few months, at times even a few weeks, were sufficient to enable travellers to attempt a complete picture of manners and even to dogmatize upon our political, religious and legal institutions. Sometimes the period of observation was still shorter. One Frenchman, who was sent to study the administration of Criminal Law in England, is said to have declared himself thoroughly informed on the subject after remaining precisely two-and-thirty minutes at the Old Bailey.

There was a great difference between the light-hearted Englishmen of the sixteenth century, as presented to us, say, in the letters of Erasmus, and the unimaginative Briton who surprised and repelled foreigners at the close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century. By that time we had become stolid and serious, the result of pride,

wealth and dominion, and the industrial revolution. The change during the latter half of the eighteenth century had been rapid and complete. As a result we were a mass of prejudices and contradictions.

The English love to be at war, but do not love to pay for their amusement: and now that they are at peace, they begin to complain that the newspapers are not worth reading, and rail at the French as if they really wished to begin again. There is not a people upon the earth who have a truer love for their Royal family than the English, yet they caricature them in the most open and insolent manner. They boast of the freedom of the press, yet as surely and systematically punish the author who publishes anything obnoxious, and the book-seller who sells it, as we in our country should prevent the publication. They cry out against intolerance and burn down the houses of those whom they regard as heretics. They love liberty; go to war with their neighbours, because they choose to become republicans, and insist upon the right of enslaving the negroes. They hate the French and ape all their fashions, ridicule their neologisms and then naturalize them, laugh at their inventions and then adopt them, cry out against their political measures and then imitate them; the levy in mass, the telegraph, and the income tax are all from France. And the common people, not to be behind hand with their betters in absurdities, boast as heartily of the roast beef of Old England, as if they were not obliged to be content themselves with bread and potatoes. Well may punch be the favourite liquor of the English—it is a truly emblematic compound of contrarieties.¹

One thing, however, was in our favour. Englishmen at home were not quite so bad as Englishmen abroad. They wore less startling clothes and were less aggressive. But there was still the same perpetual hurry. To see us in the street was to form the impression that we were all either pursued by

bailiffs or expecting the Day of Judgement. We ran straight ahead like mad dogs. Our disposition to melancholy has been noted many times in these pages. It struck Froissart, and by the nineteenth century it was in our blood. This unhappy disposition was largely due to the climate. What could be expected in a country where every day was an eclipse, where water was the staple drink, where there was no pleasure except business, and where the reformed religion exercised such a reforming influence that it denounced and forbade even the most innocent of pleasures? By the autumn the average Englishman could stand no more, and suicides were then so frequent that October was called the hanging month.² There might be some hope if balls and spectacles were allowed on Sundays, and if vines could be introduced and cultivated, but what chance had vines to flourish in a country where no fruit ever ripened except baked apples? It is true that we were subject to occasional bursts of hilarity, but they attacked us at rare intervals, like fever, and did not last long. One traveller goes so far as to say that there were men and women in England whose families had not laughed for three generations.³ The only corrective to our profound melancholy was a constant indulgence in violent exercise. As a result we were full of coarse strength, butchers' meat, and sound sleep —fit associates for horses and dogs, but no company for persons of breeding and refinement. It has already been remarked that, during the first half of the eighteenth century at least, our conduct in the face of oddities in dress and manner was likely to be extremely unfriendly and even violent. At the

opening of the succeeding century apparently all this had changed. The industrial age had turned men's thoughts from such trivial matters as eccentricities to money-making. A man, whether English or French, could walk the streets of London in the pouring rain swinging a closed umbrella like a walking-stick, wear a saddle in place of a shawl, or even stand on his head without any one taking the slightest notice.⁴ Cottu, a learned Frenchman who was here in 1818, remarks that soldiers and even officers were often met with in uniform with round hats or umbrellas.⁵ And actual dislike for foreigners had merely turned to contempt. All Frenchmen were, of course, cowards. The difference was that we had then less time to bother about them. When Emerson was here Londoners were laughing at the story of an Englishman and Frenchman who had quarrelled. Both were unwilling to fight. At last it was agreed that they should fight alone in the dark with pistols. The candles were put out and the Englishman, to make sure of not hitting anybody, fired up the chimney and brought down the Frenchman.⁶ Our coldness and taciturnity were, of course, proverbial. Even the German Campe, who admired our prosperity, inventiveness, untiring industry, our patriotism and enthusiasm for every good cause, our vigorous, healthy appearance, our love of cleanliness and the healthful atmosphere of our life, was glad on landing at Calais to find himself suddenly among refined, agreeable, sympathetic people, after having seen in England so many cold, unsympathetic, gloomy faces which looked down on every foreigner with proud contempt.⁷

Our sole topics of conversation were business, money-making, and the weather, especially the weather. Defauconpret, a witty Frenchman who spent a number of years in England after 1817, remarked that to consult a barometer and meet an Englishman amounted to much the same thing.⁸ This taciturnity was a torture to the French, who retaliated by making great play with it. Pichot, in 1825, relates the story about 'the late Duke of Devonshire' and his brother who were said to have travelled through Europe in the same post-chaise without uttering a single word. Stopping one evening at an inn in Germany, they were informed after supper that they could only be accommodated with a chamber containing three beds, of which one was already occupied. They made no remark, but quietly retired to the apartment. They, however, felt some little curiosity about their fellow lodger, and quietly drawing aside the bed curtains, they took a momentary peep at him. They then immediately got into bed and slept soundly. Next morning, after they had breakfasted and paid their bills, the Duke could not refrain from saying to his brother, 'George, did you see the dead body?' 'Yes,' was the reply, whereupon they both relapsed again into silence, entered their chaise, and proceeded on their journey.⁹

This passion for silence was indulged even at the dinner-table. The meals in consequence were interminable. There was neither smile nor compliment—even the women were silent.¹⁰ All were occupied with the business of eating and drinking, but food and drink had no effect upon the English

temperament. The diners were just as cold, quiet and composed at the end of a dinner as at the commencement, and no Frenchman could ever understand why the men remained to drink after the ladies had departed, since drink had no effect upon them.

Not many of our visitors could speak with real knowledge of English family life, but their observations are not without interest. Our houses were depressingly solid and uniform, each securely closed like a box, with party walls and fences sufficiently strong and high to prevent contamination by neighbours. But even in our own houses we showed no affection, and were as reserved and silent as in company. An English father seldom embraced his family, and the coldness between parent and son, the latter always addressing his father as sir, was proverbial.¹¹ The foundation of family life in England was parental authority without any trace of love or affection. Filial respect there certainly was, and it could be carried to the strangest lengths. About 1826 a story was current of an Englishman who cut off his dead mother's head in order to have her skull with him as long as he lived, while in one country house a corpse, fully dressed, set up, we presume, by some dutiful son, had stood at the window for half a century overlooking its former property.¹² Foreigners still believed that English children were educated by being taken to see executions and flogged afterwards to impress the lesson on their minds. As a result they developed the most unexpected traits. Pückler-Muskau saw a child of eight in the London streets, driving a little vehicle

drawn by a dog in the midst of all the carriages and coaches. 'Such a thing', he adds, 'can be seen only in England, where children are independent at eight and hanged at twelve.'¹³ As to the relations between husband and wife, there was probably no country in Europe where women were so sheltered, but the husband was absolute master in the house, the lord of his wife's person and the controller of her fortune. An Englishwoman, on marriage, lost all sense of individuality. She ceased to think and act for herself and became, from the time she entered her husband's house, his servant and chattel. She was distinguished from all other women by a bunch of keys at her side attached to a kind of jailer's girdle, which jangled as she walked, and proclaimed at once her servitude and her duty to protect her husband's goods from domestic spoliation.¹⁴ It seems to have been very generally believed that any Englishman could sell his wife at market with a rope round her neck. The practice was regarded as common to all classes, a convenient method, in short, of making money, and far less troublesome and scandalous than an action for *crim. con.*¹⁵ All this is a little strange after the description of England in the preceding centuries as a paradise for women. Whether the change was due to a growing desire to find fault or to some modification in the European conception of bliss, it is now impossible to say.

Englishwomen as a whole, however, came in for a considerable measure of praise, but there were qualifications. It was alleged that they could not dress tastefully, were behind the fashion, and had large feet, obviously made for nothing but walking.

They carried themselves badly and were very clumsy. Pillet, a biased and untrustworthy observer, is not the only Frenchman to remark that Englishwomen had two left hands.¹⁶ But the younger women as a whole were lovely and bewitching, sheer visions of beauty, with tender, languishing eyes and the most wonderful hats. The number of pretty girls in the streets was amazing. One traveller, not a Frenchman, declares that he had never seen so many lovely women in his life as in England in ten days, but he is afraid to say too much lest his countrymen should start running away from their wives.¹⁷ However, if an Englishwoman was determined to be ugly, she did it with a will. Stendhal observes that out of every collection of 100 Englishwomen thirty would be grotesque caricatures, forty decidedly ugly, twenty passable, and ten so beautiful that they might be called divine.¹⁸ But even the goddesses had their faults. They would not show themselves at the window. They drove about too freely with men, they gambled, rode like postilions, and were even known to go driving 'with four horses and long whips'.¹⁹ The young girls had some pretension to education and learning, and were intellectually in advance of the Frenchwomen. At Sir Humphrey Davy's lectures at the Royal Institution, Simond was amused to see crowds of young ladies taking notes, timidly and as if by stealth, on small pieces of paper, but thought on the whole, in view of the number of actions for *crim. con.* reported in the papers, that the occupation was desirable, as it kept them out of harm's way.²⁰ The age of the blue stocking was not yet over, but foreigners as a whole were a little afraid

of learned women, although Mrs. Macaulay, the historian, was in her day quite one of the sights of London, and all foreigners of distinction were carried to see her.²¹

One characteristic which struck foreigners was the Englishman's craving for comfort. Anything that saved him trouble was certain of success. The common act of drawing a cork was troublesome. A compound concave corkscrew was therefore invented which extracted the cork and discharged it at the same time. There were pocket toasting-forks, even pocket fire-irons and fenders. One curious projector is said to have taken out above seventy patents for inventions, equally ingenious and equally useful, but a more extraordinary invention than any of his three score and ten was the hunting razor, with which a man could shave himself while riding at full gallop.

Associated with the craze for sport, to which foreigners return again and again, was the mania for breeding prize beasts.

These people apply to a favourite pig or a Herefordshire bull the same epithets of praise and exclamations of delight, which a sculptor would bestow upon the *Venus de Medici* or the *Apollo Belvedere*. This passion is carried to an incredible degree of folly; the great object of ambition is to make the animal as fat as possible, by which means it is diseased and miserable while it lives, and of no use to any but the tallow-chandler when dead. At this very time there is a man in London belonging to a fat ox, who has received more money for having fattened this ox than Newton obtained for all his discoveries, or Shakespeare for all his works. Crowds go to see the monster, which is a shapeless mass of living fat. A picture has been painted both of man and beast, a print engraved from it in order that the one may be immortalized as the fattest ox that

ever was seen, and the other, as the man who fed him to that size; and two thousand persons have subscribed for this at a guinea each.

A fat pig was also exhibited, but for some reason it did not take. The pig was acknowledged to be a pig of great merit, but its failure was only another example of our inconstancy as a nation.²²

As may be imagined, our visitors have some very hard things to say about the English Sunday. Prior to 1800—in the time of Queen Anne—the Sunday Observance Acts were rigidly enforced. Von Uffenbach, in 1710, complains that his landlady would not permit her guests even to play the flute on Sunday for fear of prosecution, but he observes that our strictness in these matters provided at least some evidence that we were Christians, which was not apparent from our behaviour in general.²³ Later in the century Sunday was not so strictly observed. Fashionable people—the men especially—did not go much to church. Cabinet meetings, dinners, court levees and card-parties were held on Sundays, and a Sunday paper appeared in 1778. That the day was still a very trying one for foreigners is clear from any number of eighteenth-century travel diaries. Grosley, in 1765, travelled on a Sunday from Ham to Calais with a young English officer, who refused to sing a song because it was not the proper day, or a psalm because it was not the proper place.²⁴ But about 1800, partly on account of the state of mind produced by the French Revolution, partly due to the personal efforts of Wilberforce, matters became much worse from the foreigner's point of view, and Sunday was being observed everywhere with Judaical

rigour. The practice of devoting the whole of the one free day of the week to church-going, Bible-reading, prayer, and the consumption of cold meat was quite incomprehensible to Frenchmen and Germans alike. All public entertainments were prohibited, and as to private amusements, half the people seemed honestly to believe that if they were to touch a card on Sunday they would be straightway fetched by the devil—indeed, he is said actually to have appeared to a pleasure-seeking but Sabbath-breaking old lady at Bath from beneath her card-table. The barrel-organ grinder could not even grind out a psalm. The streets looked as if the whole nation were in mourning for some national calamity. The women went to church; the men were to be found in the ale-house for the simple reason that they could not work and were not permitted to lie down and sleep like dogs. Higher up in the social scale you would find the parents, if not at church or eating, dozing over the Bible, anxious only to accelerate supper and bedtime so that the children could be got out of the way.²⁵ The young people, however, continued to stream into the country on Sundays. Pichot, in 1825, noticed the girls and apprentices, dressed in their best, the boys with nose-gays, all preparing for a country jaunt to Highgate or elsewhere, while the stage-coaches were packed with passengers for Greenwich, Windsor and Richmond.²⁶ In 1811 Simond found the Thames at Richmond crowded with pleasure-seekers on Sundays. The number of boats plying between London and Richmond was prodigious. They were covered with awnings and gay with flags, and the Londoners



EVENING PRAYERS

By E. Lami, from 'Voyage en Angleterre,' 1829

made bold to land and eat their dinners on the private lawns which ran down to the river. It was said that the Bishop of London, desiring to put a stop to this flagrant profanation of the Sabbath, and anxious first to ascertain the extent of the evil, caused a census to be taken of the boats passing under Richmond Bridge, but, finding the number to exceed 4,000 on one Sunday alone, he gave up the attempt in despair.²⁷ Naturally enough, to Roman Catholics our church services were gloomy and uninspiring. The Nonconformist chapels were even worse, and, although our visitors are polite about family worship, Lami, in his *Voyage en Angleterre*, has a drawing entitled 'Evening Prayers', which is perfectly reverent and in the best taste, but far more eloquent than words. There was, in fact, a prodigious amount of Bible-reading, but it was reserved for a later traveller to see Bibles chained to lecterns in the railway station waiting-rooms.²⁸

The most friendly and understanding description of our national character comes from Simond, who thought us odd, but generous-hearted below the surface, and capable of great affection and understanding. We had, of course, other admirers, but on the whole, so far as our French visitors were concerned, at least for some years after the conclusion of hostilities in 1815, we were not generally liked. Some writers did their best to help us with good advice, but it was as well that we did not attempt to take their instruction too seriously, for as counsellors they were strangely divided. One visitor remarks that we drank too much; another urges us to drink more. A third speaks with approval of prize-fights

and games of skill; the next begs us to exercise our jaws in the practice of polite conversation and to cease breaking them with our fists, imploring us further to abandon the custom of playing for presentations to livings in the church at the gaming-table. Trial by jury, to one, is the bulwark of our liberties, to be retained at all cost; to another it is a useless and antiquated survival and ought certainly to be abolished. One traveller observes that we were great lovers of peace and that there was no capital in Europe where crimes of violence were so little known. From the next we gather that our whole system of government should be reorganized, since there were more murders, arsons, perjuries, thefts and executions—more horrors, in fact, in England than even the imagination of Dante could have conceived.²⁹ From such confusion of tongues it is a relief to turn back to Simond, who offers no advice, but pays us a really fine compliment when he says that, while he would prefer to visit a Frenchman, he would elect to live with an Englishman, adding, with great shrewdness, that perfectly consistent characters were only to be found in novels. Nature could not produce them in England or anywhere else.³⁰

CHAPTER XI

LAW AND POLITICS

IF we summarize the opinions of foreigners concerning our legal system, we find that they were above all impressed by two things: our exalted idea of public justice and our unlimited confidence in its administration. A too rigid adherence to the letter of the law, which demanded absolute obedience from the people and unconditional reverence by the judges, was bound to be attended by disadvantages, but these were more than counterbalanced by the independence of the judiciary and our strong sense of natural justice. Goede, who has some shrewd remarks to make on the administration of justice in England, criticizes the multiplicity of Acts of Parliament, our strange devotion to precedent, the difficulty of reconciling conflicting decisions, and above all the barbarous law-language employed, but, if he is to be trusted, it was in Germany, not in England, that lawsuits survived from generation to generation and swallowed up the property of suitors.

His remarks on students and practitioners are not very complimentary: 'The practitioners do not take the trouble to fathom this almost impenetrable chaos (of Acts of Parliament and precedent). The science is usually studied in a very superficial way. Black-

stone's *Commentaries* appear to be their only oracle, and other law authorities are merely dipped into as an extraordinary occasion may require. . . . A methodical study of the law is unknown here. A student begins with transcribing from different treatises, and afterwards, when his memory has retained knowledge of the most useful forms, he is employed in drafting.' As a statement of the principles of legal education, even in the eighteenth century, this leaves a good deal to be desired, but it is still more surprising to find the trial of Warren Hastings cited as an example of the speed with which legal business was dispatched in England. 'It lasted seven years and three months, a period which in Germany would appear very moderate. In short, I have seen causes decided in as many days in England as would occupy as many years in other countries.' One cannot help feeling that Goede must have had some very bitter experiences of law in his own country.¹

A general complaint concerning the high cost of litigation here is not perhaps unexpected. Pichot, noting the sculptured figure of the lamb above the entrance to the Middle Temple, asks why the allegory was not completed by the figure of a wolf,² but the level of honesty among practitioners is described on the whole as unusually high. Goede seems really to have understood the distinction between serjeants, barristers and attorneys, and knew quite well what was required of them. 'An attorney', he writes, 'should be very expert in the language of the law, possess an intimate acquaintance with the different rules of court, and have good con-

nexions and credit.³ If he had added 'unlimited patience' his catalogue of qualifications might be exhibited in any solicitor's office to-day.

Our visitors were concerned mainly with the administration of criminal justice, and there is naturally some difference of opinion on the merits of trial by jury and the taking of evidence in open court. Both practices were unfamiliar to foreigners. Goede thought that trial by jury strengthened the confidence of the people in the impartial administration of justice, and that the dignity of the court was enhanced by the public examination of witnesses, since it secured the progress of the law from intrigue and villainy. A worthless character, who would not scruple to lie or prevaricate in private, was awed into other sentiments when encircled by the solemnities of the Court, and by the eyes and ears of his fellow citizens.⁴

Simond, on the other hand, who did not think much of our judicial system as a whole, regarded trial by jury as cumbersome and unsatisfactory, and thought that far too much time was taken up with arguments and evidence. The judge would be much better able to inform himself of the facts and the merits of the case in his chamber than amidst the noise and bustle of a public court.⁵ On the whole, foreigners were prepared to admit that the advantages were in favour of the accused, even though jurymen as a whole were ill-educated and entirely ignorant of law. One thing they could never understand was the latitude allowed to counsel in the cross-examination of an honest witness. Goede gives examples of the methods adopted by J. P. Curran at

a trial for treason in Dublin in 1795, and it is not surprising that he was shocked.⁶

The most interesting traveller, so far as this chapter is concerned, was Charles Cottu, a French lawyer of established reputation, who was sent to England in 1819 to study the jury system and report to his government in preparation for a proposed revision of the criminal code. He arrived with excellent credentials, and, in spite of the fact that the authorities here thought it necessary to watch his movements very closely,⁷ he mixed freely in legal circles and went the northern circuit with Scarlett, afterwards Lord Abinger and Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer. He seems to have known little or nothing of the English language, but most of the gentlemen on circuit spoke French, and Scarlett junior acted as interpreter when necessary. With these aids he finds his way with surprising skill and accuracy through the intricacies of criminal and *nisi prius* business at assizes, and speaks of arraignments and challenges, impanellings and verdicts as if he had been familiar with them all his life. On the whole Cottu was favourably—indeed too favourably—impressed with our treatment of criminals. He hoped that the example of a nation so long satisfied with a criminal code full of humanity and commiseration for the accused might have some effect upon the ancient and barbarous usages of the French criminal law, and soften its severity. He would even have transplanted our system in its entirety into France and imposed it on a people who by tradition and character were totally unsuited to it. Perhaps it is as well that Cottu did not know that in the very

year in which he was pursuing his investigations, a select committee was appointed to consider our criminal system, so far as capital punishment was concerned, and that some very hard things were being said about it.⁸ He is content to point to minor matters of procedure which he thought might be improved. Details connected with the place where the crime was committed, the nature of the violence used and the wounds inflicted, were all elicited by the examination of witnesses instead of being investigated by a public official and reported to the court, as in France, and as a result there was much waste of public time. There was no examination of the accused. No explanation was required of him on the matters with which he was charged, and the questions which in France were put to the accused with so much patience, address, and, in general, with so much success, were here not only entirely neglected, but even condemned as inquisitorial. Nor did we appear to attach any importance to discovering the motives which led to a crime, even when it might assist in proving the guilt of the accused. After an excellent account of a judge on circuit and the circuit system as a whole, we have a description of a criminal trial. Cottu was much impressed by the treatment of witnesses, and above all, by the impartiality of the judge. There were no tricks and snares set for the prisoners, as in France, and the whole proceeding was marked by an entire absence of dramatic interest. In England no part was assigned to the accused.

His hat hung upon a peg would supply his place to the spectators nearly as well, for he is placed so as to turn

his back upon them, and no interest is awakened in them, either by the sight of him, the development of the evidence against him, his defence of himself, or the efforts of the judge to elicit the truth. There is no contention between the accuser and the accused, and the latter has very often the appearance of a man who leaves, almost with indifference, a matter on which his life may depend to be settled between his own counsel and the prosecutor's; his voice falters not as proof after proof accumulates against him; no paleness steals over his visage, no damp hangs upon his brow, no appalling silence reigns between the interval of the discovery of his crime and his own confession of it, to excite in those around him the pity, horror, revenge, and every other violent emotion to which our debates give birth. In England all is calm and cold, the lawyers, the jury, the judge, the public, and even the prisoner himself, who seems scarcely to be sensible of the peril in which he stands, or of the strength of the case, which is made out against him.⁹

That M. Cottu was an idealist, determined to admire us and all our ways, is clear from the whole character of his book, but one wonders what his government, to say nothing of the assize judge and the members of the northern circuit, can have thought of the following:

In England everything breathes goodness and indulgence; the judge seems like a father in the midst of his family, called upon to judge one of his children. His countenance has nothing terrific in it. His desk, according to an ancient custom, is covered with flowers, as is also the table of the officers. The sheriff likewise, and other persons connected with the court, each wear a bouquet. The judge himself, with a condescension which is really surprising, suffers the space allotted to him to be intruded upon by the crowd of spectators, and in this manner he may often be seen surrounded by the prettiest women in the county, the wives, sisters or daughters of the grand

jury, who, coming to the balls and public amusements which are given at the assizes, likewise make it either a point of duty or a pleasure to attend the court. They appear in the most elegant morning dresses, and a singular contrast is afforded by the venerable head of the judge, covered, as it is, with a large wig, elevated above so many youthful female heads, adorned with all the beauty that nature can give and all the attraction that art can add.¹⁰

It seems almost indecent to pass from this idyllic picture to such a subject as death sentences, but M. Cottu was as thorough as he was impressionable. He adds a gruesome array of figures, but is careful to point out that in the year 1818, out of 1,254 criminals sentenced to death, only 97 were executed,¹¹ and adds that the judge was always ready to be merciful, and, in his quality as representative of the King, to stay an execution and recommend a commutation of the sentence to imprisonment or transportation for life. Luckily M. Cottu does not seem to have pursued his inquiries into the English prison system. Our visitors have not much to say about the civil business of the courts, which would, in any event, have been completely unintelligible to them. Grosley attended the courts at Westminster, but says little about them except that a lawyer by whom he sat, not understanding French, went at once to fetch some one who did.¹² Cottu's brief account of the courts of King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer cannot have been very helpful to his government, and he wisely refrained from attempting to explain the intricacies of the court of Chancery. "The proceedings of the court are so tedious, so difficult and so complicated that there are

few persons who voluntarily bring their actions into it. I had not time to penetrate into half of its obscurities, and I therefore prefer remaining silent to running the risk of making false statements respecting them.¹³ Goede gives a brief account of a Bill in Chancery and of the interrogatories which were tacked on to it, and adds, what we can only hope was untrue, that the German system was not unlike ours.¹⁴ Goede is speaking of the Court of Chancery under Lord Eldon, who, it is said, prefaced one of his judgements by the remark: 'Having had doubts upon this will for twenty years, there can be no use in taking more time to consider it.'¹⁵ Pückler-Muskau mentions the interminable litigation over the Thellusson will, 'according to which his property was to accumulate for a hundred and fifty years, interest upon interest, and the then existing young Thellusson to come into possession of the whole. In twenty years this term will expire.' At Brighton he saw the then Mr. Thellusson, a man of forty, with very little money, in company with his son, a pretty boy of eight, 'who was probably destined in his twenty-eighth year to be master of twelve millions sterling'. The amount of the accumulated fortune is probably overstated, but the 'pretty boy' must have been Charles Thellusson, the great-grandson, who, after further protracted litigation, eventually succeeded to a third of the estate.¹⁶

It is interesting to note that Élie de Beaumont, the French *avocat* who was here in 1764, visited Blackstone at Oxford, where he was putting the final touches to his *Commentaries*, which were to be published in the following year. The great man enter-



THE PILLORY, NINETEENTH CENTURY
By H. Monnier, from Lam, 'Voyage en Angleterre,' 1829

tained the visitor most kindly, but was obliged to confer with him in English, since he knew no French, and de Beaumont could not understand his Latin. The traveller was welcomed everywhere in legal circles. Oxford conferred on him the degree of LL.D. He dined with Lord Hardwicke, son of the Lord Chancellor, visited Lord Mansfield, and was privileged to sit with him on the Bench at Westminster Hall. Later, when he attended court again, he preferred to sit with counsel, and Wedderburn and another barrister explained the proceedings to him in French. He was much impressed at the cross-examination by Fletcher Norton, then Attorney-General, of a witness in a suit which was subsequently settled out of court, and did not omit to visit Doctors' Commons. He evidently thought highly of our judicial system, and was delighted to compare notes with the great men he was privileged to meet. We can only regret that he did not tell us a little more about them.¹⁷

If as a nation we were disposed to be litigious, a very general impression seems to have been formed, so far as foreigners were concerned, that our main business in life was the study of politics. 'In general', says Archenholz, 'nothing is more difficult than to make an Englishman speak; he answers to everything by yes or no; address him, however, on some political subject and he is suddenly animated; he opens his mouth and becomes eloquent; for this seems to be connected from his infancy with his very existence. . . . Nothing but politics is heard in any society; they talk of nothing but about meetings to consider the affairs of the state, deputations to

present petitions, remonstrances, etc.¹⁸ On the whole foreigners admired our constitution. As we shall see later, a visit to the Houses of Parliament was one of the recognized entertainments, and if our visitors could by any chance take part in a popular election, their delight was unbounded.

Southeys *Espriella* gives a lengthy and detailed account of an election at Nottingham, and makes great play with the abuse and corruption which were rife everywhere, the sale of votes, the bribing of voters, and the measures taken to secure or prevent their attendance at the hustings,¹⁹ but the whole business reads too much like an extract from Chapter XIII of *The Pickwick Papers*. An earlier and more convincing account of an election comes from von Uffenbach, who in 1710 witnessed the excitement of a contest at Westminster, when General Stanhope stood in the Whig interest and was defeated by a brewer called Cross, after a fierce struggle and a hot canvass.

When we reached the gate (of Tothill Fields) we found enormous crowds on both sides, as well as in the open field; they were all shouting each other down, some for Stanhope and others for Cross. They yelled after us, throwing their caps in the air. Cross's men were the more numerous; they were for the most part common folk. They kept on making crosses with their hands (in allusion to his name), and they threw garlands and trefoil-leaves into our coach, as if to say that we would support the brewer Cross. Since the tumult was so great, and we had been warned beforehand, we remained in the coach, and it was lucky we did so, for we should else have been in great danger from the horses and the scuffling that was going on. When we had waited for half an hour, Cross's supporters came up, some on horseback and others on foot.

Thereupon the watermen created a strange diversion, for they carried on their shoulders a small boat in which several fellows were sitting. They rowed in the air and one of them beat a drum. . . . Cross's supporters took up their position together in an open space and awaited Stanhope's opposition party, which appeared in half an hour's time. This was not so numerous, but it was made up for the most part of gentlemen of quality and lords with their led horses. We were amazed to hear the vile remarks and insults that the others hurled at them, and the mob even made so bold as to pursue them with filth and stones. The common people also had engaged in such prodigious hand-to-hand encounters that we saw a quantity of horses running about riderless, their owners having been unseated. We were surprised that nothing worse came of it, but it is forbidden on peril of life and limb to draw a sword, and according to English fashion they do not carry pistols. Most of those, on the other hand, who behaved the most shamefully had great clubs hanging to their saddles, and with these they gave each other heavy blows.²⁰

This account could be matched but not bettered from a dozen foreign writers of the period. Later accounts simply add unedifying details. It is not perhaps surprising that descriptions of election manners in England should have frightened observers abroad. Cottu tells us that, after some of the recent elections, French journalists reported that England was on the verge of dissolution. The people had broken down all the bulwarks of obedience, the life of every citizen was in danger, and conflagration, murder and pillage were ready to burst upon a devoted country. It was necessary, of course, to correct this impression, but Cottu reaches the limits of fatuity when, after describing a Westminster election, during which one candidate lost an eye and which no doubt involved the customary fort-

night of riot and drunkenness, he states that the people were merely exhibiting, somewhat tumultuously, an intoxicated joy at the exercise of liberty, that riot could be calmed in a moment to profound calm at the sight of a constable's staff carried by any citizen, however simple or obscure, and that the utmost licence rarely exceeded a few broken windows, a few tarnished dresses, and a few blows or slight contusions given and received. The English at such times were merely expressing their wishes and hopes in the full confidence of their strength and importance in the state; 'reassembling every day at the time appointed by the magistrates, dispersing in the same order at the period of retirement, encouraging the candidates by their choice, providing them with fêtes and public triumphs, displaying the colours of their favourites, describing on banners the principles which they support, and limiting their anger to the hooting and hissing of the adversaries, whom they believe to be interested in tolerating abuses'.²¹

It is doubtful whether M. Cottu can ever have been present at a hotly contested election in England. Certainly he had never studied Hogarth's *Election* plates. He admits that electors were not always scrupulous, and that there were cities, such as Hull, where votes were publicly bought. An entire vote or plumper cost about three guineas, and a half-vote the half of that sum, but even a paid elector, we are told, seldom voted against his conscience, and regarded the small sum which he received rather as recompense for loss of time than as the price of his vote.

One of the best descriptions of the House of Commons comes from Pückler-Muskau who, in May 1827, endured six hours of heat and misery, most uncomfortably seated, in order to see the House at its best. It was an exciting time. Canning, by allegiance with the Whigs, had just formed a new administration, and his former friends were now in opposition. Peel opened the attack, but the heavy fire was reserved for Brougham. 'In a magnificent speech, which flowed on like a clear stream, he tried to disarm his opponent, now tortured him with sarcasms, now taking a higher flight, wrought upon the sensibility or convinced the reason of his hearers. . . . I had heard and admired Brougham before. No man ever spoke with greater fluency—hour after hour—in a clear, unbroken stream of eloquence; with a fine and distinct organ, riveting the attention, without once halting or pausing, without repeating, recalling or mistaking a word—defects which frequently deform Mr. Peel's speeches. Brougham speaks as a good reader reads from a book.' Then Canning rose. 'If his predecessor might be compared to a dexterous and elegant boxer, Canning presented the image of a finished antique gladiator. All was noble, refined, simple—then suddenly, at one splendid point, his eloquence burst forth like lightning, grand and all-subduing. A kind of languor and weakness, apparently the consequence of his late illness, and of the load of business laid upon him, seemed somewhat to diminish his energy, but perhaps increased his influence over his feelings.' This must have been one of Canning's last great efforts, for three months later he was dead.

A visit to the House of Lords followed, where, in reply to Lord Ellenborough, the late ministers were heard in justification of their conduct in resigning. Wellington entered on his defence like an accused person. He stammered, interrupted and involved himself. 'He occasionally said strong things—probably stronger than he meant, for he was evidently not master of his stuff. Among other things, the following words pleased me extremely: "I am a soldier and no orator; I am utterly deficient in the talents requisite to play a part in this great assembly. I must be more than mad if I ever entertained the insane thought (of which I am accused) of becoming Prime Minister." ' The other lords defended themselves in turn, and Lord Eldon even descended to tears, 'which he has always at hand on great occasions, but I did not see that they produced any corresponding emotion in the audience'. Lords Holland and Lansdowne distinguished themselves by calm and appropriate statement, but Lord Grey far excelled the rest in dignity of manner, 'a thing which English orators, almost without exception, either neglect or cannot acquire'.²² We get another glimpse of Wellington from the Comte de Carné, who was here about the same time. 'Neither attractive nor eloquent, his movements are jerky like those of an automaton. He shoots out his words as if they were bullets from a mitrailleuse'.²³ The place and deportment of the House of Lords were suited to the dignity of a great nation, but the lower House was noted for its want of decorum. The chamber itself was small and without decoration. There was neither gold, marble nor tapestry, and two old men

in plain black coats, sitting on wooden stools on each side of the door, were the sole guardians of its safety.²⁴ The house, indeed, was like a dirty coffee-house, where the representatives of the people lay sprawling on benches with their hats on, and talking all kinds of trifles while their comrades were speaking. Simond adds that in the galleries the members could be seen sleeping on cushions in full view of the strangers. This lack of decorum struck foreigners very forcibly.²⁵ Moritz reports that the members openly insulted each other during the debates. They came into the house in their greatcoats and spurs, and cracked nuts or ate oranges, or whatever the season offered; the coming and going was continuous.²⁶ He heard Fox, who stood near the mace and thumped it heartily as he spoke. He is described as short, fat and gross, with a swarthy complexion and dark, badly dressed, with something of a Jew in his looks. Burke was well made, tall and upright, but looked elderly and broken. Rigby was excessively corpulent, with a jolly, rubicund face. The American Silliman, in 1805, has a description of Pitt and Fox almost at the close of their careers. Pitt was tall and spare, with small limbs and large knees and feet. His features were sharp, his nose large, pointed and turned-up, but his voice was sweet and well modulated, and his whole manner full of superiority and conscious dignity. Fox's manner was flowing, easy and natural, but without the dignity and impressiveness of Pitt. He stood leaning forward, as if going uphill; his fists were clenched and thrust into his waistcoat pockets.²⁷

When Simond was in London in 1810-11 and

wanted to attend the House, the Walcheren business was much in the public mind, and the strangers' gallery was packed to suffocation. During his first visit he heard Grattan, 'old and toothless, and speaking like a Jew, uncouth and carelessly, but ardently and with that seeming self-conviction which is among the first requisites for eloquence'. Our visitor was anxious to hear Canning and Whitbread, 'but the sacrifice is great—two or three hours standing on the stairs, then to scale the breach, and at last to sit motionless and cramped on a board eight or ten hours, hearing, perhaps, schoolboys and prosers, and at last, on the eve of obtaining the recompense of so much patience and suffering, to be turned out like a dog at the motion of any one member who may call for the standing order to clear the gallery, without assigning any motive'. Later Simond faced the ordeal again and endured an all-night sitting. There was a debate respecting public schools in Ireland, in the course of which he heard Wilberforce: 'a little man, as thin as a shadow, and drawing one side of his body after him as if paralytic, hurried across the floor with a tottering, brisk step and awkward bow, and said in substance that schools in Ireland were most desirable and should be organized by all means. These few words were extremely well spoken, with peculiar energy of feeling, and in a manner graceful and impressive. . . . Nothing can surpass the meanness of his appearance, and he seems half blind. . . . Next, another shadow (and well may they be shadows who work all day in the cabinet and wrangle all night, baited like bears at the stake), the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Spencer

Perceval), very small features and sallow complexion, his voice low but distinct, and flowing smoothly on without hesitation and without warmth.'

About half-past two in the morning the gallery was cleared, and the visitors adjourned to the kitchen, where they were refreshed by hot beef-steaks and port, but in the meantime the House, which was discussing paper currency, had adjourned.²⁸

Simond has some interesting remarks on procedure, and particularly on parliamentary eloquence, a thing totally different from the style of public speaking in France. There was no haranguing or reciting, but rather an argumentative and uninterrupted conversation. 'Eloquent appeals to the imagination or the passions seem to arise spontaneously from the subject without being sought for—a momentary burst, rather checked than encouraged. The speaker returns, as soon as possible, to a simple, unimpassioned style, and to the business before the House, or rather, never loses sight of it. Plain facts are the elements of his eloquence. He brings them together, places them in a strong light, and lets them speak for themselves.' Staël-Holstein says much the same. The first quality the English required in an orator, the first quality by which we recognized a statesman, was that of being a good debater, always ready to answer the arguments of an opponent. All that strictness of examination and correction of style, so carefully observed and studied in France, were in England employed on facts and arguments. The general impression, both in law and politics, seems to have been that the English were a nation of practical men, who loved precedent and authority

and hated abstract reasoning and every kind of innovation. This has been said again and again, but it is interesting to find it associated in the minds of foreigners with a slow but inevitable movement towards reform and a veritable passion for the correct pronunciation of Latin in public. Staël-Holstein tells us that Lord North once silenced an obstructive member, not by answering his arguments, but by restoring a false quantity in his opponent's quotation from Cicero.²⁹

CHAPTER XII

A GOOD HATER

IF the general reader wants to know what the average German thought about us in the eighteenth century, he turns to one of the better-known travellers such as Moritz or von Pöllnitz, and does not, as a rule, look much farther. These two visitors saw a good deal of our failings and virtues, but were content on the whole to like us, even if they did not praise us as extravagantly as some of their fellow countrymen. Amidst such a general chorus of approval it is not always easy to catch a discordant note, but good fortune drew my attention recently to one traveller of the latter part of the century who disliked us intensely and was not afraid to say so. His name was Andreas Riem. Very little is known of him, except that he describes himself as Canonicus and wrote a study of ancient painting and a work on the *Aufklärung*, but he was certainly what Dr. Johnson would have called a very good hater. He was here in 1785, and in 1798 he published at his own expense, as part of a larger work dealing with Germany, France and Holland, his *Reisen durch . . . England in verschiedener, besonders politischer Hinsicht*. The book must now be very scarce.

Riem was obviously well-read and seems to have travelled widely in Europe. He quotes Shakespeare, Smollett, Fielding, Johnson, Burke, Adam Smith and Goldsmith, and had more than a smattering of English history. He had no interest in archaeology or antiquities, but he was a keen student of nature, and although our national wickedness and degradation left little room in his mind for anything else, he could still find a place for some of the most delightful descriptions of the English countryside which are to be found in any traveller of the period.

His first impressions were very favourable, for Riem was entranced by the sight of Dover cliffs from the sea. While waiting for the tide he watched with delight the passing shipping and the revenue boats at anchor, until a flag was hoisted on the Castle hill and the packet-boat could make the harbour. Riem had taken a through ticket from Paris for eight Louis-d'or, which included transport and food by the way, and obviously did not expect to find tea, coffee and chocolate ready for the travellers at the inn without extra charge. In great good humour he climbed the cliffs and took a little path which ran along the top. Far away in the haze was the coast of France, and below him were the waves dancing in the sunshine. The sea was dotted with fishing-boats, and the picture remained imprinted on his mind for years. For Dover itself he had nothing but contempt—Englishmen might be relied on to ruin any work of nature—but where they had left the country untouched it was so lovely that it was fit to be inhabited by honest Germans.¹

His visit to the custom-house, however, soon

aroused his ill humour. His luggage was ransacked from top to bottom. Every shirt was taken out and shaken in search of lace. Then an official found his books. Some of them were bound in leather, and leather was contraband. Riem protested that knowledge was free, that the possession of four or six small leather volumes ought not to cast upon him the suspicion of being a leather merchant, but all in vain. The officer with a knife sliced off the covers very neatly, charged him 5s. 4d., and then demanded a gratuity. Riem offered him a lien on his 'imported leather goods' and departed in a huff.² In this mood even the beauty of the Kentish roads, the play of sunlight on the grass and hedges, and the stately country seats which he passed on his way to London left him cold. So did Canterbury and Rochester. Churches and palaces, he tells us, are everywhere the same. A man who has seen one Gothic building has seen all, and as for the monuments of Royalty, dead kings and princes smelt no better than dead beggars, and it was a waste of time to look at their graves.

London, as a whole, he thought vastly inferior to Berlin or Dresden, but he admired our parks and open spaces. These were, of course, essential in a town which was befouled with smoke and fog, but it was a matter of surprise to Riem that Englishmen should have given the matter any thought at all. He has some praise for Somerset House and the Royal Exchange. St. Paul's also comes in for mild approval,³ but Westminster Abbey was a great disappointment. He entered by way of the cloisters with excited curiosity. But he was immediately

disillusioned. The building itself was stately enough, but the monuments were too close to each other and wretchedly conceived and executed. To any one with a modicum of ordinary taste they were just a disgusting medley of ugliness. The guide was ignorant and hurried. With one eye on the arrival of fresh sightseers, he chased Riem and his companions from monument to monument, and finally introduced them to the waxworks. Here he snatched General Monk's cap from his head and held it out for tips—a practice which continued down to the times of Ingoldsby: 'This here's the cap of Giniral Monk! Sir, please put summut in'—and the raree-show was over.⁴ The only church he admired was St. Paul's, Covent Garden, a veritable Greek temple, and so restrained and beautiful that it might have stood on Greek soil, but after Riem's visit, and before the publication of his book, it was burnt down—a sure sign that a monument of such taste and purity could find no lasting home amidst a depraved and servile people.⁵

Some of his other observations on London are amusing, if at times a little surprising. In spite of the boasted wealth of Great Britain, the seats in St. James's Park were rickety and so dirty that it was dangerous to make use of them.⁶ Westminster Hall was damp and bare, but, like the Houses of Parliament, it was close enough to the river for the people to drown their reptile politicians and law-givers in it if only they had the courage to do so.⁷ The Custom-House was typical of the English character—the true home of perjury and fraud. It was said that in a very short space of time 100,000 false oaths had been

sworn there, the streets and alleys adjoining being packed with affidavit men who could be hired at all prices for the purpose of defrauding the State.⁸ The Bank, the Exchange, and the coffee-houses were so many convenient meeting-places for the furtherance of dishonest dealing. In the coffee-houses, as soon as the newspapers arrived, there was the silence of the grave. Each person sat absorbed in his favourite sheet, as if his whole life depended on the speed with which he could devour the news of the day. Not a word was uttered, for no Englishman ever spoke until his curiosity was satisfied. Riem's investigations seem to have taken him into queer places. He speaks of one tavern in a cellar to which the patrons descended by a ladder, which was at once removed and not replaced until they had paid their bills, and where, for better security, the knives and forks were chained to the tables.⁹

Our traveller lodged at first in Ludgate Hill and later in Tavistock Street, and he had friends in the Strand and elsewhere. He seems to have seen much of C. G. Woide, at one time preacher at the Dutch Chapel Royal, St. James's Place, and assistant-librarian at the British Museum, and obviously moved freely about the town. He gives us one or two glimpses of life in the streets, but his head was too full of politics and the crimes of politicians to bother much about the common people. There was an unfortunate encounter at night in the Strand with some of the girls of the town, and once at midnight, in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, he was confronted by an evil-looking ruffian who was obviously intent on violence, but a polite request for the time

was answered with equal politeness, and Riem is bound to admit that the general attitude to foreigners had improved on the whole and was then almost universally friendly.¹⁰

Our visitor attended a Court and makes some very unflattering remarks about the great people he saw there. The Queen was gracious and talkative, but the King preserved a grim and silent manner. The Duke of Newcastle—the second Duke—is described as ugly and old, a kind of living skeleton who spent his time ogling the ladies through his spy-glass. At one time he must have been a fine figure of a man, judged according to British standards, but lust and dissipation had reduced him to such dimensions that he seemed scarcely to have five pounds weight of flesh on his bones. Moore, Archbishop of Canterbury, was a Goliath among the Philistines, and Pitt a Saul among his father's asses. The Primate was a big man, all body and no brains. Pitt wore an embroidered French coat. His face, according to Riem, was already disfigured by wine, and marked by a growth of some kind on the left cheek-bone. Rodney, a man whom the traveller had pictured to himself as a typical sailor, was little more than a pygmy. His cheeks were pendulous, like the jowl of a dog. His eyes were small and green, and his arms hung motionless by his side. 'Never', says Riem, 'have I been so deceived in my idea of a hero as in Rodney. His victory over de Grasse was the victory of a dachshund over a giant.'¹¹

When Riem sets out to describe our politics and methods of government his contempt and abuse know no bounds. Unfortunately he seems to have

relied for his information, less on his own observation, than on a scurrilous pamphlet called *The Political Progress of Britain*, written in 1792 by a Scotchman named James Thomson Callender, which was almost immediately translated into German. Callender's aim was to present 'an impartial account of the principal abuses in the government from the Revolution of 1688, the whole tending to prove the ruinous consequences of the popular system of war and conquest'. For political rancour and venom this pamphlet would be hard to beat. The author's conviction was that unless we mended our ways the best thing that could happen would be for the two islands to be swallowed up by earthquake, so that the progress and remembrance of our crimes might be blotted out. Callender was promptly arrested, but escaped to America, where he spent the remainder of his days. How Riem must have revelled in such expressions as 'the ruffian catalogue of English Kings', 'the Asiatic plunderers of Leadenhall Street', 'the miserable rabble of Change Alley', and the endless chatter about bloodsuckers, muckworms, tyrants, traitors, and butchers! This is no place to attempt a defence of the English political system at the close of the eighteenth century, but in considering Riem's denunciations it is permissible to ask whether, in spite of the *Aufklärung* and the consequent intellectual awakening, the situation was so much better in Germany than in England. Had Germany no corruption in public life, no buying and selling of places, no tyrants, no downtrodden classes, no medieval lumber in its courts of justice, and no taverns and houses of ill-fame?

According to Riem, to put it briefly, the curse of England was gold and lust. Every department of public and private life was honeycombed with corruption and vice. Riem repeats the statement made by another traveller that as much money was spent in London in bagnios and taverns in one night as would discharge the whole public expenditure of the United Provinces for six months, and adds on his own authority that the prostitutes numbered one-fifteenth of the whole population of London, and that they were supported regularly by at least one-in-ten of the citizens—otherwise they would die of starvation.¹² The consumption of brandy, rum and gin was worse than in Russia. Indeed, gluttony, soaking and debauchery had reached such a pitch that not even the most insignificant matter of business could be transacted without the expenditure of a fortune. An Englishman would tolerate the destruction of his liberties, but threaten his stomach and there would be a revolution. Any money left over from indulgence in gluttony and riot was dissipated in prize-fighting, horse-racing, fox-hunting, betting and gambling. As much as £50,000 would change hands at a single prize-fight. People of all conditions would travel fifty miles to see a contest, noblemen and persons of rank vying with each other for the privilege of acting as seconds and assistants. Press-men were rushed to the ring in order that the coffee-houses in London might have the earliest news of the fight.¹³ Indeed, Riem tells us that he never met an Englishman who, on the smallest difference of opinion, did not say, 'What will you bet?'¹⁴ There was no desire to understand the foreigner's point of

view, or to know anything of foreign achievements in art or literature. Topics, on the other hand, which no decent German would discuss were debated in every class of society with such eagerness and relish, and such animation of features, that Hogarth might have taken his models from any polite London assembly.¹⁵ If the aristocracy was so lost to shame, what was to be expected from the common people? They were equally vicious, but their vices did not spring from any natural disposition to crime. They were the victims of years of misery, oppression and misgovernment.

Riem has some good words for the middle classes, who were being crushed out of existence, and approved of our women, who were virtuous and surprisingly tolerant in the face of their husbands' habitual infidelities. Indeed, if Englishmen possessed any virtues at all (which was denied), they owed these qualities solely to maternal influence and care. But even here Riem at once proceeds to qualify his approbation and excludes the society ladies, who were intent only on pleasure and, in fact, no better than they should be.¹⁶ Taken as a whole, England was a paradise inhabited by a race of creatures whose villainy must be known to be believed. Wealth, which elsewhere softened a nation's habits and aroused feelings of benevolence, with us only stimulated our inveterate greed. We were fraudulent in all our dealings, excessively ill-mannered, addicted to every vice in its most abandoned form, and entirely incapable of shame or amendment. That we were suffered to exist at all was an outrage to which Riem could never become reconciled. Our motto was:

‘Beware of treason, theft and the forging of bills of exchange. Short of that do what you please—the law cannot touch you.’¹⁷ Not even a visit to Drury Lane, with Siddons playing Desdemona, could moderate his loathing for us, for Iago was presented in the true British fashion, with such calculated cruelty and lust for murder that the actor might have been enacting the part of Hastings or Clive, or any one of the British factors in India.¹⁸

As for the politicians, Riem reserves most of his invectives for Pitt. Reformers, like Stanhope, Fox or Sheridan, might spend themselves in the cause of liberty, and struggle with the forces of corruption, oppression and intrigue, but they were voices crying in the wilderness, and their honesty only served to increase the general gloom. The administration is attacked, the ministers are assailed in the grossest manner, and the mere mention of such topics as the slave trade, the British policy in India and Ireland, the European situation, the persecution of dissenters, and the administration of justice produces a torrent of invective, concluding generally with the observation, to which Riem returns again and again, that we were a race of cowards and scoundrels, fit only to be conquered and enslaved.

Two chapters are devoted to the administration of justice,¹⁹ and it is not surprising, even after some acquaintance with Blackstone, that Riem should find our laws, both civil and criminal, ineffective and barbarous, and a disgrace to civilization. He belabours us in magnificent style, making great play with extracts from Callender, an unreliable witness, whose testimony cannot now be checked, and adding

some material of his own from sources which he does not specify. He condemns our love of technicalities, and quotes a case where a man indicted for bigamy was charged with having two wives. He married a third wife in prison, so that when he came to trial there was a flaw in the indictment and he was discharged.²⁰ Nor were we consistent in the administration of justice, for if all thieves were hanged there would not be a minister of the Crown, a Member of Parliament, a Government official, or a servant of the East India Company left alive, and the road from London to Windsor would be lined with gallows in place of trees.²¹ It is difficult to-day to say much for a system which comprised two hundred capital crimes and could hang a man for pretending to be a Chelsea pensioner, but in fairness it should be observed that the very technicalities against which Riem inveighs, coupled with a more humane outlook in the matter of reprieves, had helped for some years to mitigate the worst severities of the criminal law, and that there were other foreigners to whom our jury system and the scrupulous impartiality of our judges were matters for admiration and envy.

We leave our traveller without much regret. He is not our only critic, but he is the most consistently anti-British writer of the whole of the eighteenth century. Unfortunately, there was an element of truth in many of his charges against us, but his hatred and bitterness deprived him of all capacity for reasoned judgement. Nearly all his assertions are extravagant. Many of them have no foundation in fact, and his method of attack is often so outrageous that the reader is reminded of some of Gillray's more

scurrilous caricatures. But hard-hitting can be stimulating at times, and a traveller, however misguided, who can think for himself is generally worth listening to. It is amusing to find another German of about the same period describing England as the only country in Europe where real political liberty was to be found. One can only hope that the two writers did not meet.

CHAPTER XIII

REGENCY LONDON

THREE was a great influx of French visitors into England particularly after 1815. They were here, according to Horace Walpole, much earlier in very large numbers. Writing in 1783 he says:

We have swarms of French daily, but they come as if they had laid wagers that there is no such place as England, and only wanted to verify its existence, or that they had a mind to dance a minuet on English ground; for they turn on their heel the moment after landing. Three came to see this house last week and walked through it literally while I wrote eight lines of a letter; for I heard them go up the stairs and heard them go down, exactly in the time I was finishing no longer a paragraph. It were happy for me had nobody more curiosity than a Frenchman, who is never struck with anything but what he has seen every day in Paris.¹

There was peace with France in this year, but many of the later visitors were *émigrés* driven from France by the Revolution. Famous among these were Chateaubriand (1800), who was to return later an ambassador, and Madame de Staël, an intermittent visitor, who thought ill of our powers of conversation. The *émigrés* left relatively few accounts

of their experiences here. Their interests lay in France and in the past, and they mixed largely with their own countrymen. Such memoirs and books of travel as we have from them are often interesting, but do not add much to the observations of other travellers who were less preoccupied with their own affairs. To them succeeded the prisoners of war, whose treatment in the hulks and elsewhere was to colour our relations with France for many years. One of these was General Pillet, who was a prisoner of war for six years. His book *L'Angleterre vue à Londres et dans ses Provinces*, published in 1815, caused an immense sensation and was banned by the French police. In spite of its title, it was little more than a violent and unbalanced attack on our prison-ships and on our whole attitude towards our prisoners. The subject is outside the scope of this book, but it is sufficient to say that General Pillet brought much of his misfortune on himself by breaking his parole, and that, bad as our treatment of prisoners certainly was, the General's statements are on the whole either wildly exaggerated or demonstrably untrue. From such a writer we cannot expect any very favourable notices of our habits and character.

He thought us criminally minded, remarking that in a company of twenty persons you were sure to find at least one murderer and one thief. The excess of women over men, it is explained, was rendered necessary by our natural disposition to murder. Indeed, the murder of a wife by a husband was so common as to be scarcely noticed by the authorities, unless the circumstances were so atrocious as to

demand attention. He deduces from the newspapers that between December 1807 and June 1813, 171 wives were murdered by their husbands, and of these 171 murderers not one was punished. There were, in fact, few Englishmen over fifty who had not been married three times, the suggestion being, of course, that every Englishman who married a second time had murdered his first wife.² Our women, when suffered to remain alive, were awkward and dowdy, very expert in the art of shop-lifting and generally tipsy. We learn that after the age of forty every woman of rank or fashion was drunk nightly, under pretence of keeping the wind out of her stomach.³ Married women were, of course, unfaithful, and our girls were entirely shameless. It is a relief to know that our roads were excellent, and our carriages and inns convenient and even comfortable. In no other country was agriculture so far advanced, nor could any other nation boast such excellent philanthropic institutions, but even here the author qualifies his approbation, for we were charitable only out of vanity and had no real desire to relieve suffering. There is a good deal more of the same kind of thing, but it is all rather tedious and silly. The *Quarterly Reviewer*, who attacked the book in the issue for July 1815, called the author a liar and a wretch, and it seems unnecessary to add anything more.

There had been many changes in the appearance of London before the turn of the century. As early as 1791 Horace Walpole noted with consternation that the town would soon be unable to hold its inhabitants, so prodigiously was the population increasing. 'I have twice been going to stop my

coach in Piccadilly (and the same has happened to Lady Aylesbury), thinking there was a mob: and it was only nymphs and swains sauntering or trudging. T'other morning, i.e. at two o'clock, I went to see Mrs. Garrick and Miss H. More at the Adelphi, and was stopped five times before I reached Northumberland House; for the tides of coaches, chariots, curricles, phaetons, etc. are endless. Indeed the town is so extended that the breed of chairs is almost lost, for Hercules and Atlas could not carry anybody from one end of this enormous capital to the other.⁴

Building, which had been at some kind of standstill during the French Wars, was booming again. The development of the Bedford and Foundling estates had gone on hindered, but not stopped, by the war, and new streets were filling up the gaps between them. The docks were extended and the markets improved. Three new bridges, Waterloo, Vauxhall and Southwark, all begun in the last years of the war, had been completed, and London Bridge, planned by Rennie in 1823, was opened in 1831. The Act of Parliament for the building of Regent Street was passed in 1813, and by 1818 it was reported that all the building sites on either side had been let. It was stated that by 1826 60,000 new houses had been built in that part of London alone.⁵ Life within them, however, was not always very safe. In 1826 a house in St. James's Street fell down like a pack of cards, carrying half its neighbour with it, but, such was the craze for building, that both houses were expected to be rebuilt within a month by speculative builders, although perhaps no safer than before.⁶ The parks were a hindrance to development on the west, but

Bayswater Road and Tyburnia had developed into fashionable building sites now that criminals were no longer executed at Tyburn, with the result that vast tracts of waste land, which until then had harboured squatters and undesirables of all kinds, had been cleared, but there was still much filth and squalor. Just behind Orchard Street, where Simond lodged in 1810-11, there was a collection of filthy courts and passages inhabited by Irish labourers, who filled every cellar and garret and gave battle every Saturday night. The noise was such that it was impossible to sleep, but nothing could be done, as no watchman dared risk his life amongst them.⁷ The bustle in the city was indescribable, and the pavements were so narrow that it was necessary at times to leave them and walk in the road, a thing which, as Englishmen politely said, should never happen except to dogs and Frenchmen.⁸

It was remarked about this time that the richer merchants were emigrating from the city to the suburbs. By 1810, for half the distance from London into Hertfordshire, the road ran between two rows of brick houses, to which new ones were being added daily. They were so wretchedly built that for reasons of safety the leases contained a prohibition against dancing on the premises, but at least the people could live there in better air, in larger houses, and at a smaller rent, and a service of stage-coaches had been organized which passed every half-hour.⁹ The custom of letting London houses furnished while the family retired to the country was also becoming general. Campe, as we have seen, describes some kind of omnibus service in London as early as

1800-1,¹⁰ although Shillibeer's buses, drawn by three horses and carrying twenty passengers, did not make their appearance until 1829. Carriages were becoming lighter, more elegant and much faster. Fashionable young men were dashing about in cabriolets, curricles, gigs, tilburies, whiskies and tandems, and were even to be seen driving themselves. Riding in the Row had become the fashion. A steam carriage made its appearance in 1828, and Pückler-Muskau was one of the first to ride in it. It travelled five miles in half an hour in Regent's Park, but there was something to repair every moment and the smell of oil was insufferable.¹¹ Four years later a steam bus was carrying passengers between the City and Paddington.

As in the eighteenth century, the well-paved streets excited general approval. The *Duc de Levis*, who wrote a book on London in 1814, records that even the crossings were paved with smooth stones and kept constantly swept.¹² But the general impression was that London was flat and monotonous. The predominant colour was a dingy grey—it was, in short, a city without great faults or great beauties. Visitors still disliked the fogs and smoke, but were beginning to ask whether London's record as the healthiest city in the world might not be due to its 'sulphurous emanations.' In any event it was healthy in the spring, and coal-smoke killed wasps. Not a wasp was to be found in or about London.¹³ Every house had its stone steps, its own railings, its lamp, and its little garden or courtyard behind, differing only from its neighbour in the number and the name on the plate. Verandas were coming into fashion—'verandas in

a country where every physician recommended double doors and double windows as precautions against the intolerable cold! ¹⁴ But if the streets were as uniform as in the preceding century, they were certainly less dull. The shops were becoming yearly more opulent and splendid—‘*Les belles boutiques! le luxe extrême!*’ exclaims Eugène Delacroix in 1825. The jewellers were bright with gems and trinkets. Every pastrycook could show a pretty woman behind the counter, and the print shops were irresistible. The mercers’ and haberdashers’ young men were smartly dressed, with hair feathered and frosted, and trained to be assiduous and engaging to the ladies and never querulous at loss of time. The shop-fronts were all glazed, and the articles themselves were so numerous and well arranged that something interesting or curious was always to be seen in them.¹⁵ And many of the shopkeepers and assistants understood French even if they did not speak it.¹⁶

Much else had happened to add to life and movement in the streets. Barrel-organs were becoming common. East Indians with brightly coloured umbrellas, and Esquimaux in reindeer coats and hats took their walks abroad.¹⁷ Postmen, resplendent in scarlet and gold, hurried to and fro and crossed from side to side with incredible rapidity. The art of advertising had made great strides. Foreigners were amazed to see men parading the streets with high pasteboard hats bearing legends in praise of boots, or cheap washing, while chests shaped like Noah’s Ark were trundled about, carrying more lies than Munchausen ever invented. Wherever there was a blank

wall, a vacant house, or a temporary scaffolding, the space was instantly covered with printed bills. One traveller saw two rival blacking-makers standing side by side, each carrying a boot completely varnished hanging from a pole. One man gave notice that his blacking was the best in the world—the other that his commodity was so good that you could eat it.¹⁸ Later in the century some enterprising newspaper man sent hawkers into the streets to shout the latest news through large tin horns, but the practice was promptly put down as a public nuisance.¹⁹ Tradesmen were already concerned to advertise their connexion with the Royal Family and the nobility. His Majesty's tailors, shoemakers, hatters, and mathematical instrument makers were to be met with in most unexpected places, and Goede and Silliman, the American traveller, both saw in staring capitals over one shop the announcement: 'Bug Destroyer to His Majesty'.²⁰

Street lighting was still very primitive until 1803, when Argand lamps with reflectors were set up in New Bond Street. Four years later an experiment was made with gas lighting in front of Carlton House, but even after the Gas Light & Coke Company received its charter in 1812, progress in that direction was very slow and the old oil-lamps were only gradually displaced. The water supply was also receiving attention. When Simond was here in 1816-11 the old wooden pipes, which had served London for centuries, were being removed in Holborn and Oxford Street, and large cast-iron pipes were being substituted, with smaller pipes branching off into the side streets.²¹ There was as yet no



WATCHMEN

By H. Monnier, from Lam's, 'Voyage en Angleterre,' 1829

regular police force. The preservation of order was left to the watchmen, mostly old men, who, as we can see from the delightful drawing by Monnier, were not likely to be very helpful in a street brawl. It was said that many of them were so feeble that they could hardly swing their rattles. Their main duty was still, as in Pepys' time, to cry the hours and the weather throughout the night, a practice which foreigners found it difficult to understand. Like Smollett's Matthew Bramble, *Esپriella* complains bitterly of their bawling and shouting. During his first night in London he was informed for the first three hours that it was a moonlight night, then that it was cloudy, and finally, at 3.30 a.m., that it was a rainy morning. A strange custom, he adds, for Londoners 'to pay men for telling them what the weather is every hour during the night, till they get so accustomed to the noise that they sleep on and cannot hear what is said'.²² But luckily Londoners were growing less turbulent. Campe, in 1801, remarks that except during parliamentary elections there was hardly any violence in the streets. One thing which was impressed on strangers every day and night was that the English had realized the advantages of liberty. There were scarcely any soldiers to be seen. Order was preserved by the citizens themselves and by the watch. At times a few special constables appeared, armed with nothing but staves, and in case of serious disorder a justice of the peace would read the Riot Act, whereupon the crowd would disperse immediately. This is perhaps a little overstated, but it serves to show that matters were improving.²³

The chief sights remained much as before—the

Royal Palaces, the Parks, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, the Tower, Exeter Change, and the British Museum. The Museum was somewhat more accessible than in Moritz's time, but the visit was still something of an ordeal. Formal application had to be made for tickets, and the names of the applicants were inscribed in a book. Only five companies of fifteen persons each could be admitted in a day, and visiting days were restricted to Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. The directing officer examined the entries, and if none of the applicants was exceptionable, the party was handed over to an attendant whose duty it was to conduct them through the collection. Simond's party was in the charge of a German cicerone, but he was in a great hurry, as another party of fifteen was waiting. 'Our conductor pushed on without minding questions or unable to answer them, but treating the company with double *entendres* and witticisms on various subjects of natural history, in a style of vulgarity and impudence which I should not have expected to meet with in this place and in this country.' Apparently the rules were shortly afterwards relaxed, but as a whole visitors were not greatly impressed. Pückler-Muskau, in 1826, calls the collection a mishmash of works of art, natural curiosities, books and models, all preserved in a miserable building. At the top of the main staircase were two enormous giraffes in the character of stuffed guards or emblems of English taste, and the Elgin marbles were housed in a shed.²⁴ St. Paul's was generally considered to be a magnificent, but grimy pile, much too spacious within, disfigured by funeral monuments, and desecrated in the

eyes of Frenchmen by the display of flags and banners taken in the late wars.²⁵ Externally it was so crowded in with houses that the view was wholly obstructed. Not until another conflagration laid London in ashes, it was said, was there any hope of the citizens ever obtaining a sight of their own cathedral. Most visitors climbed to the whispering gallery and the dome, but the passages, like the stairs, were endless, the ball could only be reached by four rickety ladders, and it was well to keep close to the guide. One unfortunate sightseer did, in fact, get mislaid and had to spend two days and nights in dismal solitude. Finally he reached one of the towers in front, hung out a handkerchief as a signal of distress and was rescued.²⁶ Westminster Abbey was on the whole greatly admired but, as in the earlier century, it was disfigured by dirt and cobwebs, and foreigners were struck by the fact that many of the monuments had been grossly mishandled. Major André's monument had been terribly disfigured. One visitor had struck off Washington's head, another retaliated by knocking off the major's, so that the two principal characters were both headless. Stalls had been set up for the sale of gingerbread nuts, and porters seemed to regard the Abbey as a kind of public thoroughfare. Luckily, as Southey's Spanish traveller remarks, the fees for admission were high, or otherwise the whole church would soon be destroyed out of hand.²⁷

The Old Bailey, Newgate, and the various debtors' prisons continued to attract visitors. At Newgate Simond found the prisoners playing fives in a narrow court, their irons fastened on one leg only

from the knee to the ankle over a sort of cushion, and so arranged as to make no noise or impede movement. All were playing with great briskness and glee. Mr. Cobbett was not then in residence, but Simond was allowed to see his apartments, where he lived with his family, and from the security of which he continued to pour out his torrent of abuse as freely as ever on everything and everybody in turn.²⁸ The King's Bench prison was an isolated world in miniature—like a not insignificant town, except that it was surrounded by walls thirty feet high. Cook-shops, circulating libraries, coffee-houses, dealers and artisans were all at the disposal of the inmates. There were dwellings of all kinds, even a market-place—nothing was wanting except liberty. Even in Newgate the treatment of prisoners is described as very mild, and everything was clean and decent. A traveller in 1826 saw six boys, the eldest not more than fourteen, all under sentence of death, smoking and playing very merrily together. Four of a maturer age accepted their fate still more lightly. Three were playing dummy whist amidst jokes and laughter, while the fourth sat at a window studying a French grammar.²⁹ This strange medley of licentiousness and restraint, of freedom and confinement, of punishment for what was done and liberty to do the same again, although well in keeping with the English character, struck our visitors as very odd, and we did not apparently care to talk much about it.

London life did not commence very early in the day. Not a mouse was stirring before ten o'clock

when the shops began to open. The first considerable movement was the drum and military music of the Guards marching from the barracks to Hyde Park, having at their head three or four negro giants playing cymbals. About three or four o'clock the fashionable world gave some signs of life, issuing forth to pay visits or leave cards, to shop or lounge in Bond Street—an ugly, inconvenient street, according to one traveller, the attractions of which it was difficult to understand. From six to eight the carriages began to appear. Dinner was followed by a visit to the theatre or the opera.³⁰ The receptions came later, and we are indebted to Madame d'Avot for an amusing description of a fashionable rout. What could happen at a public festivity is also related. In 1811 the Prince Regent gave a fête at Carlton House to celebrate his appointment to the regency. It was computed that 1,600 persons were invited, and 400 carriages had to be accommodated. All went well on the night itself, but on the following day, when the public was admitted, the crush was so great that people were trodden under foot and severely injured. Women were extricated from the mêlée almost *in naturalibus* and had to hide themselves until petticoats could be procured, while the shoes which were swept up afterwards filled several tubs.³¹

Foreigners were much interested in the domestic arrangement of the English houses. Some of the menus for a family dinner are rather alarming in their proportions, but, although our cuisine was still largely that of savages, food was undoubtedly becoming more delicate, with made dishes or

French ragouts, and vegetables no longer served in all the simplicity of nature, like hay to horses. Since the peace the whole world had been ransacked for an Englishman's table. Turtles were brought alive from the West Indies. Wherever you dined you saw Perigord pie. India supplied sauces and curry powder. Hams came from Portugal and Westphalia, reindeer tongues from Lapland, caviae from Russia, sausages from Bologna, maccaroni from Naples, oil from Florence, olives from France, Italy or Spain, cheese from Parma or Switzerland. Fish came packed in ice from Scotland to the London markets. Port, Madeira and sherry were drunk, claret, Burgundy and champagne still being luxuries. The ordinary beverages during dinner were small beer and sparkling ale served in high shaped glasses like champagne glasses; soda-water, which is described as hissing down the throat and drawing tears to the eyes, was also coming into use.³² The drinking water was abominable, brought either from a canal, in which the rabble washed themselves in summer, or from the Thames, which received all the filth of the city. One week's expenses of the late war, it was said, would have built an aqueduct from the Surrey hills and a hundred fountains to distribute the water. Tea was in general excellent, but Englishmen suffered the misfortune of being forbidden by Act of Parliament to drink good coffee, since they might not grind it themselves, and all the freshness and flavour were evaporated in the warehouses. The toast was still a very solemn rite but was losing ground daily. Indeed, it was the height of fashion

to banish everything like *gêne* or ceremony, and the custom of sitting for hours over the bottle had been laid aside. Of all offences which a visitor could commit the three following were the greatest —to put his knife in his mouth, to take sugar or asparagus with the fingers, and above all to spit anywhere in a room. To one traveller's amazement there did not appear to be a single spittoon in the whole of London.³³ What happened before and after the ladies left the room is sufficiently startling to be given in Simond's own words.

There are some customs here not quite consistent with that scrupulous delicacy on which the English pique themselves. Towards the end of dinner, and before the ladies retire, bowls of coloured glass, full of water, are placed before each person. All (women as well as men) stoop over it, sucking up some of the water and returning it, often more than once and with a spitting and washing sort of noise, quite charming—the operation frequently assisted by a finger elegantly thrust into the mouth. This done, and the hands dipped also, the napkin and sometimes the table-cloth are used to wipe hands and mouth. This, however, is nothing to what I am going to relate. Drinking much and long leads to unavoidable consequences. Will it be credited that in a corner of the very dining-room there is a certain convenient piece of furniture to be used by anybody who wants it? The operation is performed very deliberately and undisguisedly, as a matter of course, and occasions no interruption of the conversation.³⁴

Nor when the gentlemen joined the ladies were their manners all that could be desired, for the practice of half-lying instead of sitting, sometimes of lying at full length on the carpet at the feet of the ladies, of crossing one leg over the other in such a

manner as to hold the foot in the hand, had crept into the most exclusive circles and was in danger of being aped by the French.³⁵

The interior of the houses was scrupulously clean. Instead of the abominable filth of the common entrance of a French house, you could step from the street on to a neat floor-cloth or carpet. The walls were painted or papered, a lamp in its glass bell hung from every ceiling—all, in fact, was independent, snug and comfortable, and water-closets had been installed in most of the better-class houses. Each window was provided with curtains and Venetian blinds, but the extraordinary English habit of living on the ground floor prevented the windows from being opened on account of the dust, and lest passers-by should look in on the owner's privacy the room had to be half darkened by the blinds.³⁶ The workmanship of the doors and windows was excellent, and at night the foreigner realized, with some apprehension, that he was in a land of housebreakers, for the shutters were tightly closed and barred, and bells were fixed to alarm the family in case the house should be attacked. The open grates continued to arouse the complaint that strangers were exposed to the torments of heat and cold at once. The conclusion arrived at was that, living in this most inconstant of climates, against which it was difficult to take any effectual precaution, we had at last given the matter up in despair, and took no precautions at all. For the sake of seeing an open fire, into which they stared with such intentness that their eyesight was affected, the English, it was said, were content to be scorched on one side and frost-bitten on the other, and at the

same time to have more women and children burnt to death in one year than all the heretics who ever suffered in England in the days when heresy was thought a crime.³⁷ For the rest, according to Amédée Tissot, our beds were atrocious, and our women were badly made and held themselves disgracefully. He suggests sending dancing masters from France to teach us how to walk, modistes and dressmakers to teach us how to dress, and upholsterers to look to our beds. But even then there was little hope for us unless we ate less meat, drank more wine and put an end to the intolerable tedium of the English Sunday.³⁸

There had, of course, been many changes in dress since the opening of the century, but in the world of fashion nothing was certain. Colour and shape were regulated one week and forgotten the next. At one time red was the prevailing fashion, then came colours too delicate and nice to be described in ordinary language and special names had to be invented—the Emperor's Eye, the Mud of Paris, or the Sigh Suppressed. Sometimes a cane was carried, sometimes a club, sometimes a common twig—about 1806 or 1807 the more deformed and crooked its growth the better. At one time every man walked with his hands in his coat pockets. The length of the neck handkerchiefs, the shape, the manner of wearing them, must all be in the mode, and a Bond Street professor gave lessons at half a guinea a time in the art of tying this important article of dress in the newest and most approved style.³⁹

So far as accommodation for strangers was concerned, there had been a great improvement since the

opening of the century. As in Paris, there were fashionable hotels, such as Brunet's Hotel in Leicester Square, to suit large purses, but the name 'boarding-house' was coming into use, where one could lodge very cheaply. A bedroom and a small sitting-room facing the street could be had for fourteen shillings a week, both very clean and neat. There were restaurants where dinner could be had for three or four shillings in the French manner, and foreigners were beginning to appreciate our fish and York ham. At the eating-houses and cook-shops it was still possible to dine moderately for a shilling, and the coaching inns were excellent. Montulé, in 1825, tells us that even if one had to eat *à l'anglaise*, one could sleep there *à la française*.⁴⁰

One of the most observant and sprightly travellers of the period was Madame M. d'Avot, a French-woman, who was here in 1817-18. Little is known about her, but her book, published in 1819, reached a second edition two years later and seems to have caused a considerable stir.⁴¹ She has little to say about history, politics or literature. Her concern was with the ordinary affairs of life, and one of her charms is her complete absence of affectation. She enjoyed her stay in London. She had a kindly wit, which never permits her to rail at us, and she describes her experiences and impressions quite simply and naturally. Her letters must have delighted her correspondents, and even now it is difficult to put them down.

As a whole Madame d'Avot thought us a remarkable people. She laughs at our snobbery and our love of convention and ostentation, which was at

times in very bad taste. The life of each class of society was copied from the one immediately above. The tradesman's wife aped the fashionable ladies, and the great ladies took their manners and even their dress from the most popular duchess. We were much too serious in our pleasures, and there was too little easy intercourse between the sexes. The men lived in their clubs. The women had their tea-parties and social engagements, with the result that in a mixed company the atmosphere was glacial and utterly different from the charm and freedom of a similar assembly in France. But we were honest and friendly; our houses were comfortable, our family life was a pattern for the world, and the English children were delightful. Madame d'Avot, as might be expected, has a good deal to say about dress and fashion. She thought that the young girls had too much freedom, and that our ladies were tasteless and overdressed. They had ugly feet and were inclined to favour a fashion in short skirts which was somewhat removed from decency. Tight-lacing was the fashion; even the lackeys appeared to be as much pinched at the waist as their mistresses. Feminine movements were designed to copy the men as much as possible. And the English ladies paid far too little attention to their homes. Even a tradesman's wife would have three servants, and there was such a rage for shopping that the wise husband settled his wife and family in a house in the country, as far removed from London as possible.

There was very little that Madame d'Avot did not see. She was received in society, visited the theatres and the opera, saw Newgate, Bedlam, Epsom and

Greenwich. She perambulated 'New Bound Street', and was delighted with the shops and the display of fashion and beauty there. She stepped aside to witness a street fight between a coachman and a baker, and was amazed to see the owner of one of the vehicles descend, push his man aside, and knock the offending baker headlong into his bread-basket.⁴² She gives an amusing description of a rout. 'What a tumult, what a crowd, what noise, what dust! I hear nothing but the cries of lackeys, music, the shrill voices of the women of fashion, the laughter of the English wits. They are still ringing in my ears. . . . Four hundred people gaze at each other and rub shoulders. . . . There is a little music, some set dances and a valse or two. . . . The men ogle the women with as much effrontery as in Paris. The women are bold coquettes. . . . The evening commenced after the opera, that is at midnight, and two hours later all was finished. This exhibition must have cost at least £1,000.'⁴³ Madame d'Avot was present also at a middle-class evening party. In a company, which included a feather-bed merchant and a dealer in mantelpieces, she played whist until midnight and won £4. Then followed a sumptuous meal—the table groaned with good things—after which the guests amused themselves by murdering a number of good old English ballads, a performance which resembled gargling rather than singing, until finally, very tired and amused, the visitor was suffered to return home.

This indefatigable lady was one of the few travellers to witness the sale of a wife, although the custom is often mentioned by foreigners.

I was told two days ago that there was a sale at Smith-field. I wished to see this and spoke to some of my friends, who would not believe that a woman could still be placed in the position of a beast of burden, a custom which they told me was a relic of barbarism and was now abolished. This I was disposed to believe until a sailor appeared bringing in his wife to be sold. I saw this, I say. He led her in at the end of a rope and she was auctioned publicly for the sum of three shillings. A crowd assembled immediately at the news of the sale, and the magistrates came too late to stop it. The purchaser entered into an obligation to feed the woman and see that she did not fall into want, and the vendor and purchaser then adjourned to a tavern to seal the bargain in gin and beer.⁴⁴

That this degrading practice was still common is clear from other records of the period, but an account such as this by an eyewitness is too important to be overlooked. Madame d'Avot gives finally a vivid description of an election, which is too long to quote,⁴⁵ as well as a glimpse into the principal contents of the Sunday papers which were then becoming fashionable—two actions for *crim. con.*, related with every scrap of evidence in full, and a detailed account of a rape—all consumed with avidity and digested by the young people of her day.⁴⁶ How little fashions change, even in a hundred years!

CHAPTER XIV

SCOTLAND

I

THE EARLY TRAVELLERS

EVEN as late as the seventeenth century Scotland was to a large extent an unknown country. A century earlier there was a very general belief that it was an island situated somewhere off the coasts of Norway and Denmark, and nearer to Spain than England. Mercator's Atlas published in 1595 cleared up a number of geographical uncertainties, but left a great deal unexplained, and Scotland still remained unexplored and largely unvisited. Professor Hume Brown, in his *Early Travellers in Scotland*, has printed a number of records of travel, and others have come to light since his book was published. His survey ends in 1689, but we have to wait another hundred years for anything like an appreciation of Scotland as a whole.

Among early travellers we have descriptions of Scotland by Froissart, Aeneas Sylvius Piccolomini (afterwards Pope Pius II), Jacques de Lalain, who jested valiantly with the Scottish nobles at Stirling, Pedro de Ayala, Andrea Trevisan, the Venetian (who was never there), and others whose records are

not very illuminating. Aeneas Sylvius tells us very little except that the Scotch oysters were larger than the English, that there were no wolves in Scotland, that the men were small and the women not too careful of their chastity, and that the sun was hardly ever seen there. On his return journey the traveller, disguised as a merchant, spent a dreadful night in a stable amidst the barbarians who inhabited the desolate plains of Northumberland, but his arrival by sea was even more exciting. He was nearly shipwrecked, and in his extremity he vowed that, if he came safe to land, he would make a pilgrimage on foot to the nearest shrine. As a result, he tramped barefooted for ten miles over frozen ground to White-kirk near North Berwick, contracted rheumatism, and had to be carried back on a litter.¹

Jörg von Ehingen, a Swabian knight, who, after an adventurous journey across Europe, visited the Scotch Court in 1458, has even less to tell us of the country and the people. He was well received, and royally entertained with hunting, feasting and dancing, and finally, when the time came to depart, he did so loaded with gifts, his attendants also receiving presents of money. His real claim to notice, so far as this visit is concerned, is due to the fact that he carried back with him a portrait of James II, the only known contemporary likeness, and the only one which shows the red mark on the face, which earned for the King the title 'fiery face'.²

A number of interesting facts can be gathered from the Spaniard, Pedro de Ayala, who visited Scotland in 1498 as ambassador from the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella, and whose report marks a

considerable advance in the art of observation and description. He tells us that Scotland had been greatly improved by contact with foreigners, who had taught the people how to live. The country was well supplied with fruit and corn. The inhabitants were vain and ostentatious, but handsome and courageous and well disposed to foreigners, although the islanders were still very wild and warlike. The towns and villages were well built and populous. The houses were constructed of hewn stone, and provided with excellent doors, glass windows and numerous chimneys, and well furnished. Moreover, the furniture had not been bought in modern times, but was inherited from past ages. The women, if a little inclined to boldness, were graceful and handsome. They dressed much better than the Englishwomen, and their head-dress was the handsomest the traveller had ever seen. As for James IV, he was of noble stature, neither tall nor short, and as handsome in complexion and shape as any man could be. He spoke many foreign languages, as well as Gaelic, was full of virtues, and had no faults worth mentioning. There was, in fact, a great difference between Scotland of old times and the Scotland of 1498. De Ayala's report is certainly coloured by partiality, but it comes as a relief after the repeated descriptions of the country as a barren, sunless waste, inhabited by barbarians. The ambassador, however, was no geographer. He gravely informs his Royal master and mistress that Scotland borders on England by land, and by sea on Brittany, France, Flanders, Germany, Denmark, Norway and Sweden, and is, in fact, surrounded by these countries.³

The sixteenth century naturally brings us more material, but not a great deal. *Maître Perlin*, who has already appeared in this book as one of England's best haters, was in Scotland in or after 1553. As the ancient ally of France, he naturally regarded Scotland with more sympathy, but he was a captious traveller and found much to criticize. There was very little money. The land, where cultivated, was poor, and much of the country was a desert. The Scotch were courageous, but poorly armed, and, but for the happy alliance with France, the country would have been laid in ashes, ruined and wasted by the English, who were worse than dragons, serpents, crocodiles and asps, and utterly accursed of God. Nor were the Scots very hospitable. If you said to the ordinary sort of man in Scotch, 'Guede guednit, goud maistre, praie gui mi logini', which was to say, 'Good night, my master, I pray you give me lodging', he would reply haughtily, 'Est est no bet', 'There is no bed', and there was no hope of lodging unless he was well paid. 'However,' adds the traveller, 'some are more compassionate and humane, there being here, as in other countries, both good and bad.' It is clear that, except as a place from which the French could descend upon England and wipe it out of existence, *Maître Perlin* had little interest in Scotland, and he tells us next to nothing of the places he visited.⁴

An interesting traveller, not known to Hume Brown, visited Edinburgh in 1584 or 1585. This was the German Lupold von Wedel, a soldier and traveller, who had already visited the Holy Land, and Spain and Portugal, before coming to England.

After a short stay in London, he rode north with six companions, and ten days later entered Berwick. Here the travellers were welcomed by the governor, Lord Hunsdon, who entertained them to a 'great soaking', the toasts being drunk continuously out of large tumblers. Wedel thought the fortifications of Berwick pretty good, but the houses were mean and thatched with straw. There were numbers of ravens in the town, but it was forbidden to shoot them, as they were believed to drive away the bad air. Lord Hunsdon sent forward to announce the travellers' arrival, and in due course they were allowed to proceed, and welcomed on the Border in the King's name. From Dunbar a visit was paid to the Bass Rock. The approach to the castle was less difficult, apparently, than formerly, for Wedel and his companions made no use of 'the winding machine to wind people up' mentioned by other travellers, but ascended on foot. The castle was regarded as impregnable, and the King, it was said, had offered a great sum for it, but, finding the owner unwilling to part with it, he had told him to keep it and the devil into the bargain. Wedel attempts a description of the habits of the solan goose, which greatly exercised the imagination of natives and foreigners alike, and in due course the travellers rowed back to the mainland, the governor saluting them with six shots from the big cannon. Their guide, who had fought at the battle of Pinkie, escorted the travellers over the battle-ground, and left them at Edinburgh, which unfortunately is not described. Permission was granted, however, for the travellers to see the King when he came to

church, attended by twenty men on horseback and a company of fifty archers. There was a sermon lasting for more than an hour before the King arrived, and, when he had taken his seat, the bishop of St. Andrews mounted the pulpit and preached again, being robed in a long red taffety coat. There was also much psalm-singing in the Zwinglian manner. James VI is described as 'a fine gentleman, twenty years old, as they say, of a smooth appearance, having no beard. He was nicely dressed after Italian fashion in a red coat. His hat or hat ribbon was decorated with a brilliant diamond cross.' But the Court as a whole showed little splendour. Holyrood House is described as a building of mean appearance, the rooms having no Royal accommodation, but it was surrounded by fine gardens with beautiful planted hedges. This and the castle are very briefly dismissed. Wedel was much more interested in the Maiden, the instrument like a guillotine, which had been imported from Halifax to Edinburgh for the execution of James, Earl of Morton, in 1581, 'an excellent man, who showed more friendship and honour to foreigners, especially to Germans, than has ever been done since'. There is little more of importance, but Wedel adds a few remarks on the country and the people in general which are worth quoting. 'Scotland is well fitted for agriculture, only the vine does not grow here. It is not as level as England, the villages look very poor, the houses having stone walls not as high as a man, upon which the roofs are erected and covered with sod. They have children without number, but, though they appear

to be very poor, this is not the case. The towns have no ramparts, and generally only one street; the houses are built of wood, their outside covered with boards. The population, male as well as female, show no splendour in garments, but are clothed in a very plain way, as I have shown by the drawings in my *Book of Manners*.⁵ Unfortunately the *Book of Manners* has disappeared.⁵

Jorevin de Rochfort, whom we have already met in Chapters III and VII, also visited Scotland, probably in 1667, and has left us an interesting account of his travels. He reached Greenock on a Sunday. The ordinary route to Glasgow went by Renfrew, but the way was full of marshes, and on Sunday the boat did not run. Jorevin was obliged therefore—another victim of the tyranny of Sunday observance—to make his way along the Clyde and reach Glasgow by the bridge. The streets were large and handsome, the houses being built of wood and richly ornamented with carving. Jorevin describes the market-place and the new Tolbooth, erected in 1626, and was shown the sights by his host's son, a student of philosophy at the University, who introduced the traveller to 'the regent in philosophy'. This worthy received his guest most kindly, but embarked on a religious discourse, which Jorevin had to cut short, as he was anxious to see the cathedral and the coal-pits. At Edinburgh he was much impressed by George Heriot's Hospital, which seems to have attracted the notice of most visitors, admiring particularly the galleries, and the garden, with its fine bowling-green, where the citizens could walk and refresh themselves. The

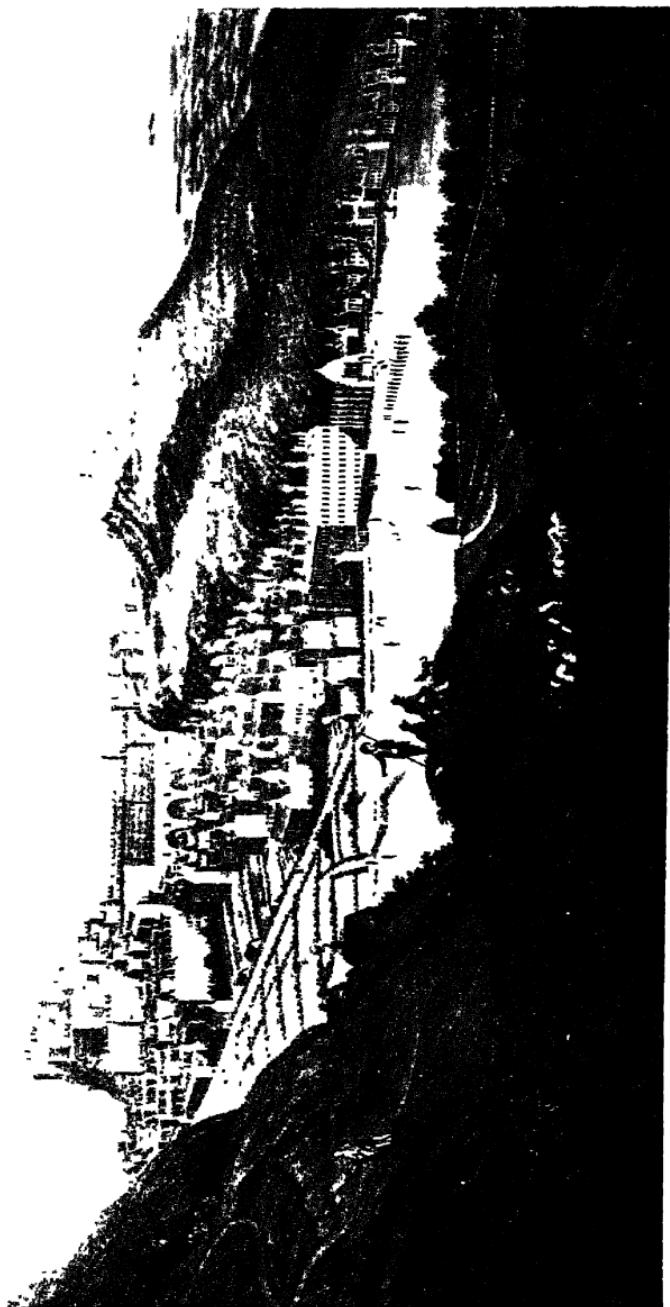
lower town was inhabited by workmen and mechanics, with 'a number of little narrow streets, mounting into the great one, that forms the middle of the town, and which from the castle extending gently to the bottom of the hill, that seems on two sides enclosed by a valley, which serves for a ditch', a description which has a curiously modern ring. At the castle he admired Mons Meg, in which two persons could lie as easily as in a bed. The greater part of Holyrood had been burnt by Cromwell's troops after the battle of Dunbar (1650), and it was still in ruins, but enough remained to impress the traveller with its symmetry and beauty. Jorevin found it difficult to hear mass, but he went hunting, which he found rather dull and fatiguing. He enjoyed, however, the combat which followed at supper, when the bag had been cooked, and 'glasses served for muskets, the wine for powder, and the bottles for bandileers'. He visited Leith, to which coaches set out every moment of the day along a paved road, which was somewhat disfigured by a gibbet, but otherwise easy and pleasant. At Dunbar he lodged in the house of a Frenchman who had served Louis XIII in the Scots Guards. Not only was Jorevin entertained with salmon and soles of prodigious size, dressed in the French fashion, but his host regaled him also with stories of his experiences on active service at the siege of Rochelle. Then came Berwick with its ruined castle, fortifications and guard-houses—one of the greatest and most beautiful towns in England, with a marvellous stone bridge of sixteen arches, the finest the traveller had ever seen. Like the earlier travellers,

Jorevin saw relatively little of the country and people, but he has this at least to his credit, that he appears to have enjoyed himself.⁶

II

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY AND LATER

Even in the eighteenth century, when travelling had become much more general, and Scotland was better known, it was many years before travellers began to trouble much about the Highlands. Something of the sensibility to mountain and torrent exhibited by Gray and other tourists of the romantic school is to be found in Pennant, whose Scottish tours, published in 1769 and 1772, opened up a new country to travellers, but the outlook as a whole is summed up by the Englishman, Burt, who was building roads in Scotland for General Wade between 1724 and 1728. After spending years among the grandeur and beauty of the Highlands, the chief impression left on his mind was one of horror and disgust at the scabbed heads of the mountains. The subject was clearly disagreeable to him, and he concludes his remarks on the outward appearance of the mountains as follows: 'There is not much variety in it, but gloomy spaces, different rocks, heath, and high and low. To cast one's eye from an eminence towards a group of them, they appear still one above another, fainter and fainter, according to the aerial perspective, and the whole of a dismal brown drawing upon a dirty purple; and most of all disagreeable when the heath is in bloom.'¹ The traveller who entered Scotland by



EDINBURGH, 1790
By J. Caldwell, after A. Callender

Berwick and the Lothians passed only gradually into the horrors of this gloomy and forbidding country. But if he entered by way of Dumfriesshire and the moors of Galloway, the shock to his nervous system was immediate. The landscape was bleak and desolate. There were no trees. The inhabitants spoke an uncouth dialect, were dressed in rags, lived in hovels, and ate the grain which they fed to their beasts. Add to these discomforts the lack of communications and the difficulty of obtaining accommodation, and one can appreciate Pennant's observation that in 1769 Scotland was as little known as Kamschatka.

By 1786, however, the coach, which had gone once a month between Edinburgh to London, taking twelve to sixteen days on the way, had given place to two (later still to four) coaches daily, which covered the distance in sixty hours. Glasgow could be reached from Edinburgh in twelve, and from London in sixty-five hours.² By 1793 the speed had increased again, and travellers from Edinburgh to Glasgow could make the journey in six hours. The Ossian fever, which swept over Europe soon after 1760, and carried off Bonaparte and Goethe in a common enthusiasm, soon began to attract travellers. The idea of a primitive utopia hidden in the mountain fastnesses of Scotland, the vague twilight and persistent note of lamentation to be found in the poems, went to the heads of the romanticists like wine. Before this frenzy had subsided, the poems and novels of Sir Walter Scott came to be known and read abroad, and Scotland must have experienced something like an invasion during the

summer months. It is on record that in the summer of 1810, after the publication of *The Lady of the Lake*, more than 500 post-chaises passed through the Trossachs, the charge for relays having correspondingly increased.³ Frenchmen seem to have been the more fervid enthusiasts. The Germans were interested in the Scottish character, and, to some extent, in the landscape, but it is travellers such as Nodier, Buzonnière, Custine, Simond and Amadée Pichot who, possessed by the melancholy winds and voices of the past, could face the discomforts of a Scottish tour in order to shed tears over Fingal's grave, or perambulate the Trossachs and Loch Katrine with a well-thumbed copy of *The Lady of the Lake* in their hands. It must not be assumed, however, that these romantic spots were altogether unknown before 1810. Scott made them popular, but that they were not entirely neglected previously is clear from the fact that the Wordsworths included the Trossachs and Loch Katrine in their Scottish tour seven years before *The Lady of the Lake* was published, and two years before the appearance of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.⁴ So far as German travellers are concerned, the manuscript of a typical travel diary of the Scott period (1821) is in my possession, and it is very dull indeed. The traveller, C. J. von Breymann, an official at the Court of Brunswick, took his peregrinations seriously. He shows some appreciation of mountain scenery, and was ready to lose his heart to every pretty Scotch maiden he met, but he had apparently never heard of Ossian, and Scott is only mentioned once. It was his intention to see the Trossachs and Loch

Katrine, but at Stirling the weather was bad, and he was feeling a little unwell, so he gave up the expedition, without apparent regret, and hurried back to Edinburgh.

Before we come to the travellers of the early nineteenth century, there are two Frenchmen who are sufficiently interesting to be dealt with individually. The first traveller, Faujas de Saint Fond, was a naturalist and geologist of considerable reputation, and the main object of his visit was to inspect Fingal's cave on the island of Staffa. He speaks of Ossian with respect, and once, when the travellers were stranded at night on the way to Oban, one of the party—an enthusiastic Ossianist—claimed to have seen the poet's ghost, but later, when some Ossian songs were being chanted for Faujas' benefit, he withdrew his attention and fell asleep.

Faujas reached Edinburgh with three companions in the early autumn of 1784.⁵ The travellers set off at once for Prestonpans, 'the seat of the greatest manufactory of oil of vitriol in Britain', visited the Carron ironworks, inspected some coal-mines in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, and then commenced their Highland tour. Arriving late at night at Luss, on the banks of Loch Lomond, they stopped at the inn, a miserable house like a fisherman's hut on the side of the lake, and knocked loudly on the door. But the hostess hurried out and informed them that the inn was full, and, moreover, that there must be no noise, as the lord judge, who was on circuit, was sleeping there. Ejaculating 'May you be happy: be off', she shut and double-locked the door. The next village,

Tarbet, was fifteen miles away. Here the house was full of jurymen on their way to Inverary. There were no beds and it was pouring with rain, but shelter was found for the horses, and the travellers spent the night, two in the carriage, and two on mattresses on the inn floor. The next day was fine and sunny, and for a few moments Faujas forgets his rocks and lava, his hammer and his bag, in the unrivalled beauty of the Loch. 'The superb Loch Lomond,' he writes, 'the fine sunlight that gilded the waters, the silvery rocks that skirted its shores, the flowering and verdant mosses, the shepherds beneath the pines . . . will never be effaced from my memory, and make me cherish the desire not to die before seeing Tarbet again. I shall often dream of Tarbet, even in the midst of lovely Italy with its oranges, its myrtles, its laurels and its jessamins.'⁶

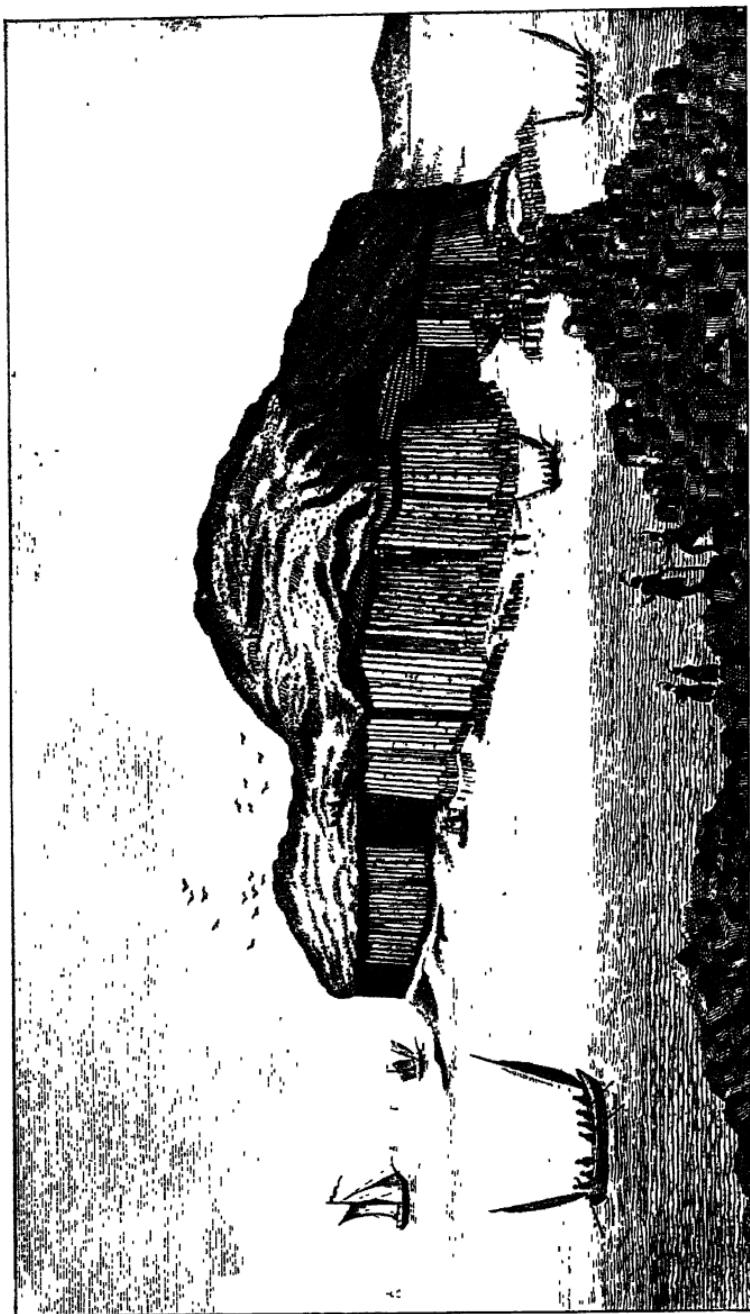
But the journey to Loch Fyne soon plunged the travellers into gloom. For ten miles they were forced to traverse a narrow defile which was scarcely touched by the sun, even at noon, without sight of living creature, house or cottage. At Inverary the inn was once again full of jurymen, and the only remaining room was reserved for the lord judge. Luckily Faujas had a letter to the Duke of Argyll at Inverary Castle, and the travellers were soon comfortably disposed beneath his hospitable roof. A delightful account follows of life in the castle. Every circumstance is noted, from breakfast in a hall decorated with portraits by Reynolds, Battoni, and other artists, to dinner at four o'clock for twenty-five or thirty people, followed by tea and (for those

that desired it) by supper at ten. Faujas, who disliked the sharp English forks, was delighted to find that Scotch forks were blunt, so that there was no need for him to shovel the food into his mouth with the knife in order to avoid pricking his tongue. The Duke was in residence with the Duchess, the beautiful Elizabeth Gunning, from whom Boswell received such devastating rebuffs, and their children, and everything was easy and informal. The guests rose when they pleased and hunted, rode or walked as the mood took them. Faujas set off each day with his hammer and bag, rock-hunting and simpling, but spent the evenings with his hosts, improving his acquaintance with a family 'so unaffected, so well informed and so worthy of respect'. He was only at Inverary Castle for three days, but he has left us a charming picture of Scotch frankness and hospitality. It is one of the best things in his book.'

On leaving Inverary the travellers made their way to Staffa. At Oban, after a most troublesome journey, during which the carriages were overturned in an abyss, they found an excellent inn, with a most obliging host who procured a guide, the local schoolmaster, who spoke English and Gaelic, to conduct them on their way. Faujas did not relish crossing to Mull in a herring-boat, and decided to await the arrival of a fishing-smack, but his companions went on at once, leaving him to explore the neighbourhood for rocks and plants. He did not, however, enjoy his stay, for he was plagued by the local piper, who paraded up and down outside the inn each evening until midnight, never varying his tune.

Nothing could persuade him to desist. Faujas, in his exasperation, finally took the minstrel by the hand and led him away, but, protesting by gestures that he was not in the least tired, the piper returned to play with renewed vigour and determination, and there was nothing for it but to submit.⁸

At Torloisk Faujas was rejoined by his friends, who had been imprisoned for two days in Staffa by a storm, and, having been forced to take shelter in a filthy cottage, they could not be received into polite society until they had first cleansed themselves of vermin. Their specimens of mineralogy may have been curious and important, but their collection of insects was both numerous and horrible. Faujas had much better luck. He crossed in fine weather, and, having inspected Fingal's cave and taken specimens and measurements—he was the first geologist to visit the island—he returned without mishap to Mull.⁹ The rest of the journey is not important. The travellers were distressed to find St. Andrews in a dreadful condition of ruin and decay. St. Leonard's chapel served as the house of a gardener, who stored his carrots and turnips there during the winter. The university was much reduced, the cathedral was in ruins, and over everything, to quote Johnson, whom Faujas had read with attention, there was 'the silence and solitude of inactive indigence and gloomy depopulation'. At Edinburgh Faujas at once established contact with a number of famous men. He discussed Voltaire and Rousseau with Adam Smith, drank punch with Dr. Cullen, studied natural history, examined cabinets of curiosities, catalogued his collection (which was unfortunately lost at sea),



THE ISLE OF STAFFA
After Faujas de Saint Fond, 1784

and was almost deafened at a bagpipe contest. But the mists and absence of sun afflicted his spirits, and we have no description of the city. After all, to a depressed geologist, one town must be very like another.

The second traveller was a young *émigré*, the Chevalier de la Tocnaye, a Breton, an officer and a Royalist, who reached England in 1792. He was then twenty-five years of age and seems, for his years, to have been singularly tolerant and understanding. After a stay in London he decided to enlarge his experiences by visiting Scotland, and, armed with a passport which permitted him to see everything 'except his Majesty's dockyard', he set off for the north. He knew no English beyond such words as bread, meat, dinner, supper, bed and fire, together with the prefix 'give me', and at first he must have been sadly handicapped, but later, to his joy, he was able to pass among the Lowlanders as a kind of counterfeit Scotchman. He adjusted his habits to those of the people, drank whisky and smoked tobacco, and ate oat-cakes with some relish. After having been reproved by a Glasgow landlady for singing on Sunday, he even did his best to conform to the rigours of a Scottish Sabbath. He is a lively and enthusiastic traveller, one of the first to perambulate the Highlands on foot, and his book deserves to be better known.

La Tocnaye spent some time in Edinburgh and then set out for Stirling and Aberfoyle, *en route* for Loch Lomond. On his way he had his first experience of a Highland cottage, which was so full of smoke that the beasts seemed to be in danger of

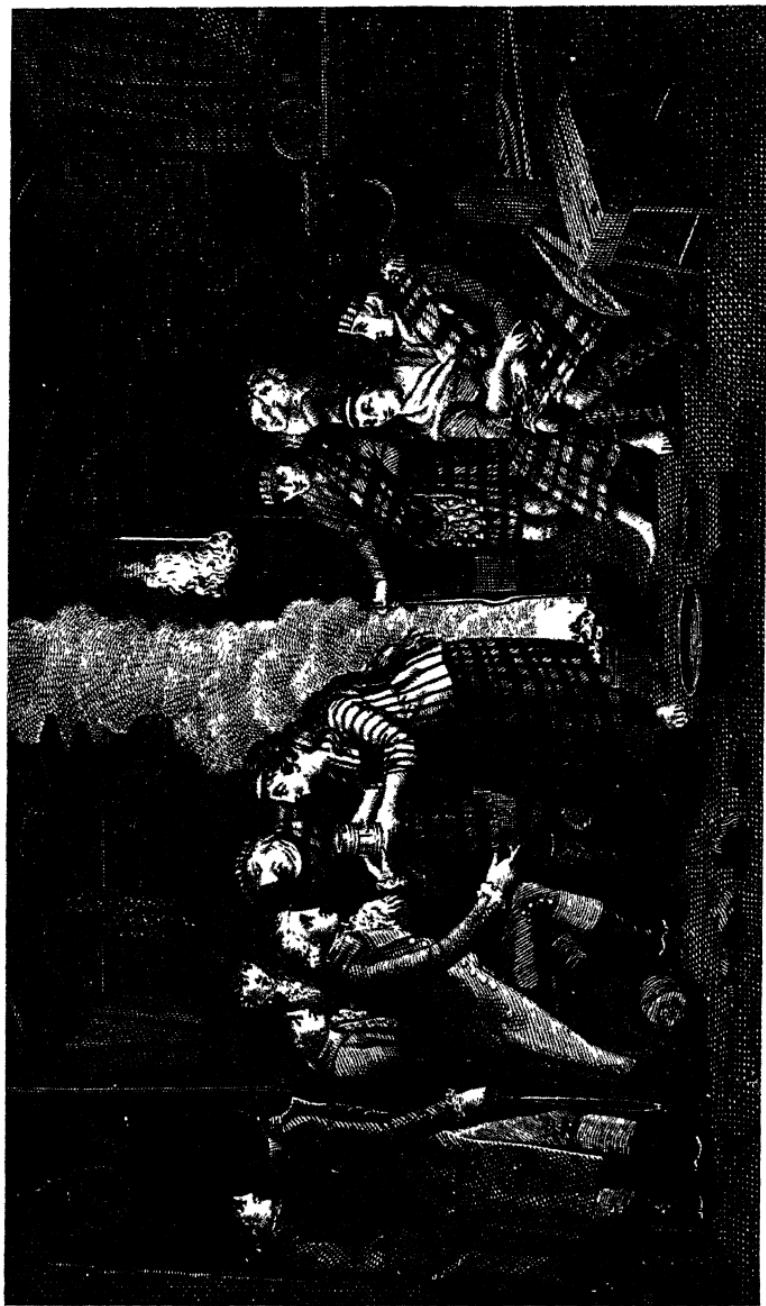
curing and drying while still alive.¹⁰ He climbed Ben Lomond twice on two successive days, but, desiring to follow the custom of the country and to hasten his steps, he tried to descend without shoes, cut his foot very badly, and had to rest at the inn for several days. Later he was offered a place in a boat to Dumbarton, which he accepted with gratitude, and then reached Glasgow. It was here that, while refreshing his jaded spirits with a song, he was silenced by an irate land-lady who rushed into his room, shut the window, and commanded him to be silent with the words: 'Fie for shame, you sing. . . . God forbid to sing on the Sabbath.'¹¹ Leaving Glasgow, he struck north to Crieff, where with a clean shirt and a pair of stockings in his pocket, he commenced his promenade of some 500 miles in the Highlands. Perth, he thought a remarkable town, the straight broad streets reminding him of the boulevards of his own country, but he was in a great hurry, since he had a luncheon appointment with a lady three weeks later, which he laughingly promised to keep after he had first perambulated Scotland. He accordingly set off in some haste for Dundee, but at eleven o'clock at night, more dead than alive and half-starved, he reached a lonely cottage some six or seven miles short of his destination, and knocked loudly at the door. No one answered, and while he was looking round for some straw on which to sleep, a rider came up with a spare horse, and la Tocnaye was able to enter Dundee in style.¹²

At Montrose the traveller had his first experience of Highland hospitality. Very few strangers came that way—indeed he heard a young girl say to her mother

that he could not be a Frenchman as he was neither fat nor black—and any one arriving with recommendations was received like a prince. La Tocnaye was feasted and entertained, finding it at first a little irksome to have to sit for hours after dinner in his chair, drinking and talking, without any relief or excitement, or indeed any attempt at animation. But as he says, '*tout cela a disparu peu à peu*', and la Tocnaye was nothing if not accommodating. At Montrose he attended a ball, but found it difficult to follow all the intricacies of the Highland reel, although he admits that the dancers performed with great agility and elegance. Here he met a doctor who plied him with white Lisbon wine, and what with Royalist and other toasts, his loyalty ascended to his head, and he was glad of the support of a friendly wall to guide him back to his inn.¹³ Still going north along the coast, the traveller was received at Bonholm by Mr. and Mrs. Robertson Scott, with whom he spent three delightful days. This part of the coast he found to be a great resort for smugglers. La Tocnaye drank red champagne at a shilling a bottle, while whisky was so cheap that two bottles a day per man was regarded as a minimum. As a result the health of the people was seriously undermined, and very few lived to be old. A minister told the traveller that, through premature deaths, most properties had changed masters three times within ten or twelve years.¹⁴ By this time la Tocnaye had realized that the shortest way to the heart of the Highlander was to ply him with whisky and tobacco. He was never without either, and in consequence was well received everywhere. At Aber-

deen he was the guest of Sir William Forbes. He then went north to Banff, where a travelling farmer took him for a Turkish doctor, and insisted on consulting him about his wife who was suffering from jaundice. The advice given was so well received that the fame of the Turkish doctor spread far and wide, and, at the next inn, la Tocnaye found a crowd of patients demanding treatment. He was even drawn into private consultation at a neighbouring farmhouse, the owner of which engaged to marry the traveller to his daughter. The conversation turning naturally to offspring, la Tocnaye was assured that whisky was the cure for all childish ailments, that it was the best tonic for newly born babies, and that, properly administered, it would even prevent a child from crying during baptism.¹⁵

At Elgin, the harvest was in full swing, and there was much merry-making and dancing. Some of the performers indeed were so animated, and leapt and danced with such vigour that their kilts were sadly deranged, but no one minded very much. After all, as the traveller remarked, '*l'usage est tout*'.¹⁶ From Forres he reached Inverness. There he seriously considered continuing his tour to 'Johnny Grott's House', but the season was too far advanced, and the traveller turned south to Loch Ness, spending two days with the governor at Fort Augustus, where he learnt sufficient Gaelic to ask for the necessities of life, commencing with *thair dhamb peg* (give me a kiss), which he found an excellent introduction to society, particularly when young ladies were present. From here he would have visited Staffa, but the cost, four guineas, was too



A HIGHLAND COTTAGE
After Faugès de Saint Fond, 1784

much for an impoverished *émigré*. He therefore joined forces with an officer and his servant, crossed Ben Nevis and finally returned to civilization and comfort at Callander. His journey had occupied six weeks, during which he tramped at times twenty-eight miles a day, for, although he was able to obtain horses at times, the greater part of the tour was performed on foot and alone. As a result la Tocnaye got nearer to the heart of the Highlands than any other traveller of his period. A year later he was walking through Ireland with all his worldly goods in his pocket. In 1798-9 he was off again to Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Lapland, making friends and recording his impressions with a gaiety which is quite irresistible. He is one of the few travellers mentioned in this survey of whom it can honestly be said that his book might with advantage have been longer.

We come now to the Scott period when every traveller expected at least to catch a glimpse of 'the Wizard of the North' and, if lucky, to engage him in conversation. Scott must have been a very patient man. Between 1820 and 1830 he was so inundated by foreigners and others that his work was seriously interfered with. Yet, although Scott could be quite rude to foreigners who desired to make busts of him, traveller after traveller returned with recollections of breakfast at the house in Castle Street, or at Abbotsford, with notes of every remark, however unguarded, and with the most intimate description of Scott's personal appearance and habits. Simond (1810-11) described him as tall and stout, very lame, with a dull and heavy aspect, a man who

enjoyed conviviality and told *con amore* such stories as were told only after dinner (compare 'the smile of Rabelais' which Nodier affected to see in Chantrey's bust!).¹⁷ The Duc de Levis (1828) had forgotten his credentials and the meeting was awkward and restrained,¹⁸ but Pichot (1822), a born interviewer, was entertained to breakfast and dinner on several occasions. He saw the great man first at the races, when he was hurried and bathed in perspiration. He was wearing a green coat, with short skirts, and wide trousers, and looked robust and plebeian—even rustic. But the traveller was able to observe the grey eyes and projecting eyebrows, the firm and rather forbidding look, and the upper lip which was out of proportion to the rest of the face. Later, when he saw Scott in his study, he was calmer and seemed to possess all the qualities of Chantrey's bust. The subjects discussed varied from Bruce's skull, which had been dug up at Dunfermline, to Molière and Dryden, and the 'impudent calumniator' John Scott, who had perished in a duel after describing *Blackwood's* as a magazine run by Mohocks. Pichot was introduced to Lady Scott (who hated Johnson), and was delighted with Mrs. Lockhart's rendering of Scotch airs. He met Crabbe, who was then staying with the Scotts, and finally, soaked with the Scott tradition, he went off to see Melrose, Dryburgh, Jedburgh and Abbotsford, where he admired the pictures, the books and armory, and stole a late rose from the gardens.¹⁹ But possibly the most impressive picture of Sir Walter comes from the exile Philarète Chasles, who was in Scotland in 1820. He first saw Scott fishing

in a loch at night. The boat had a lantern at the prow, and a silky long-haired dog was resting its head over the side.

A man stands near him with bare forehead, directing the rowers; the violet and purple squares of his Scotch cloak shine by the light of the lantern; he casts, or orders the casting, of the net. He enters the water up to his knees to look for crayfish. He is the cleverest and most active of the band. Doubtless some Scotch farmer, a good lowland peasant, who has this single pleasure in the world, and whose powerful body needs exercise and fatigue.

Do you not guess? It is actually Walter Scott: in 1820 he has already published six novels in verse, a prose novel, two volumes of biography, and eight or ten volumes of miscellaneous works. His last anonymous work has just been published by Ballantyne. He is about to publish a new one; and he prefers to fish for crayfish rather than to write books. . . .

Some days later, in a little mossy, rocky lane, enclosed with a double green rampart, at the moment when the sun appears over the horizon, you will meet two companions of not very reassuring appearance, well armed, mounted on little Highland ponies: one is dressed in the Gaelic petticoat, and hereditary tartan. This latter is the savage guide to the second traveller, a broad-shouldered man, with bare temples and square head; the second traveller is no other than Walter Scott.

Some months later, if you live in Edinburgh, you will sit by chance at the table of some old city lawyer, shrewd as a lawyer, shrewd as a Scotchman, shrewd as an old man, three times shrewd. You speak nothing but platitudes in his house. You recognize many kinds of faces there—lawyers' faces, bailiffs' faces, registrars' faces, fighting, teasing, pettifogging, sneering faces, and creased, wrinkled, mischief-making faces, of a kind to make you afraid. All those qualities are developed to admiration in Scotland, where they are very poetical and very theological, stubborn, economical and litigious.

If the conversation turns to some obscure point of Scotch quibbling, to some statute of uncertain date and meaning, to the authority of a badly explained precedent, an authoritative voice begins to expose the facts, to discuss the rights of the case, to guide the talkers through labyrinthine ways and dilatory methods; if this person who speaks to you seems more subtle than a casuist, cleverer and more versed in this science of quibbles than the cleverest lawyer—do not doubt that this is Walter Scott once more.

After these three proofs, if you visit Abbotsford, the fairy-castle created by the poet, you will no longer be astonished, as those French tourists were who inspected it recently, at the contrasts which exist between the customs of the great writer, his domestic habits, his special tastes, and the poetic ideals on which your imagination has fed itself. He will show you his old half-folding Venetian mirrors, which once belonged to the Duke of Guise or the Duke of Buccleuch; he will avoid conversation on pedantic, dogmatic and learned subjects, criticism and aestheticism; he will speak little of himself, much about his daughter, rather fully about his dogs and rarities, and of his new gallery. It will no longer come into your mind to exclaim against the rustic simplicity of this good Scotch squire living in his solitude among his books, his family and antiques. Such was indeed the true Walter Scott, one of the two men who acted as intellectual guides to Europe at the commencement of the nineteenth century.²⁰

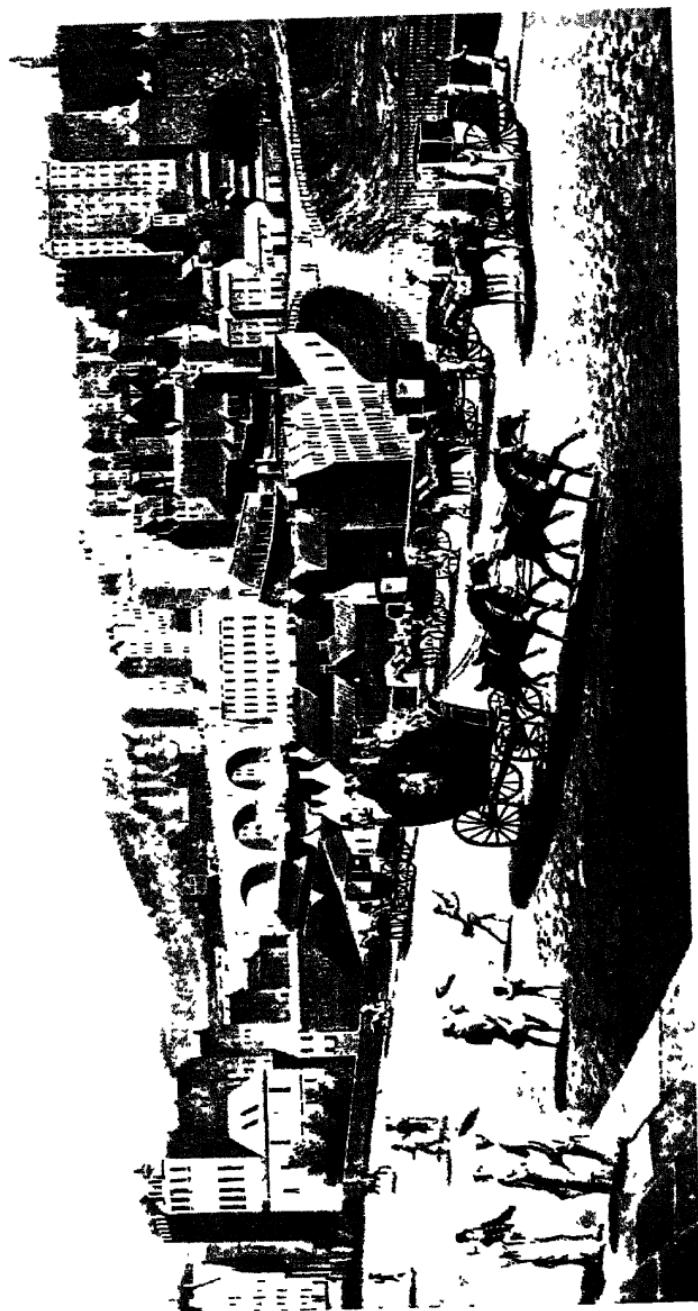
During the latter part of the eighteenth century Edinburgh was growing into a really beautiful town. The first North Bridge was opened in 1763. The Nor' Loch—the lake or swamp now occupied by Princes Street Gardens—was partially drained, and the bridging of the Cowgate in 1785 encouraged development to the south. There were no shabby suburbs, as in other towns which had grown up by degrees. The new Edinburgh had been cast in a mould—created all at once within the memory of

half the inhabitants, and more than one traveller expressed the wish to settle down there. The general exodus of persons of position and fashion had left the crowded and insanitary conditions of the Old Town to lesser folk, who seemed to thrive there amazingly. Johnson's 'I smell you in the dark' is a significant commentary on the conditions which the quality had left behind. Every kind of filth was still thrown out of the window, the only warning being the cry of 'gardy loo', which foreigners soon learnt to respect as much as the natives, even if they failed to recognize its French origin.²¹ It is curious to notice that foreigners as a whole, much as they admired the New Town and Princes Street, had little opinion of the castle, which they seemed to think was about to tumble on their heads, although they enjoyed the prospect, and were generally delighted with Mons Meg.

When Simond was in Edinburgh in 1810-11 the castle was crowded with prisoners of war and the sight seems to have depressed him, but he admired the North Bridge, and was staggered at the amount of debris and rubbish which could be swallowed up in the drained Nor' Loch. He is one of the few travellers to take much notice of the Old Town, and was interested to trace the fate of certain of the houses, which had at one time been occupied by persons of quality. Thus 'Lord Drummore's house was left by a chairman for want of accommodation; that of the Duke of Douglas is now occupied by a wheelwright. Oliver Cromwell once lived in the late gloomy chamber of the sheriff's clerk: the great Marquis of Argyll's house was possessed by a hosier

at a rent of £12 per annum.' By this time the revolution in taste was almost complete, but there were people still alive who deplored the rise of a generation which demanded more than three rooms for a good-sized family, objected to the servant sleeping under the dresser, or in a drawer in the kitchen, spent their evenings at plays and concerts, dined at the hour when they should sup, and were unreasonable enough to carry umbrellas in a country where it rained perpetually. Even learning, it was said, was forsaking its former stronghold for the New Town, and most of the professors had migrated to the neighbourhood of good dinners and fine ladies.²²

Simond was shown the sights of Edinburgh by no less a person than Francis Jeffrey, an association which had a romantic outcome. The Simonds were accompanied on their travels by a young niece, a daughter of Charles Wilkes of New York, and Jeffrey, who was then rising to fame as an advocate, fell in love with the girl at sight. Two years later he left his clients to themselves, and the *Edinburgh Review* in the charge of two friends, and, although England and America were at war, he crossed to New York and married her. Simond thought Holyrood House dismal and monastic-looking. The gardens were overgrown with weeds, and the appearance as a whole was one of neglect and decay. The apartments recently occupied by the Comte d'Artois —to which he was to return later as an exiled king —were still labelled 'Monsieur', and in the Queen's apartments the bloodstains, now covered by the flooring, were plainly visible, in spite of centuries of scouring. The castle, except for its situation, had



EDINBURGH, 1812
By J. Clark, after A. Kay

little to commend it, but the view from its walls, particularly over the Old Town—a labyrinth of crooked lanes and steep, narrow passages—was extensive and remarkable. There was also an excellent view of the Old Town from Calton Hill, and from it strangers were shown, ‘with a mixture of pride and pity, the back of the humble abode of Adam Smith, and the place where he composed, walking to and fro, his work on the Wealth of Nations’.²³

Life in Edinburgh was much simpler than in London. The common women went barefoot, splashing about on the wet pavements, but otherwise neatly dressed, with umbrellas, and on Sundays wearing white gowns, shawls and black velvet bonnets. The fisher girls were much in evidence, singing along the roads, with their enormous loads on their backs, looking very cheerful and healthy, but for the most part distressingly ugly. As for the young ladies, they were both gracious and beautiful, except in the matter of their feet, which were unduly large. This ‘broad sustaining basis’ of the Scottish ladies, together with their habit of casting off shoes and stockings on every possible occasion, was much observed by foreigners, whose remarks on the subject aroused considerable resentment. As to society in general, although there was some attempt to ape the excitements of London, the people took their pleasures deliberately and without noise. Hackney coaches were better than in London, but for the most part the inhabitants went on foot, or used sedan chairs.²⁴ When Simond was in Edinburgh Braham was singing, and the theatre, where

Bannister was performing, was accordingly deserted, the inference being that there were not sufficient intellectual pleasure-seekers in Edinburgh to fill both places. But whatever the attractions abroad, it was difficult, we are told, to persuade even young people to leave their houses at night. They preferred to stay with their families, playing cards or chess, or reading. Here, as in London, there was no real appreciation of music. If a young lady went to the piano it was a signal for a general outburst of conversation, the company talking against the music, with the result that the performance was quite inaudible, however much the performer might thump. Hours were not so late as in London, which was a pity, since the days were very short. Simond was in Edinburgh between August and February, and the allowance of daylight was little more than nominal. At noon the sun was so low that the shadows from the houses across a very wide street, although only three stories high, covered the first story on the other side—‘a fine morning, a fine evening follow each other without noon. Six or seven hours of light in the twenty-four.’²⁵ On one occasion Simond had the chance of sitting the night through, and then he let it slip. This was at the anniversary dinner on Fox’s birthday. The company, including a Scottish judge, sat drinking and singing catches and glees until break of day, but Simond departed at eleven, before the party became really merry.²⁶ For the rest, the traveller’s relaxations were confined to listening to university lectures, attending a murder trial, celebrating the New Year, discussing the policy of the *Edinburgh Review* with Jeffrey, and trying to keep

out of the wind and avoid falling tiles and chimney stacks. Even the house in which the travellers lodged, which was built of stone, was sensibly shaken by the wind. But not even the lack of daylight and the cold of February could damp Simond's enthusiasm. 'Taken all together,' he writes, 'I do not know any town where it would be pleasanter to live. It is, in a degree, the Geneva of Britain.'²⁷

Edinburgh's literary life, which, so far as Simond was concerned, seems to have been confined to the reading of the *Edinburgh Review*, is fully reflected in Pichot's *Historical and Literary Tour*. Pichot must have spent much of his time in the society of publishers and booksellers.²⁸ He describes Constable's little shop in the High Street, and met and conversed with Archibald the Great, who entertained freely in his elegant house in the Old Town. Blackwood's library in Princes Street was presided over by the great man himself—a sardonic person with a hard and crafty look, whose main business in life was to harass the *Edinburgh Review* 'by a singular combination of enthusiasm and satirical buffoonery, of wit and bad manners'.

Pichot was clearly on the side of the giants. For him *Maga* was a hostile dwarf, a Tory journal, with anti-philosophical leanings, and not so much religious as slanderously devout. Laing & Son's shop in the Old Town was the great meeting-place of classical scholars. To visit Miller & Manners' establishment was like going into another world, for the shop was the rendezvous of the blue stockings, and of all the literary beau-monde of Edinburgh. Pichot was interested to sit there, watching Mr. Miller running

to the door to escort a pretty woman from her carriage, listening to the chit-chat of the feminine amateurs who gathered in the room behind the shop to acquaint themselves with all that was fashionable in literature, or discussing Sir Walter Scott and the Bourbon refugees with Mr. Manners or Mr. Miller, to some of whom these worthies had given lessons in English. Pichot received very harsh treatment from the *Quarterly Review* when his book appeared.²⁹ The reviewer called him a hack, and described his book as an impertinence. Much of it, indeed, is verbose and pretentious, but, as not infrequently happens in such cases, the book has long survived the attack, and this picture of the Edinburgh book-shops is as unexpected as it is delightful.

When Custine and Nodier visited Scotland in the early eighteen-twenties, the Scott country had been thoroughly exploited. Conducted tours were being organized, and the traveller, who desired to be alone, could see the Trossachs, Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond without too much discomfort and with considerable dispatch. But there could still be difficulties and dangers if the traveller left the beaten track. Custine essayed the ascent of Ben Lomond from Loch Katrine. As can be gathered later from Nodier's experiences, it was an unusual and troublesome journey. There were waste places to be crossed and flooded mountain torrents to be negotiated, and, as Custine was crossing one stream on his guide's back, the guide stumbled and precipitated him into the icy water. A shepherd indicated the path leading to the mountain, but advised the travellers not to attempt the ascent on account of the weather, and

offered them shelter in his hut, but, reinforced with whisky and enveloped in a large canvas cloak, Custine decided to proceed. From that moment the expedition was one long series of mishaps. The ascent was arduous, the wind blew and the rain descended, and the traveller and his guide were half dead with fatigue long before the summit was reached. Finally, slipping and falling over rocks, bathed in sweat and soaked with rain, the final effort was made, but the summit was enveloped in mist, and by that time Custine was thinking only of death. Then the storm broke. The travellers clung to each other for support, and suddenly found, to their horror, when their eyes became accustomed to the darkness, that they were on the edge of a precipice. The guide, who had refreshed himself too liberally with whisky, was quite helpless, and Custine had to take control. He seized the bottle, and, having fortified himself, decided to descend, although the path was entirely obscured by clouds. Arm in arm the travellers slid, tumbled and rolled down the mountain-side. So far as Custine was concerned, he had long since given up hope, but not even the illusion that he was already dead and in company with the ghosts and spirits of Ossian's poems could alter the fact that his body was sore with bruises and that his aching feet made him cry out at every step. Finally, late at night, drunk with whisky and half dead with cold and fatigue, the travellers crawled into the shelter of an inn by the side of the lake. Here Custine changed into Scotch clothes, warmed himself at the fire, filled himself with rum, and immediately fell into a violent fever. The rest

of his Scotch journey was enjoyable enough, but there is perhaps some significance in his remark, as he crossed the Border, that the best way to see Scotland was from the fireside, face to face with the works of Ossian and Sir Walter Scott.³⁰

Charles Nodier had a happier disposition and was a much more fortunate traveller than Custine. He is, in fact, an excellent example of a light-hearted traveller in a hurry. He arrived in Edinburgh with three companions on a Sunday. Every house was closed, every shop impenetrable, and all the world was at prayers.³¹ So far as Sunday was concerned, the traveller's activities were sadly restricted. Nodier's friends had lost their hats on the stage-coach, and there remained only one hat among four. No one could appear in Edinburgh on a Sunday hatless—even to whistle in the streets on the Sabbath was, according to Custine, a crime punishable by imprisonment³²—so each sightseer had to take his walks abroad alone, and then return to the inn to hand over the one available hat to the next traveller in waiting. On Monday a visit to the hatter's was followed by a search for a banker named Ferguson, on whom they had a cheque. The directory disclosed the fact that there were 140 Fergusons in Edinburgh, of whom forty were bankers. Eventually the cheque was cashed, but there was not much time left for sightseeing.³³ The travellers, however, climbed to the castle, visited the Law Courts to see Scott, who was not there, inspected Holyrood and ascended Calton Hill, and that night Nodier left for Glasgow. He had intended to take part in an excursion to the Highlands, which had been organized by

Dr. Hooker, the botanist, but the party had left, and he was obliged to set out alone. Glasgow impressed him greatly. It was the best built town he had seen except Edinburgh. The streets on the left bank of the Clyde were magnificent, and promised, in a few years, to out-rival Edinburgh itself. The right bank contained some superb streets and squares, and the view from the new bridge was enchanting. Nodier found time to perambulate the city, to write some observations on the Glasgow ladies, which greatly offended no less a personage than Lady Scott, and to attend a prize-fight. This exhibition of brutality affected him so deeply, that on his way back to his lodging he was constrained to shed a tear, but, on feeling in his pocket for his handkerchief, he found that it had been stolen. On the following day he set out alone for the Highlands, his heart palpitating with joy at the idea of arriving without a guide and without companions on the borders of Caledonia 'among a people who do not even understand English and which I only know myself enough to obtain by means of ridiculous circumlocutions and extravagant gestures the contrary of what I want'.³⁴ Starting from Dumbarton, he walked along the banks of Loch Lomond, 'one of the most interesting and magnificent sights in nature', and having spent some time simpling on the slopes of Ben Lomond, he finally climbed the mountain with a guide and descended to Loch Katrine. This was an unusual expedition, and the travellers had to trace their own road 'across the country as the bird flies, over hills horribly wild, and through wet and cold glens, ploughed up by frightful ravines', where the foot

sank into soft earth at every step. Nodier spent a night in the open air, but was much revived by whisky, a drink 'which has the advantage of giving to the most suspicious water a taste agreeable enough and a salubrious quality':³⁵ At Loch Katrine he was received by the boat-woman whose name he took to be Mannah. In fact, she was a well-known character called Mainey Macfarlane, who delighted the traveller with a song, which he took to be a wild and melancholy Gaelic hymn in all its primitive beauty. It remained for a reviewer in *Blackwood's*³⁶ to point out that the song was, in fact, a very commonplace ditty, which the lady was in the habit of singing, to the delight of travellers, in praise of a late lamented laird of Macnab.

Fie Macnab! Fie Macnab!
To kiss such a drab!

The traveller's next adventure was with a group of Highland men and women encamped in the neighbourhood of Loch Katrine. The mere sight of Highlanders in such romantic surroundings was sufficient to engage his fancy, and fill his mind with heroes and poets. But here his imagination had once more led him astray. A closer inquiry disclosed the fact that what he had encountered was a bivouac of gipsy smugglers, who probably took him for an excise-man.³⁷ The following day he was at Arrochar, *en route* for Glasgow by way of Loch Long, Loch Goyle and the Clyde. Nodier himself describes his journey as a hasty promenade, and indeed not a moment was lost. Writing to his wife from Edinburgh on June 25, he states that he expected to be in London by



LOCH LOMOND
By Paul Sandby, from 'The Virtuoso's Museum,' 1778

July 7 or 8. Allow three days for the journey south, and the Scotch tour, including a visit to the Highlands, was performed in eleven days.³⁸ In fact, Nodier's whole promenade, in the course of which he describes London, Brighton, Oxford and Canterbury, was completed in fifty days.³⁹ But there is no sign of haste in his book. His account of Edinburgh is as lively and informative as any we have of his period. So excellent is it that it is difficult to select any passage for quotation. But the following is typical of the man, and is in his best style. During his stay at Edinburgh there was some gathering of the clans and the streets were gay with Highlanders 'in all the pomp of their admirable costume'.

When you speak to the Parisians of the mountaineers of Scotland, they see nothing but a red soldier, without breeches, encamped in the Bois de Boulogne. That is not the place to see the Scotch, God forbid! but in Scotland. The chief of a Scotch clan, with his poinard and pistols, like a buccaneer, his cacique cap, his cloak resembling Grecian drapery, his party-coloured hose, which, like all the stuffs of the country, recall to mind the tattooing of the ancient inhabitants which they have thrown into oblivion, his club of laburnum bent back as the sign of his command, his savage demi-nudity, and, with all that, his noble and gentle mien, is a living tradition, perhaps the only one in Europe of our ages of strength and liberty. Though proud, and very proud, of the dazzling beauty of their dress, they do not walk—they fly, without looking at anything, without stopping at anything, and traverse towns like lions that have lost their way. In fact, they must feel there some painful sentiments. Their inhabitants were once free, like themselves; but have precipitated themselves under the yoke of associations and laws, in order to gratify their idleness and their cupidity. I can easily comprehend

that the Highlanders must despise the breeches of the civilized man. Chains come after them.⁴⁰

I close with the offending passage concerning the ladies of Glasgow and Pichot's report of his conversation with Lady Scott on the matter.

The women of the lower classes, almost all those of the middling, and a considerable number of those of the higher classes, go barefooted. Some have adopted shoes only. The fashionable ladies, who have adopted the Parisian dress, have also borrowed the shape of their shoes, though in reality they are more like those of men; but this part of their accoutrements is what incommodes them most, and is what they throw off with most pleasure when they are at liberty. A brilliant Scotch belle has hardly exhausted the admiration of the fashionables in Glasgow, when she longs for solitude; and the first thought which occupies her in some by-path, some solitary garden, or in the mysterious obscurity of her chamber, is not, as with us, the recollection of the last man who looked at her with a sigh, or the last woman who eclipsed her toilet; it is the impatient want of taking off her shoes and stockings and to run with bare feet on the carpet, the turf, or the sand of the high road.⁴¹

LADY SCOTT: "You have just named M. Charles Nodier as your friend."

"I pique myself on being allowed to call him so."

LADY SCOTT: "But M. Nodier has also some little scandal to reproach himself with."

"It does not occur to my recollection."

LADY SCOTT: "For a Frenchman your friend has not been very gallant towards the Scotch ladies."

"If that be the case, I am sure he will be sincerely afflicted, for he admires the ladies of all countries, and more especially those of Scotland."

LADY SCOTT: "But where did he see the Scotch ladies go barefooted?"

MR. CRABBE: "Has he really said so?"

I expressed the same doubt by the same question.

LADY SCOTT: "Oh, yes! in his letter about Glasgow. The Parisian ladies must have finely laughed at the expense of the wild Caledonian beauties. . . . Those who see the Scotch ladies running about with naked feet must renounce the title of gallantry. We are no longer savages. That was a scandalous attack of M. Nodier."⁴²

It all seems very innocent and amusing to us today, but the slander had struck deep and was aggravated by constant repetition. Let us hope that the publication of Pichot's book silenced it for ever.

NOTES

Authors and travellers are referred to by name only.
For further particulars see Bibliography.

CHAPTER I TUDOR ENGLAND

¹ Cust, pp. 6 ff.; Rye, p. xxxviii; *Leos von Rozmital, Ritter-Hof-und Pilger-Reise, 1465-7*, Stuttgart Litt. Verein, 1843 (Vol. VII).
² Drummond, I, pp. 86; 386/7.

³ Trevisan, p. 20, English manners; p. 30, Becket's shrine; p. 42, Cheapside; p. 32, justice; p. 33, juries.
⁴ Salter, pp. 80, 59, 58, 60.
⁵ *Zurich Letters*, p. 84.

CHAPTER II LONDON, 1553-1619

¹ See Bibliography under Platter.
² Quoted by Binz. See Bibliography.
³ For Busino's *Letters* and his *Anglipotrida*, see C.S.P. (Venetian) 1617-19, index under Busino; also article in *Quarterly Review*, Oct. 1857.
⁴ The façade is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum.
⁵ Platter, p. 37.

⁶ Platter, p. 36; Chambers, *Elizabethan Stage*, II, pp. 364-6.
⁷ Platter, p. 42.
⁸ Wedel, p. 349; English translation, p. 255.
⁹ Platter, p. 80; Hentzner, p. 58.
¹⁰ Busino, p. 270.
¹¹ Grose, *Antiquarian Repository*, IV, pp. 503 ff.
¹² Gondola, Gargano, pp. 17 ff.
¹³ Ascoli, II, pp. 12/13.

CHAPTER III
THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

¹ Miege, II, p. 26; generally Ascoli, I, pp. 295 ff.

² Misson, p. 134.

³ Jorevin, p. 567.

⁴ Chappuzeau, pp. 175-6; Ascoli, I, p. 299.

⁵ MS. quoted by Ascoli, I, p. 300.

⁶ Miege, I, p. 231.

⁷ Ibid., I, p. 232.

⁸ Jorevin, p. 567.

⁹ Miege, I, p. 236; Gemelli, p. 113.

¹⁰ Ascoli, I, p. 310.

¹¹ Gemelli, p. 120.

¹² Muralt, p. 157.

¹³ A description in Miege, I, p. 261.

¹⁴ Miege, I, p. 232.

¹⁵ Muralt, p. 160.

¹⁶ MS. Rawlinson, A. 477. See Ascoli, I, p. 300.

¹⁷ Misson, p. 172; Miege, I, p. 235.

¹⁸ Misson, p. 126.

¹⁹ Jorevin, p. 571.

²⁰ Muralt, pp. 130/1.

²¹ Misson, p. 129.

²² Miege, I, p. 235.

²³ Jorevin, p. 573.

²⁴ Misson, p. 311.

²⁵ Miege, II, p. 12.

²⁶ Muralt, p. 104.

²⁷ Ibid., pp. 109/10.

²⁸ Jorevin, p. 573.

²⁹ Misson, p. 214.

³⁰ Ibid., p. 81.

³¹ Gemelli, p. 116.

³² Misson, p. 313.

³³ Miege, II, pp. 29, 31.

³⁴ Gemelli, p. 116.

³⁵ Muralt, p. 103.

³⁶ Ibid., p. 130.

³⁷ Ibid., p. 125.

³⁸ Ibid., p. 127.

³⁹ Ibid., pp. 162/3.

⁴⁰ On Sorbière. See Bibliography under Sorbière.

⁴¹ Misson, p. 75.

CHAPTER IV
THE CROSSING—THE APPROACH TO LONDON
—COACHES AND INNS

¹ Saussure, p. 34.

² Roche, Sophie von la, p. 80.

³ Pückler-Muskau, III, p. 43.

⁴ Above, p. 49.

⁵ Grosley, I, p. 16.

⁶ Jorevin, p. 561. These beacons were put up about a mile apart and little huts were built beneath them

for the watchers. The beacons are shown in Ogilby's road-book. See Parkes, p. 283.

⁷ Grosley, I, pp. 9, 14.

⁸ Campe, I, pp. 50/1; cp. Lichtenberg, *Vermischte Schriften*, III, p. 273.

⁹ Simond, I, p. 20; II, p. 253.

¹⁰ Moritz, p. 212.

¹¹ Lichtenberg, *Vermischte Schriften*, II, p. 217.

¹² Ibid., p. 218.

¹³ Fynes Moryson, IV, p. 174.

¹⁴ A. Young, *Six Weeks' Tour*, pp. 282/4; *Travels in France*, p. 51; C. Maxwell, *English Travellers in France*, p. 30.

¹⁵ Faujas de Saint Fond, II, p. 272.

¹⁶ Espriella, II, p. 173.

¹⁷ Pückler-Muskau, III, p. 49.

¹⁸ Simond, I, p. 15.

¹⁹ Espriella, I, pp. 6/7; III, p. 343.

²⁰ Campe, II, pp. 126 ff. De Levis describes a cabin in one of the packet-boats, a place in which it was impossible to stand upright, containing eight beds, p. 3.

²¹ De la Rochefoucauld, p. 2.

CHAPTER V

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY LONDON

¹ e.g. Campe, I, p. 119.

² Misson, p. 145.

³ Campe, I, p. 64.

⁴ Moritz, pp. 23, 43.

⁵ Von Uffenbach, p. 69.

⁶ Ibid., pp. 125, 57.

⁷ *Quarterly Review*, 1816, p. 541.

⁸ Grosley, I, pp. 100, 28, 248/9, 90.

⁹ Grosley, I, p. 85; Walpole's *Letters*, V, pp. 340, 344.

¹⁰ Lichtenberg, *Vermischte Schriften*, II, p. 121.

¹¹ Archenholz, III, p. 229.

¹² Pöllnitz, II, p. 470.

¹³ Zetzner, pp. 9, 22, 8, 12.

¹⁴ Campe, I, pp. 75, 78; II, 89.

¹⁵ Grosley, I, p. 40; Meister, p. 184.

¹⁶ Campe, I, pp. 181/2.

¹⁷ Lichtenberg, *Vermischte Schriften*, II, pp. 215 ff.

¹⁸ Ibid., III, p. 284.

¹⁹ Roche, Sophie von la, p. 148; Meister, p. 13.

²⁰ Faujas de Saint Fond, I, p. 250.

²¹ Lichtenberg, *Vermischte Schriften*, II, p. 121.

²² Campe, I, pp. 62, 160.

²³ Lichtenberg, *Briefe*, I, p. 205.

²⁴ Ibid., I, pp. 196, 199.

²⁵ Campe, I, pp. 103/5.
²⁶ Walpole's *Letters*, V, p. 96.
²⁷ Pöllnitz, II, p. 441.
²⁸ Campe, I, p. 120.
²⁹ Von Uffenbach, p. 70.
³⁰ Below, p. 202; Moritz, p. 67; Lichtenberg, *Briefe*, I, p. 10.
³¹ Campe, I, pp. 167/8.
³² Lichtenberg, *Briefe*, I, p. 12; cp. *Vermischte Schriften*, III, p. 273.
³³ Campe, II, p. 69.
³⁴ See Bibliography under Roche, Sophie von la.
³⁵ *Revue Britannique*, 1895, Nov., p. 78; cp. H. P. Sturz, *Schriften*, I, pp. 109

ff. Sturz was introduced to Johnson by Colman on Aug. 18, 1768, at Streatham. He describes Johnson as coarse, with a chilly eye, lacking any suggestion of perspicacity or subterfuge. He seemed to be distract, but when Sturz asked him what edition of Shakespeare he preferred, the sage replied: 'Tis what we call an unlucky question!' Johnson's Shakespeare appeared in 1765. I owe this reference to the kindness of Mrs. Clare Williams.

CHAPTER VI

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE

¹ Espriella, II, pp. 291-2, 299.
² Moritz, pp. 145-8.
³ Von Uffenbach, pp. 3, 18.
⁴ Ibid., pp. 30, 2.
⁵ Espriella, II, p. 79.
⁶ Lichtenberg, *Briefe*, I, p. 234.
⁷ Von Uffenbach, in Mayor, p. 122.
⁸ Espriella, II, p. 288.
⁹ Mayor, p. 132.
¹⁰ Mayor, pp. 136, 140 ff., 146, 147, 157, 194.
¹¹ De la Rochefoucauld, pp. 137 ff.
¹² Niemeyer, p. 80.
¹³ Holberg, pp. 19, 24.
¹⁴ Gourbillon, I, pp. 358, 360-88. Jones, p. 16. *Coal Fires*, Gourbillon, I, p. 64.
¹⁵ Walsh, pp. 149/50; Jones, p. 210.

CHAPTER VII

SPAS AND WATERING-PLACES—THE ENGLISH SCENE

¹ *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. XXIV, pp. 347/9, quoted in *Johnson's England*, I, p. 127.

² Espriella, II, pp. 42/3.

³ Jorevin, pp. 576 ff.

⁴ e.g. Kielmansegge, pp. 116 ff.; cp. Babeau, p. 54; Blanqui, pp. 42/3.

⁵ Macky, II, p. 129.

⁶ Pückler-Muskau, II, p. 208.

⁷ Macky, I, p. 95.

⁸ Von Uffenbach, pp. 106/7.

⁹ Macky, I, pp. 110/12; cp. *Englishmen at Play*, p. 60.

¹⁰ Creevey, *Life and Times*, p. 115; Pückler-Muskau, III, p. 319.

¹¹ Blanqui, pp. 386/7.

¹² Espriella, II, pp. 186 ff.

¹³ Simond, I, pp. 336/7, 343, 350; II, p. 68.

¹⁴ Moritz, pp. 99 ff., above, p. 61.

¹⁵ Byng, p. 224. Lichtenberg took a piece of the chair and paid 1/-, *Briefe*, I, p. 240.

¹⁶ Moritz, pp. 185 ff.

¹⁷ Simond, II, p. 90.

¹⁸ Nodier, pp. 201-4.

¹⁹ Simond, I, p. 146; II, p. 199.

²⁰ Walpole's *Letters*, II, p. 406; III, p. 113.

²¹ Simond, II, p. 250.

²² Macky, I, p. 101.

²³ Simond, II, p. 228; Macky, II, p. 13.

²⁴ Macky, II, p. 38; Baretti, I, p. 3; Pückler-Muskau, II, p. 229.

²⁵ Macky, II, p. 37; Pückler-Muskau, II, p. 224.

²⁶ Simond, I, p. 14; Goede, III, pp. 75 ff.; Macky, II, p. 133; de la Rochefoucauld, p. 21; Macky, II, p. 134; Espriella, III, p. 366; Goede, III, p. 91.

²⁷ Macky, II, p. 52; Simond, I, p. 11; Baretti, I, p. 8.

²⁸ Baretti, I, p. 12; Espriella, III, p. 384.

²⁹ Macky, II, p. 54; Simond, I, p. 1.

³⁰ Macky, II, p. 232; Silliman, II, pp. 178/82.

³¹ Pückler-Muskau, III, pp. 190 ff.

³² Ibid., III, pp. 226/7.

³³ Ibid., III, p. 250.

³⁴ Goede, III, pp. 110/11; Pückler-Muskau, II, pp. 180 ff.

³⁵ Simond, II, p. 66.
³⁶ Blanqui, pp. 284-5; Pückler-Muskau, IV, pp. 168, 204/6.
³⁷ Pichot, II, p. 257; Nodier, p. 71.
³⁸ Espriella, II, p. 263. On Dickens, see N. & Q. 4th Ser. VI, p. 245; 5th Ser. III, p. 325.
³⁹ Espriella, II, p. 347, and D.N.B. under Graham.

⁴⁰ De la Rochefoucauld, pp. 22 ff.
⁴¹ Gourbillon, III, p. 275; Jones, p. 14; Espriella, III, p. 306.
⁴² De la Rochefoucauld, pp. 209 ff., 157 ff.
⁴³ Ibid., p. 48.
⁴⁴ Delécluze, *Souvenirs de Soixante années*, pp. 327-9; Jones, pp. 64/5.

CHAPTER VIII

INDUSTRIAL ENGLAND

¹ Simond, II, p. 264.
² Custine, II, pp. 114, 139, 140; cp. Blanqui, p. 378.
³ Goede I, p. 48.
⁴ A. Young, *Northern Tour*, III, p. 279; Silliman, I, p. 159.
⁵ Goede, III, p. 106.
⁶ Lord, p. 216; *Johnson's England*, I, p. 243.
⁷ Pückler-Muskau, III, p. 233.
⁸ Simond, II, p. 92.
⁹ Custine, II, p. 196; Blanqui, pp. 82-4.
¹⁰ Espriella, II, pp. 114 ff., 117. See generally Jones, p. 205.
¹¹ Pückler-Muskau, III, p. 248.
¹² Faujas de Saint Fond, II, pp. 347 ff.

¹³ Lichtenberg, *Briefe*, I, pp. 230 ff.
¹⁴ A *Sketch of England, Phillips' Voyages and Travels*, VIII, p. 44.
¹⁵ Blanqui, pp. 83/4.
¹⁶ Espriella, II, pp. 129/30.
¹⁷ Faujas de Saint Fond, II, p. 267.
¹⁸ Espriella, II, p. 140.
¹⁹ Pückler-Muskau, IV, pp. 210 ff.
²⁰ Moritz, p. 209.
²¹ Pückler-Muskau, IV, pp. 217/18.
²² Simond, II, p. 283.
²³ *Letters from Albion*, I, p. 202.
²⁴ Campe, II, pp. 9 ff.
²⁵ Blanqui, pp. 194 ff.
²⁶ Silliman, I, pp. 67, 70-2.

CHAPTER IX

AMUSEMENTS

¹ Macky, I, p. 167.
² Misson, I, pp. 147, 17.
³ Ibid., I, p. 40.
⁴ Campe, II, p. 64.
⁵ Moritz, p. 86.
⁶ Saussure, p. 164.
⁷ Zetzner, pp. 6 and *passim*.
⁸ Von Uffenbach, p. 130.
⁹ Ibid., p. 88.
¹⁰ Saussure, pp. 276/7.
¹¹ Von Uffenbach, p. 90.
¹² Mayor, p. 409.
¹³ Misson, p. 306.
¹⁴ Lichtenberg, *Briefe*, I, pp. 219, 229.
¹⁵ Simond, II, p. 195.
¹⁶ Grosley, I, p. 156.

¹⁷ Campe, II, pp. 78/9; Custine, II, p. 153.
¹⁸ Pückler-Muskau, III, p. 365.
¹⁹ Sarrazin, in Jones, p. 26.
²⁰ Lichtenberg, *Briefe*, I, p. 206; Archenholz, II, p. 233.
²¹ Kielmansegge, p. 195.
²² Simond, I, pp. 103, 128.
²³ Grosley, I, p. 180.
²⁴ Moritz, pp. 70, 71; Kelly, p. 66.
²⁵ Campe, II, p. 68; Archenholz, III, p. 173.
²⁶ Pichot, I, p. 215.
²⁷ Macky, I, p. 76.
²⁸ Simond, I, p. 153.

CHAPTER X

THE ENGLISH CHARACTER

¹ Espriella, I, p. 178.
² Jones, p. 291; Blairie, p. 25.
³ Le Blanc, I, p. 99; French ed., I, p. 180.
⁴ Emerson, *English Traits*, p. 62.
⁵ Cottu, p. 108.
⁶ Emerson, *English Traits*, p. 88.
⁷ Campe, II, p. 141.
⁸ Defauconpret, *Quinze Jours*, p. 115; Jones, p. 286.

⁹ Pichot, I, p. 187.
¹⁰ Jones, p. 303.
¹¹ Staël-Holstein, p. 87.
¹² Pückler-Muskau, III, p. 180.
¹³ Ibid., IV, p. 112.
¹⁴ *Quarterly Review*, May 1820, p. 193, reviewing Rubichon, *De l'Angleterre*.
¹⁵ Kelly, p. 135; Archenholz, II, p. 130. See below, p. 213.

¹⁶ Pillet, p. 25; Arcieu, p. 460; d'Avot, p. 8; Jones, p. 296.

¹⁷ Lichtenberg, *Briefe*, I, pp. 12/13.

¹⁸ Gunnell, *Stendhal et l'Angleterre*, p. 117.

¹⁹ Kelly, p. 134.

²⁰ Simond, I, p. 34.

²¹ Walpole's *Letters*, VII, p. 255.

²² Espriella, I, p. 183; III, pp. 313/14.

²³ Von Uffenbach, p. 36; *Englishmen at Play*, p. 81; Mathieson, p. 124.

²⁴ Grosley, I, p. 175; generally Jones, p. 214; cp. Voltaire, *Letter VI*.

²⁵ Espriella, III, p. 217.

²⁶ Pichot, I, p. 132.

²⁷ Simond, II, p. 277.

²⁸ Taine, *Notes on England*, Eng. tr. (1872), p. 15.

²⁹ Rubichon, I, p. 446.

³⁰ Simond, II, pp. 301 ff.

CHAPTER XI

LAW AND POLITICS

¹ Goede, II, pp. 28 ff., 33, 42; Kelly, p. 18.

² Pichot, I, p. 375.

³ Goede, II, p. 35.

⁴ *Ibid.*, II, p. 40.

⁵ Simond, I, p. 71.

⁶ Goede, II, pp. 46 ff.

⁷ Jones, p. 114, note 1.

⁸ Mathieson, p. 181.

⁹ Cottu, p. 57.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 56.

¹¹ *Ibid.*, p. 38.

¹² Grosley, I, p. 91.

¹³ Cottu, p. 69.

¹⁴ Goede, II, p. 39.

¹⁵ Mathieson, p. 216.

¹⁶ Pückler-Muskau, IV, p. 301.

¹⁷ *Revue Britannique*, 1895, Sept., Oct., p. 362; Nov., pp. 101, 109. I owe this reference to the kindness of Mrs. Clare Williams.

¹⁸ Archenholz, I, pp. 86/7; English translation, pp. 43/4.

¹⁹ Espriella, II, pp. 313 ff.

²⁰ Von Uffenbach, p. 147; cp. Silliman (Coventry election, 1805), I, pp. 149 ff.

²¹ Cottu, pp. 84/5.

²² Pückler-Muskau, IV, pp. 18 ff.

²³ Comte de Carné, *Souvenirs de ma Jeunesse*, pp. 102-3.

²⁴ Staël-Holstein, p. 281.

²⁵ Simond, I, pp. 52 ff.

²⁶ Moritz, p. 53.

²⁷ Silliman, I, pp. 282-3.

²⁸ Simond, II, pp. 161 ff.

²⁹ Staël-Holstein, pp. 295, 307.

CHAPTER XII

A GOOD HATER

¹ Riem, pp. 8/9, 297.	¹² p. 113.
² p. 14.	¹³ p. 120.
³ p. 327.	¹⁴ p. 160.
⁴ pp. 319 ff.; General Monk,	¹⁵ p. 156.
p. 323.	¹⁶ p. 306.
⁵ p. 325.	¹⁷ p. 18.
⁶ p. 334.	¹⁸ p. 326.
⁷ p. 335.	¹⁹ Chapters XX-XXI, pp.
⁸ p. 336.	245 ff.
⁹ p. 340.	²⁰ p. 261.
¹⁰ pp. 315, 317.	²¹ p. 251.
¹¹ pp. 331 ff.	

CHAPTER XIII

REGENCY LONDON

¹ Walpole's <i>Letters</i> , XIII,	¹⁰ Campe, II, p. 89; above,
p. 31.	p. 75.
² Pillet, p. 190. On Pillet's	¹¹ Pückler-Muskau, IV, p.
book and the excitement	283.
it caused. See Jones, pp.	¹² De Levis, p. 51.
18 ff.	¹³ Goede, I, p. 21; Pichot, I,
³ Ibid., p. 320.	p. 41.
⁴ Walpole's <i>Letters</i> , XIV,	¹⁴ Espriella, I, p. 124; Simond,
p. 416.	II, p. 116; Pichot, I, p. 170.
⁵ Pückler-Muskau, III, p.	¹⁵ Delacroix, in Jones, p. 59;
47.	Espriella, I, p. 141.
⁶ Ibid., III, p. 143; cp. Lich-	¹⁶ De Levis, p. 57.
tenberg, <i>Briefe</i> , I, p. 247.	¹⁷ Pückler-Muskau, III, p.
⁷ Simond, II, pp. 259/60.	130; Simond, II, p. 280.
⁸ Pichot, I, p. 166.	¹⁸ Pückler-Muskau, IV, p. 43;
⁹ Simond, II, p. 199.	Espriella, I, p. 77.

¹⁹ Staël-Holstein, p. 158.

²⁰ Silliman, I, p. 250; Goede, I, p. 53.

²¹ Simond, II, p. 279.

²² Espriella, I, p. 66.

²³ Campe, II, pp. 72 ff.

²⁴ Simond, I, p. 84; Pückler-Muskau, III, p. 70. De Levis says that even the English were beginning to resent these restrictions, p. 200.

²⁵ De Levis, p. 98.

²⁶ Goede, I, p. 82; Espriella, II, p. 12.

²⁷ Espriella, I, p. 274.

²⁸ Simond, II, pp. 272 ff.

²⁹ Pückler-Muskau, IV, pp. 72 ff.

³⁰ Simond, I, p. 26.

³¹ Ibid., II, p. 227; Ashton, *Social Life Under the Regency*, p. 37.

³² Espriella, I, pp. 170/1.

³³ Pückler-Muskau, III, p. 108.

³⁴ Simond, I, pp. 48/9; de la Rochefoucauld, p. 32, confirms this.

³⁵ Pückler-Muskau, III, p. 107; IV, p. 11.

³⁶ Simond, I, p. 50; Espriella, I, p. 150.

³⁷ Espriella, III, p. 98.

³⁸ Tissot, p. 83.

³⁹ Gourbillon, II, p. 232; Espriella, II, pp. 332/3, 336.

⁴⁰ Roissy, p. 97; Montulé, pp. 38, 101; Jones, p. 170.

⁴¹ Jones, pp. 159 ff.

⁴² d'Avot, p. 29.

⁴³ Ibid., pp. 37/8; Jones, p. 305.

⁴⁴ d'Avot, p. 118; cp. Ashton, *Dawn of the Nineteenth Century*, Ch. XXXIII.

⁴⁵ d'Avot, p. 165.

⁴⁶ Ibid., p. 236.

CHAPTER XIV

SCOTLAND

I. THE EARLY TRAVELLERS

¹ Hume Brown, p. 24.² Von Ehingen, pp. 40, 62.³ Hume Brown, p. 39.⁴ Ibid., p. 70.⁵ Wedel, pp. 329 ff.; English translation, pp. 239 ff.⁶ Hume Brown, pp. 217 ff.

II. THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY AND LATER

¹ Burt, I, p. 285.

² Graham, I, pp. 2, 63.

³ Bain, p. 114.

⁴ *Tour in Scotland*, 1803, p. xxxiv.

⁵ Faujas de Saint Fond, I, pp. 158 ff.; II, pp. 1-265.

⁶ Ibid., I, p. 236.

⁷ Ibid., I, pp. 243 ff.

⁸ Ibid., I, pp. 320 ff.

⁹ Ibid., II, pp. 37 ff.

¹⁰ La Tocnaye, p. 213.

¹¹ Ibid., p. 226.

¹² Ibid., pp. 233-6.

¹³ Ibid., pp. 236-7, 241, 242, 258.

¹⁴ Ibid., p. 251.

¹⁵ Ibid., pp. 261/3.

¹⁶ Ibid., p. 265.

¹⁷ Simond, I, p. 372. For the bust episode see the experiences of David d'Angers in Jones, p. 52; and for the smile of Rabelais, *ibid.*, p. 92, note 1.

¹⁸ Bain, p. 164.

¹⁹ Pichot, II, pp. 279, 321, 344, 414.

²⁰ P. Chasles, pp. 94-6; Bain, p. 129.

²¹ Simond, II, p. 40; Pichot, II, p. 282.

²² Simond, I, p. 267.

²³ Ibid., I, p. 266.

²⁴ Ibid., I, p. 360.

²⁵ Ibid., I, p. 370.

²⁶ Ibid., II, p. 33.

²⁷ Ibid., II, p. 50.

²⁸ Pichot, II, pp. 292 ff.

²⁹ *Quarterly Review*, 1825, p. 342.

³⁰ Custine, II, pp. 386 ff., 415.

³¹ Nodier, pp. 78 ff.

³² The last anecdote was related to Pichot by the French consul at Edinburgh. Pichot, II, p. 312; Custine, II, p. 271.

³³ See Mennessier-Nodier, *Charles Nodier*, p. 249.

³⁴ Nodier, p. 92.

³⁵ Ibid., p. 154.

³⁶ *Blackwood's Magazine*, March 1822.

³⁷ Nodier, pp. 157-70, 173-5.

³⁸ Bain, p. 139.

³⁹ Nodier, p. 209.

⁴⁰ Ibid., pp. 81-2.

⁴¹ Ibid., pp. 100-10.

⁴² Pichot, II, pp. 352 ff.

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